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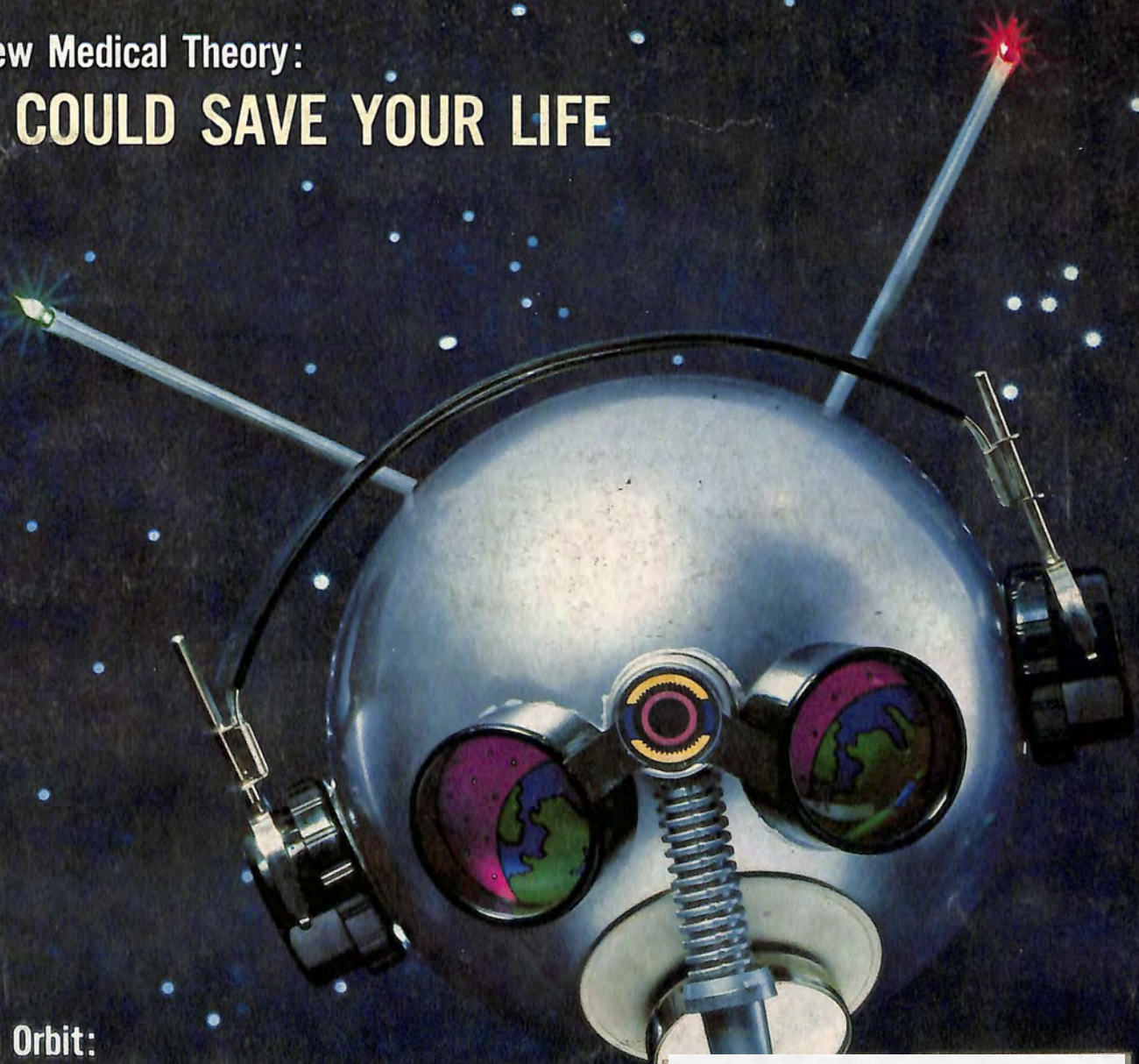

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Weather Report

I was interested to see the mention in recent issues of TRUE of Hell, Michigan. There is also a town, somewhat farther north in Michigan, called Paradise. On occasion when the temperature happens to soar in that vicinity, the sedate old Toledo *Blade* has been known to run a small feature story with the tongue-in-cheek headline reading: HOTTER THAN HELL IN PARADISE.

—Ern Parkinson
Muncie, Ind.

Leg Man

Having been an aficionado of track and field sports since the first modern Olympics at Athens in 1896, naturally I was interested in Ron Smith's *The Night Nurmi Tasted Defeat* (July TRUE). While I enjoyed his recast of the occasion Mr. Smith didn't do his homework very well.

To recall, I well remember that veal potpie race in the Garden and I might add that Nurmi's opponent was a sterling middle-distance runner who won the 5,000 meters in the Olympics in 1928 and still holds the American indoor record at that distance, Willie Ritola, a fellow countryman residing in this country. But this was *not* the only defeat Nurmi suffered on his American tour. In a match 880-yard race at Yankee Stadium he was beaten by Allen Helferich of Penn State who won going away—and Nurmi hadn't eaten any potpie either! It was a clean-cut victory. How do I know? "I vas dere, Sharlie," and it was one of of the biggest thrills a fan could experience.

Tell Mr. Smith that his second paragraph puzzles me. How could Nurmi have "collected" $30,000 when he was an amateur, as were all his opponents. The only cash amateurs are permitted to accept is expense money, so how did that $30,000 get into the picture?

—Arthur Judson Palmer
Carson City, Nev.

Come, come, Art. Don't be so naïve!

Wild Season

Permit me to congratulate you on the excellent article, *Wild Season* (May TRUE): the contents were highly informative, scientifically accurate and factual and presented in a highly entertaining manner.

Such an article might serve well as required reading for natural history courses in our public schools. Allan Eckert demonstrates that he understands animal ecology and the interrelationship and complexity of the food chain.

—R. W. Enderlin
Alturas, Calif.

First, I would like to compliment and thank you for your many articles and book condensations on nature. I have kept many of them in my files for student reading. (I teach eighth-grade biological science.)

Your May book, *Wild Season,* was wonderful, but I was surprised at the errors in an otherwise seemingly authoritative book.

He mentions the bullfrog tadpole's tail falling off. Every amphibian I've read of either absorbs the tail or retains it after metamorphosis.

—Lori Micken
Livingston, Mont.

Although I have subscribed to TRUE for many years and read a host of interesting and informative articles, this is the first time I have gotten off my fat duff to say so.

Your magazine carried an article by Allan W. Eckert—*Wild Season*—that I thought was magnificent. It read in style and capacity for captivating and informative detail—like Rachel Carson's *Sea Around Us*—and you can't do better than that. Like her, Mr. Eckert makes these creatures alive and present.

May he stay around to delight us again and again.

—C. B. Leonard
Youngtown, Ariz.

Backward Aircraft

I would like to call your attention to a few errors in your July issue of *How Our Viet Nam Aircraft Carriers Rule the China Sea.* The picture on page 31 you described as the controls for the arresting gear cables is the R & T (Retraction Tension) Room which is located up forward for #2 Cat.

Also, the picture on page 33 you describe as the wing lights of a F4B catapulted into darkness is incorrect. This picture was taken of the aft part of the ship, behind the island. If noticed carefully, you will see the four wires across the deck. This would mean that the jet would have to be launched backward, which is impossible.

I am quite familiar with aircraft carriers, as I spent three years and 9 months aboard the carrier *Constellation* (CVA64). During this time I was in V-2 Division. (Catapults & Arresting Gear.) I enjoyed your article very much and assure you that it was true in every respect, concerning the Air De-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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[*Continued from page 2*]
partment. After reading this, I was proud to say I served two cruises in the strong Task Force 77.

—*Duffy Seefeldt*
Medina, N.Y.

I just received my latest edition of TRUE. After reading *How Our Carriers Rule the China Sea,* I had to write to commend Mr. Tuohy on a fine job. It was well written and brings back a few memories. I only noticed two discrepancies. Minor, but nevertheless I'll point them out.

On page 30, the caption for the lower left hand photo should read: "Green shirt" directs pilot to *lower flaps.*

Unless I'm mistaken, aircraft are not launched from the aftersection of the flight deck as shown on page 33 (upper left photo). Those marks across the flight deck are made by the constant slapping of the arresting cables as they are pulled in and out of the engines belowdecks. Another clue is the aircraft's running lights (red on left wing, green on starboard wing). Is this aircraft taking off backward?

—*Richard G. Smith*
Imperial Beach, Calif.

I am amazed! How could William Tuohy in his article *How Our Carriers Rule the China Sea* (July issue) fail to mention *USS Intrepid* (CVS-11) which completed six months of combat duty in Vietnamese waters last November, and is now back "on the line" for an additional six months. During her previous deployment, even though *Intrepid* is one of the older (commissioned in 1943, distinguished herself with the Pacific fleet during World War II, survived two direct Kamikaze hits, was mothballed, later repaired and reactivated in early 1966), and smaller carriers, her pilots flew more sorties than any other carrier in the fleet, and were credited with the first MIG shot down by Navy fliers. Nine hundred and two citations for heroism were recommended after this deployment, one of which was awarded to our son.

So, let's give credit to the "Fighting 'I'" and the *Intrepid* men as well as our other carriers and crews!

Incidentally, *Intrepid* is the carrier sent through the Suez Canal at the beginning of the Israel-Arab States outbreak in late May.

—*W. G. Messer*
Gracewood, Ga.

***Intrepid* men everywhere, take a bow!**

Brass Baiter

Just read your article in the July issue entitled *A GI Newspaper the Brass Can't Kill.*

I would be very much interested in subscribing to this news weekly, as I am an ex-GI of the Air Force during WW II and know of similar happenings in the Pacific Theater during my three-year tour. I feel that most of the news we read of the situation overseas now is what the Pentagon wants to release for us to read.

How can one go about subscribing to the *Overseas Weekly* here in the States?

—*R. C. Jenkins*
Riverside, Calif.

Write to *Overseas Weekly* Circulation Department, 19-25 Schiller Strasse, Frankfurt/Main, West Germany.

Geography Lesson

In *Man to Man Answers* (May), you state that the San Andreas Fault "runs approximately from San Francisco, down the Imperial Valley, to Los Angeles." This would be rather difficult, since the Imperial Valley is some 150 miles southeast of Los Angeles. The fault runs through the San Joaquin Valley. Maybe your writer couldn't spell it or something.

—*Kenneth M. Elrod*
Ontario, Calif.

The fault runs with the writer. We've sent him back to school to learn geography.

Fish Flour

We were interested to read the reference which was made to UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, in the context of an article about Ezra Levin's process for the production of fish flour (May, 1967).

The VioBin process perfected by Mr. Levin was considered among others at a time, in the mid-1950's, when UNICEF was looking for the means to produce an edible grade fish flour. The VioBin process was rejected by UNICEF because Mr. Levin could not produce conclusive evidence that a product treated with chlorinated hydrocarbon solvents was free from toxic residues.

The semicommercial scale plant erected in Chile with UNICEF's assistance did experience initial operating difficulties, as your article noted, but later it produced a fish flour to the specifications laid down by the FAO-WHO-UNICEF Protein Advisory Group. . . . Concurrently there is renewed interest by the government of Chile to reactivate the plant under new management, and to introduce fish protein concentrate into the national school lunch program.

—*Victor de Keyserling*
Director of Information
UNICEF

School For Scandinavians

I will be teaching a course in American English this summer to a class of about 20 teachers from the Scandinavian countries who will be here for our Institute in American Studies for Scandinavian Teachers. I want to do this from current preiodicals if I can. May I have permission to duplicate enough copies of articles and regular features appearing in current issues of TRUE to supply the class?

—*Harland S. Nelson*
Luther College, Iowa

Go right ahead, Professor.

Super Base

Your article in the June issue on Cam Ranh Bay development caught the spirit of the job being done to build that enormous complex. Except for a few small details the facts in the article are true, something that can't be said about many other articles I have read on Viet Nam. The Army engineers you mention are the men and officers of the 35th Engineer Construction Group, about 2,000 of whom are stationed at Cam Ranh Bay and extremely proud of their work. We helped the civilian construction forces and they helped us. It took both to do the job of licking that heat and sand.

—*Col. W. L. Starnes*
Alexandria, Va.

Fan Club

Having been a spectator at Milwaukee's race on the fourth turn in 1964, the article brought chills to my body. The actual sight of this accident was almost too much to take. The author's account of the accident was just tremendous.

Jim Hurtubise in my estimation is one of the hardest drivers in racing history. The race that afternoon had to have an accident in order to have anyone finish. Between Hurtubise, Foyt and Ward the competition was almost a living creature—you could see the force of a third dimension surrounding these cars every time they passed. As they were coming out of the turn Hurtubise's car lurched for the sky like a wounded animal. I doubt if there will ever be another race like it. Your article preserves a piece of history that will never be again.

Hats off to a great article and a great driver, Jim Hurtubise—Milwaukee's adopted son.

—*J. C. Zampack*
Milwaukee, Wisc.

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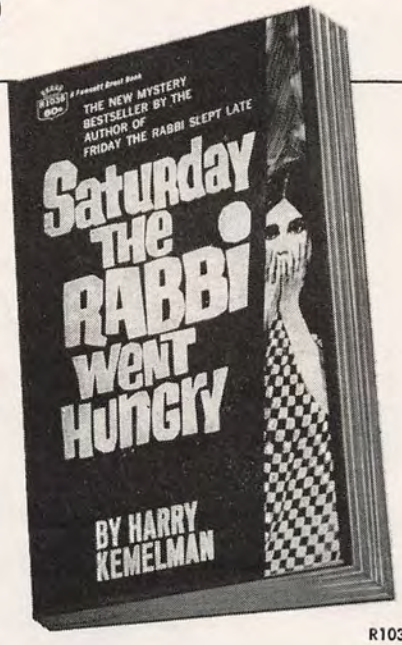
—Anthony Boucher
The New York Times



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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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movies

THE WAR WAGON. John Wayne and Kirk Douglas star as a pair of friendly enemies who combine forces to hold up an armored stagecoach. It's old-fashioned, but well done. Howard Keel, Keenan Wynn and Robert Walker help keep it lighthearted as well as two-fisted.

Nina: Brightens up a mess.

LUV. An up-to-date exploration of the comical vagaries of love should be fresh and funny; this one tries, but fails. Jack Lemmon is a loser who can't even succeed at suicide. Peter Falk is an old friend who palms Lemmon off on his wife (Elaine May) in order to marry a young cookie (Nina Wayne, the only bright spot in the whole mess). Skip it.

THE DRIFTER. A low-budget, highly independent film by Alex Matter, a young American we expect to hear more from. Beautifully photographed, it tells of a young man who can't settle down; he meets a former mistress with a young son—his child. Though they still love each other, he can't stay. In the end, his son wanders too. Another drifter born.

THE NAKED RUNNER. Frank Sinatra turns in one of his best performances in years as a man the British Secret Service turns into a puppetlike assassin. There's a great deal of suspense here but, in the end, a cryptic script and disjointed direction make it somewhat less than successful.

GUNN. After several years, TV's Peter Gunn pops up again, still played by Craig Stevens. Unfortunately the level of the movie is that of an average TV show—contrived and witless, with absolutely nothing to recommend it.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE. In this latest James Bond epic, Sean Connery is murdered, married, torpedoed, thrashed, seduced and, ultimately, victorious. It's the usual fun with the added delight of Japan's scenery (including several luscious ladies). Amazing how he keeps coming out on top.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. A straightforward action movie, occasionally cliched but always rough-and-tumble, about a mission behind Nazi lines in WW II. Lee Marvin plays the officer in charge of 12 vicious misfits turned loose on the Nazis, and he is very good. Others who stand out in a fine cast are John Cassavetes, Charles Bronson, Ernest Borgnine and Robert Ryan.

THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE. Once again we return to the Roaring 20's, the gory, glory days of gangsterism. In semidocumentary style, this movie shows the gang wars of Chicago, climaxing in a machine-gun massacre of seven hoods. Jason Robards is menacing as Al Capone, and George Segal and Ralph Meeker are tough too.

books

THE BILLY MITCHELL AFFAIR by Burke Davis. Handsome, dapper Billy Mitchell was a daring aviator and crusader for air power. He was also a prophet without honor in the U.S. military, which broke him in the longest court-martial ever held. History eventually vindicated him, but too late. This excellent biography tells the whole story. *Random House; $7.95.*

FOUR-LETTER WORD GAMES by Renatus Hartogs. This is an interesting, well-written account of the psychology of obscenity. Doctor Hartogs concludes that obscenity is a universal phenomenon and shows why. He also shows its many uses. There are more than you might think. *Evans; $4.95.*

THE EMPEROR'S LAST SOLDIERS by Ito Masashi. The personal account of two Japanese soldiers who waited 16 years in the Guam jungle, from 1944 to 1960, before they surrendered to the U.S. Army. The story is an absorbing and suspenseful account of survival and hardship. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

JACKSON'S WAR by Ray Rigby. Johnnie Jackson is a corporal in North Africa during WW II and he's also a prize goldbrick. In this tough, gritty and often funny novel, Jackson fights his private war against war by getting drunk, going AWOL, impersonating an officer and going to the stockade. He wins it, but loses much else. *Lippincott; $4.95.*

GOD SAVE THE MARK by Donald E. Westlake. A hilarious novel about a congenital sucker, a con man's delight, who inherits $317,000. He discovers, through a series of weird adventures, that you can't trust anybody. Continuously, wryly funny. *Random House; $3.95.*

THE KING by Morton Cooper. This is one of those novels that tries to make a Peeping Tom out of the reader. It describes the life and lust of a famous singer, with no bed unrumpled and no cliche omitted in 433 crashingly dull pages. *Geis; $5.95.*

'SIPPI by John Oliver Killens. This semidocumentary novel explores the new South by dissecting the lives of several Mississippians over a decade of hatred, hope and violence. Largely focused on the Negro point of view, it is intelligent, compassionate and absorbing. *Trident; $5.95.*

records

SOUNDS LIKE . . . Fun, that's what, as Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass cut up with a fresh batch of goodies. "Casino Royale," "Town Without Pity" and "Lady Godiva" are the best of a very, very good batch of happy sounds. *A&M.*

TIME, TIME. Ed Ames, one of the better romantic baritones around, presents here 11 ballads old and new, all done to a turn. The arrangements are lush, his voice is rich, and the result is magic, especially on "Pretend" and "Cabaret." *RCA Victor.*

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[*Continued on page* 11]

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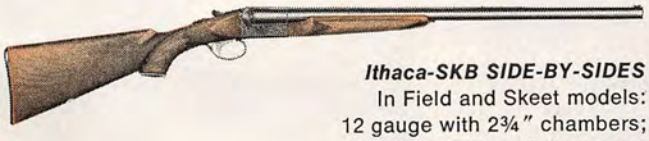

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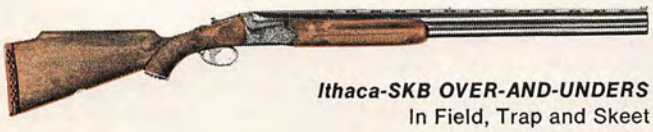

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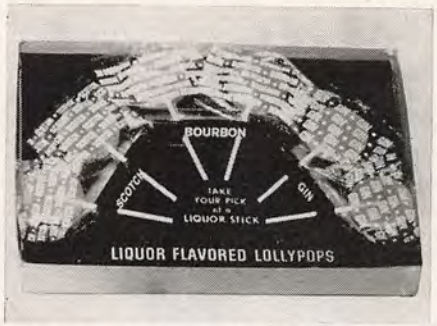

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For More True Goes Shopping, turn to page 92

trueviews:

[*Continued from page* 8]

Catholic mass sung in fiery flamenco style; on the other is an ancient mass from Moorish Spain. Both are beautiful. *Philips.*

THE YAMA YAMA MAN. And who is that? Why, it's George Segal, formerly regarded only as one of America's better young actors. Here he plays his banjo ferociously and sings a passel of moldy oldies: "Ja-Da," "Yes Sir That's My Baby" and such. He even wrote one new song. It's fun. *Philips.*

QUIET NIGHTS. The nimble fingers and impeccable musical taste of Peter Duchin make this album a delight. His piano, backed by an orchestra, skips nimbly through "Lover Man," "Porgy," "Don't Blame Me," and nine others with style and grace. *Decca.*

THE HEART OF THE MATTER. Robie Porter is a young Australian singer with a reasonable haircut and a fine baritone voice. He's got a nicely understated way with a lyric, and this collection is tailored for it: world-weary, bluesy ballads. *MGM.*

GOOD TIME MEDLEYS. The Jonah Jones Quartet digs into 19 standards, grouped into four medleys—good-time, swinging, Ellington, and one for lovers. All four are easy listening. They're fine for dancing, too—the old-fashioned kind. *Decca.*

Nancy: Needs no gimmicks.

JUST FOR NOW. Nancy Wilson has always been one of our favorite singers, so it pains us to report that her latest album is half bad. Several songs are done in an affected and mannered way. Miss Wilson should know by now that she needs no gimmicks. *Capitol.*

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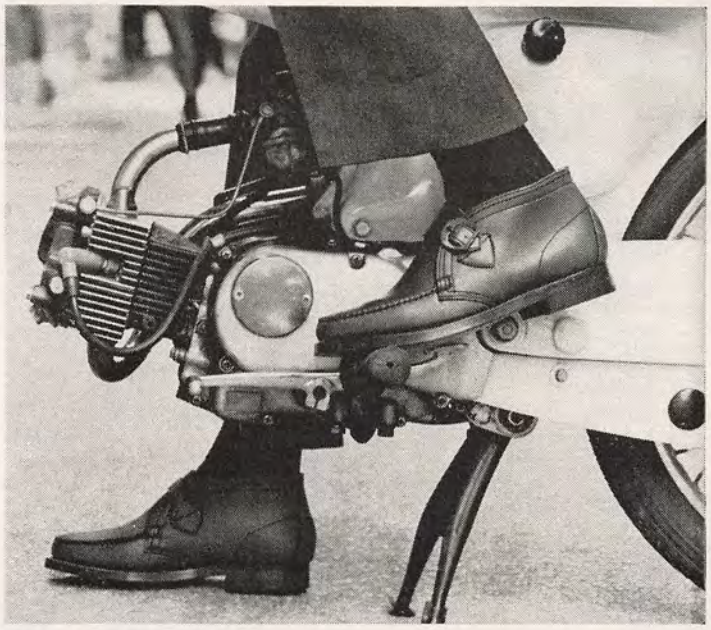

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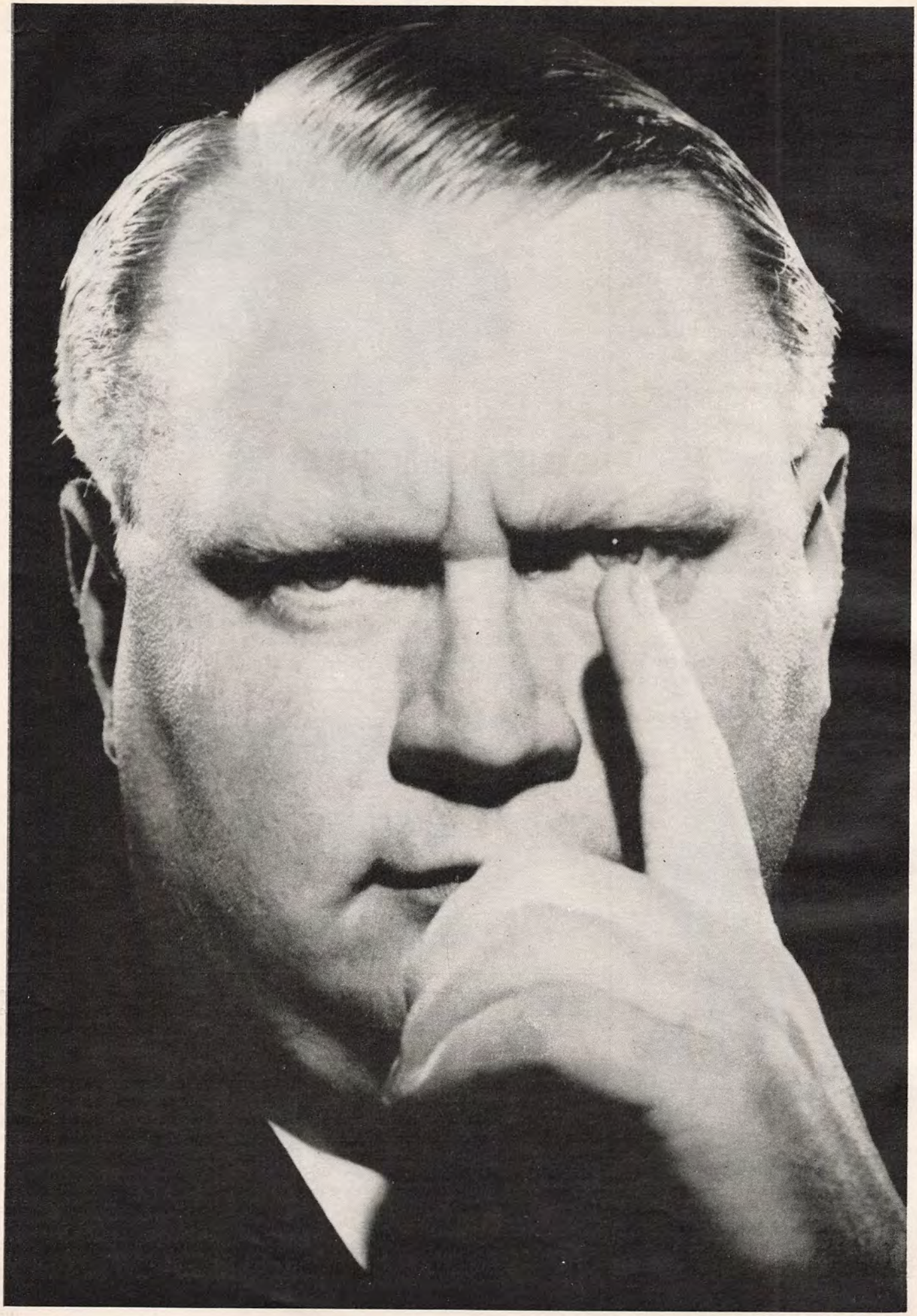
TOO MUCH! A judgement with which we heartily concur, since it's applied to Lou Rawls. His gritty voice and gutty delivery do wonders for "Yes, It Hurts," "Dead End Street," "It's An Uphill Climb to the Bottom" and eight more. *Capitol.*

BLUE NOTES. As blown on Johnny Hodges' alto saxaphone, these notes are robust and haunting, and serve as a fine reminder that blues can be swinging. Highlights are the title tune and "I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me." *Verve.*

BELAFONTE ON CAMPUS. Harry Belafonte here returns to folk singing and does it just as beautifully as he does everything else. Some of the songs are sad, some are joyous, some are provoking, like "Those Three are on My Mind." *RCA Victor.*

SING EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN. The Paris Sisters, a trim trio, seem determined to do just that. The first 12 installments of that project are here. They're good: contemporary, bright and bouncy. *Reprise.*

SOMETHING BLUE. Lightnin' Hopkins is one of the best of the blues singers around. Here he rips off nine vintage blues numbers with vigor and eloquence. This is the real thing; dig it. *Verve/Folkways.*



BY JOSEPH N. BELL

F. LEE BAILEY'S FAVORITE SVENGALI:

he says he unlocked the strangler's mind

William J. Bryan, Jr., is a flamboyant, multitalented personality—hypnotist, doctor, lawyer, showman. He claims to have solved the Boston Strangler mystery, and helped defense attorney Bailey win acquittals for Sam Sheppard and Carl Coppolino too

■ When Albert DeSalvo—better known as the self-confessed Boston Strangler—escaped from a Massachusetts mental hospital several months ago, the whole state panicked and jittery lawmen pursued every lead that might aid in his capture. They also telephoned a certain Dr. William J. Bryan, Jr., in Los Angeles to ask if he had any suggestions.

He did. (Bill Bryan is seldom at a loss for suggestions.) He calmly told the assistant district attorney who had phoned him: "Just tell all women in the Boston area to shout 'sleep' at anyone who accosts them. If it's DeSalvo, he'll drop instantly asleep and stay that way until you pick him up."

The incredulous DA thanked the doctor, hung up and stared at the phone. Was the situation *that* desperate? He decided it wasn't—yet. That night, DeSalvo was recaptured and Doctor Bryan's ploy was never attempted, to the immense relief of some hard-nosed cops who would have felt pretty silly ordering Boston women to shout "sleep" at suspicious strangers.

Would it have worked?

"Sure," says Bryan. "When I hypnotized DeSalvo and dug into the motives for all those murders, I put a post-hypnotic suggestion in his consciousness that on the command, 'sleep,' he would drop off instantly. It's still there. It would have worked for anybody who tried it."

It's difficult not to believe him. Dr. William Joseph Bryan, Jr., (a remote descendant of three-time Presidential candidate, William Jennings Bryan) is a persuasive man—an amalgam of Sigmund Freud, Mesmer, Gene Krupa and Billy Graham—with a large dash of P. T. Barnum thrown in. Two years ago he was retained by the Boy Wonder of criminal law—F. Lee Bailey—to examine his client, DeSalvo. Bryan hypnotized DeSalvo before witnesses and, in the course of being almost strangled himself, emerged with a theory about the murders and why they were committed. Bailey was so impressed that he asked Bryan to work with him on the widely-publicized cases of Sam Sheppard and Carl Coppolino.

This association with Bailey is only one aspect of Bryan's remarkable—and often bewildering—business life. He has helped a number of other attorneys in jury selection and hypnotic analyses of their clients. He established and runs two medical hypnosis clinics, owns a law degree, is an amateur criminologist, sometime politican, bandleader and lay minister of the Gospel.

Authorities are sharply divided over Bryan's work. Says Dr. Peter G. Lindner, former president of the

With Bryan it's sometimes difficult to separate the hypnotist from the ham

He puts a turkey to sleep . . .

. . . "teaches" actor Rathbone . . .

. . . hypnotizes girl for camera.

General Practice Section of the Los Angeles Medical Association: "By actual performance, his ability designates him as an excellent physician, both clinically and as a teacher of other physicians and attorneys." And John W. Miner, deputy district attorney and head of the Medicolegal Section in Los Angeles, says: "Doctor Bryan has given his time and effort without compensation to assist this office on several occasions.... As a duly licensed physician, he is undoubtedly one of the outstanding practitioners in medical hypnosis in the country."

To some of his medical associates, however, Doctor Bryan is viewed with deep suspicion. Along with his multiple interests, he is as publicity conscious as a Hollywood flack and promotes himself and his activities at every opportunity. Newspapers have run photos of him hypnotizing turkeys ("makes them calmer and tastier") as well as patients, and he once made the wire services by agreeing to teach actor Basil Rathbone "the art of hypnotism" for a sinister movie role. The Los Angeles County Medical Society very carefully points out that Bryan is not a member of that organization and darkly suggests a call to the Better Business Bureau, which responds with a direction to consult the State Board of Medical Examiners which says only that Doctor Bryan is duly licensed to practice medicine in the state of California and then points the inquirer back to the County Medical Society where he started. The American Medical Association recently ordered Bryan's American Institute of Hypnosis to stop using the AMA name in promotional literature, and some leading AMA lights have expressed private displeasure at Bryan's style, his techniques, and the manner in which they feel he dispenses hypnosis like a patent medicine nostrum.

Bryan shrugs off such criticism as sour grapes on the part of doctors who resent any departure from the norm. The knocks may also result from Bryan's improbable assortment of other talents—or his corpulence that makes him more resemble a giant, placid Kewpie doll than a nonstop dynamo. Whatever the reasons, one thing is certain: there is no one else around quite like William J. Bryan, Jr.

The man's capacity for work seems almost limitless. He explodes exuberantly in a half-dozen different directions. He was preaching in a Detroit church last fall when Lee Bailey phoned from Cleveland to ask if Bryan would come over and give him a hand with the second Sheppard trial. The jury had just been selected and Bryan sat in the first row of spectators watching the jurors' reactions to questions being put to a group of prospective alternates. He drew a character sketch of each juror on a pad of

yellow paper. Then he told Bailey exactly how the jury would vote on the first ballot. He insists he hit it right on the nose according to information leaked later by one of the jurors.

Following that courtroom exercise, however, Bryan found that what Bailey *really* wanted him to do was hypnotize Sheppard, regress him to the night of the murder, and find out (1) if Doctor Sheppard had, indeed, killed his wife and (2) if not, who had. Sheppard claimed to have suffered amnesia from a blow on the head the night of the murder, and his inability to recall details of that night weakened his original defense and made it easier to convict him on circumstantial evidence.

Sheppard was agreeable to the hypnosis, but decidedly uneasy, according to Bryan's recollection, until he was assured that regardless of what the hypnosis turned up, Bailey would defend him. Working in Bailey's hotel room, Bryan set out to remove the blanks from Sam Sheppard's memory. "Police had looked for years for the bushy-haired man Sam Sheppard said he saw that night of the murder," recalls Bryan, "but they didn't look in the most obvious place of all—the dark, unclear recesses of Doctor Sheppard's subconscious mind."

Bryan says he looked there. And he says he found a pair of murderers. It wasn't easy. With Bailey observing, Bryan tried unsuccessfully for an hour to induce Sheppard to bring up those harrowing hours of the murder night from his subconscious. Then Bryan took his subject alone into another room and started again. This time the hypnosis took, and Bryan was able to age-regress Sheppard to the night of the murder. ("Let's picture this calendar. It has today's date on it, doesn't it? Now, let's turn the page to yesterday . . . and the day before . . . and the day before that. Now let's turn the pages quickly, all the way back . . . back . . .back to the early hours of July 4, 1954. . . .")

For several frightening hours, according to Bryan, Sam Sheppard relived the events that led up to the murder of his wife. The amnesia was broken. Sweating, straining, his voice anguished, Bryan claims Sheppard brought up details from his subconscious that had been blotted out. Among them, say Bryan and Bailey, was the identity of two people he saw in his wife's bedroom just before he was bludgeoned on the back of the head and left for dead on the floor.

The session continued through the night. The men returned to court without sleep. Bailey hoped the hypnotic evidence could be introduced in the trial, but the Ohio Supreme Court has never passed on this issue, and the request was denied. It would likely have been made the basis for an appeal had Sheppard been convicted again. Instead, he was acquitted.

Bailey, though, was so impressed by what Bryan had drawn forth that he refused to let the matter drop. In the aftermath of the Sheppard trial, the attorney made the "information" brought up in the hypnotic session available to Police Chief Fred Drenkhan of the Cleveland suburb of Bay Village, where the Shep-

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pards had lived. The letter was subpoenaed by a Cleveland grand jury which investigated Bailey's charges, then rejected them, saying it found "not one iota of evidence" to support them and that the charges were "absolutely unfounded in fact." Bailey returned a broadside calling the grand jury statement a "whitewash and exactly what I expected. Cleveland is protecting itself for 12 years of sin."

Bill Bryan watched all of this with an indulgent air of detachment. He claims to be totally convinced that the story Sam Sheppard told under hypnosis was an accurate account of the murder night and that the people he identified are, indeed, the murderers. "This is only the meager beginning," he says, "of the use of medical hypnosis by defense attorneys, prosecutors, judges, prison officials, police departments and others who have a legitimate interest in determining truth and promoting justice." That hypnosis might also be abused is something Bryan doesn't talk about.

Somehow, Bryan is able to switch back and forth between pontifical medical-legal pronouncements and a show-biz sort of flamboyance. Whichever hat he is wearing, however, Bill Bryan comes on very strong. He is a large man with large appetites. His weight moves up and down between 200 and 300 pounds. He is quick and agile in his movements, dissipating great nervous bursts of energy by pacing, gesticulating and shouting. His eyes are very blue and peer straight at you in a sort of milky effluence through horn-rimmed eyeglasses. His laugh is ready and loud—some people say too loud.

Several months ago in the study of his rambling, Spanish-style home in West Los Angeles, Bryan demonstrated one means of hypnotizing a subject whose subconscious he wants to probe. He stood over a subject and asked him to shut his eyes, then to recall a forest he had walked through in childhood. He described it in great detail and with considerable expression—the pine needles underfoot, the leaves rustling gently in a warm breeze, the silence; exorting him softly all the while to "relax, deep, deep relax."

Then he asked the subject to extend an arm and he began to pinch it, saying: "Your arm is stiff and rigid as a steel bar, all the way to the fingertips." After a minute or two of this, he told the man to open his eyes. The subject was horrified to find a needle pushed entirely through the fleshy part of his forearm. He said he hadn't felt it go in, and had no physical sensation—except a spasm of consternation—when he saw it.

After the needle was removed a tiny red welt remained. It didn't bleed and it didn't hurt. Other doctors say they might be able to do this without bleeding, but that it would probably hurt.

"Lots of subjects have tried to con me by pretending to be hypnotized when they weren't," Bryan says, "but after doing 10,000 hypnoanalyses, I know when I'm getting abnormal responses. They always cross themselves up somewhere in their reactions or answers to questions."

If one method fails, Bryan has other ways to hypnotize subjects, including eye-fixation techniques (having the person stare at a blinking light or pendulum), sound fixation (intent listening to watch ticks or a metronome) and mechanical aids (a vibrating chair or a visual gadget which induces a feeling of vertigo).

Legally at the present time, information obtained under hypnosis is useful only to the attorney and can't be admitted as medical testimony in court, except under certain limited circumstances in a few states. Bryan deplores this. Waving grandly at the results he says he has produced, and pointing to the demand for his services by lawyers, he is crusading to make evidence taken under hypnosis admissable in the courts of every state.

While medical authorities object both to the publicity which Bryan seeks and gets, and to the claims he makes for this mysterious science, no one denies that, at 41, he has been successful at almost everything he's undertaken.

Bryan was born in downstate Missouri, the only child of a local doctor who headed up the state tuberculosis sanitarium. His mother—a teacher of music and dramatic arts—was a strong, ambitious woman who was unable to have any more children and funneled her considerable energies on the one she had. Because of his mother, the boy learned to play several instruments. In high school he mastered the drums because the band had no percussionist and the challenge intrigued him.

He haunted the local vaudeville house, idolizing a musician named Ray Mann who played the piano and conducted the pit band. Once when Mann had a mild heart attack, young Bryan jumped the rail and played the show. But his father wanted him to study medicine, and when Mann told the boy his father was right, Bryan delayed a decision by joining the Navy instead. He spent World War II in school under the auspices of the Navy, first as a V-12 trainee at Duke, where he was kicked out for smart talking his commanding officer, then as a secretary to the C.O. at Great Lakes, and finally as an electronics engineer. He was discharged on his 20th birthday in 1946 and went back to Duke where he started a dance band and generally became a Big Man On Campus.

But the music versus medicine dispute was still unresolved. The following summer, he auditioned for Tommy Dorsey and says he got a job playing drums in the Dorsey band. That's when Bryan's father stepped in and insisted his son start medical school before it was too late. Bill complied, but he made side money all through medical school at the University of Illinois by playing in bands in Chicago, most of them Negro. This led to a crisis in his fraternity, where he was told to "quit playing with the niggers or get out of the fraternity." He got out and moved into a YMCA that provided him "a wonderful education in peoples from all over the world." It also got him acquainted with a house full of nurses who lived across the street. One of them became his wife a few years later, and the Bryans now have two daughters, Barbara, 13, and Beverly, nine.

There was an interneship in Los Angeles, a backslide into the band business for a few months, a stint with an industrial surgeon in Chicago, then another tour of duty in the armed forces, this time as a flight surgeon for the Air Force during the Korean War. Through all these years, Bryan had been experimenting with hypnosis as a plaything. His interest turned serious in the Air Force, when he was assigned to study antibrainwashing techniques for pilots. He became intrigued with the labyrinths of the mind, what it would accept and what it would cast off. He set up a survival camp for pilot trainees designed to help them cope mentally and physically with anything they might run into in case they were captured.

Bryan's survival camp was in Nevada, and when he was discharged from the Air Force, he opened an office as a general practitioner in Reno. Within a year, he had taken up flying and soon the newspapers were calling him Nevada's "flying doctor" because three times a week he would fly his plane to a mining community called Empire that was completely cut off from the outside world and had no doctor.

The man who taught Bryan to fly was a 70-year-old Methodist lay minister named Henry Parker, who also kindled a latent streak of evangelism in the young doctor. Bryan says he had first been "brought to Christ" during World War II in an emotional meeting with a church worker who touched a strongly responsive chord in Bryan. Parker played on that same chord so powerfully that Bryan later became a lay preacher, himself. He preaches before congregations a half-dozen times a year, and carries a strong fundamentalist religious faith into virtually everything he does.

Now he was doctor, musician and preacher. Ahead lay a diverse approach to law.

In Reno Bryan was greatly expanding his experiments in hypnosis, using it in his medical practice when patients were willing. He went to France one summer, studied the works of Mesmer, the 18th-century pioneer in medical hypnosis, and came home convinced that the profession wasn't even scratching the surface of the possibilities of dealing with physical problems by treating the mind.

In 1955, the British Medical Association officially recognized hypnosis as a legitimate tool in medical treatment. Three years later, Bryan moved to Los Angeles and started the American Institute of Hypnosis, both for the treatment of patients and instruction in hypnotism's use.

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Bryan had another reason for leaving Nevada. He had run for a seat on the city council of Sparks, a Reno suburb, and was defeated. Before the election, a teenaged girl worker allegedly was served liquor in his campaign headquarters. Bryan was found guilty of a misdemeanor, fined and later charged with unprofessional conduct by the Nevada State Board of Medical Examiners. Bryan never officially answered the charges. By the time his hearing came up, he already had established himself in California where he had interned and was duly licensed.

Bryan dismisses the whole matter as "politics," a position given some credence by his appearance as a featured speaker a few years later before the California District Attorney's Association, which looked into the Nevada matter before inviting him to make an address.

In Los Angeles Bryan's business boomed, and while he refuses to discuss income, he has undoubtedly prospered financially.

The Institute now treats over 2,000 patients a year (at fees up to $50 an hour). He opened a second medical clinic in San Francisco last January and plans to open a third in San Diego soon. He presently has four M.D.'s, five secretaries, a business manager and, naturally, a publicity man, on his staff.

Shortly after he opened the Institute, Bryan gave his first short course in hypnosis. Since then, he says he has taught more than 10,000 physicians, dentists and laymen hypnotic techniques and applications (tuition for a typical three-day course: $150). Most of Bryan's lay students have been attorneys—usually specializing in either criminal law or personal injury cases. Among them have been such well-known names as Melvin Belli and, of course, F. Lee Bailey, who insists today that "what Bill teaches should be offered as a formal course in law school."

It was natural that some of these attorneys who took his course should seek help from Bryan in sticky cases. One of the early ones involved a doctor in San Diego accused of raping a patient. Bryan helped the defense attorney select the jurors—by observing their "subconscious" reactions to questions. The defendant was quickly acquitted.

A reporter asked Bryan one day what he looked for in trying to psyche out prospective jurors. The doctor began pacing back and forth, turning on his questioner as if he were on a witness stand: "Do you think that the law is fair?" Bryan asked. "Are you willing to abide by it . . . ? Do you feel people should be punished for extramarital relations, whether or not it is against the law . . . ? Do you oppose capital punishment . . . ? In this case . . . ? In any case?"

Bryan studied the reporter carefully as he answered the questions.

"Your foot moved then," Bryan said once. "What were you thinking about? Your foot doesn't move for no reason at all. The impulse comes from your subconscious mind because the conscious mind doesn't know it is happening. You tell me yes, but your hips are swiveling, saying, 'No, no, no.' Arm folding is a defensive reaction. So is a finger over your mouth; you want to silence whatever is being said. There are other hand positions that show effeminacy. I know how to recognize these signs, and how to interpret them."

Is this good? Does it serve the cause of justice? Or merely the cause of a high-priced, high-powered attorney?

"Certainly it serves justice," Bryan snaps. "My efforts are directed at making sure we don't have jurors subconsciously antagonistic to the defendant regardless of the evidence."

A number of attorneys consider Bryan's analyses hokum, but Bailey certainly isn't among them. "When Bill Bryan has advised me on the picking of juries," Bailey said recently, "he has provided information I wasn't likely to get from questioning jurors in the strained atmosphere of a courtroom. He gives me the responses that aren't articulated, and quite often these are the most important responses of all."

Most of Bryan's jury picking activities are undertaken for True Believers who have taken his course on "The Legal Aspects of Hypnosis." When his advice goes beyond picking a jury and into the realm of examining a defendant, however, it can sometimes sound pretty far out.

The Boston Strangler posed quite a problem. This was Bryan's first cooperative venture with Bailey, then just starting on the string of headline cases that would make him the nation's most famous defense attorney. Bailey had first won attention for engineering Dr. Sam Sheppard's release from prison in 1964 with a landmark appeal claiming Sheppard had been denied a fair trial because of adverse newspaper publicity. A year later, Bailey was representing an accused killer who was an inmate of the Bridgewater State Hospital in Massachusetts. Another patient was a confessed multiple rapist named Albert DeSalvo, who confided one day to Bailey's client that he was really the Boston Strangler. This was reported to Bailey, who got himself hired by DeSalvo's family to represent Albert, then took a tape recorder to the hospital and obtained a lengthy and detailed confession.

Although DeSalvo supplied details about the Strangler's crimes that no one but the murderer could have known, there were also some discrepancies in his story. And one very large question: Why? He claimed he had committed more than 2,000 rapes over the past decade. Why, suddenly, did he start to kill his victims? Massachusetts' officials were skeptical of DeSalvo's guilt because no one had been able to produce a reason for his actions.

In this impasse, Bailey remembered Bryan. The centerpiece of Bryan's course for lawyers, and of the book he has written on hypnosis and the law, is the hypnoanalysis of a young man who strangled three older women and was trying to kill a fourth when he was caught. Technically—under the terms of the M'Naghten Rule which draws a rigid line between sanity and insanity on the basis of whether or not the accused can understand the difference between right and wrong—this killer was not insane. But Bryan's analysis showed that the murders resulted from "powerful compulsive suggestions introduced in an accidental state of hypnosis produced by a strong emotion" of which the killer was neither aware nor able to control.

Bryan documented this assertion in great detail but was not permitted to testify to his findings in court. This decision of the trial judge was upheld by the California Supreme Court, and the killer was executed. However, the question of the admissibility of information

[*Continued on page* 21]

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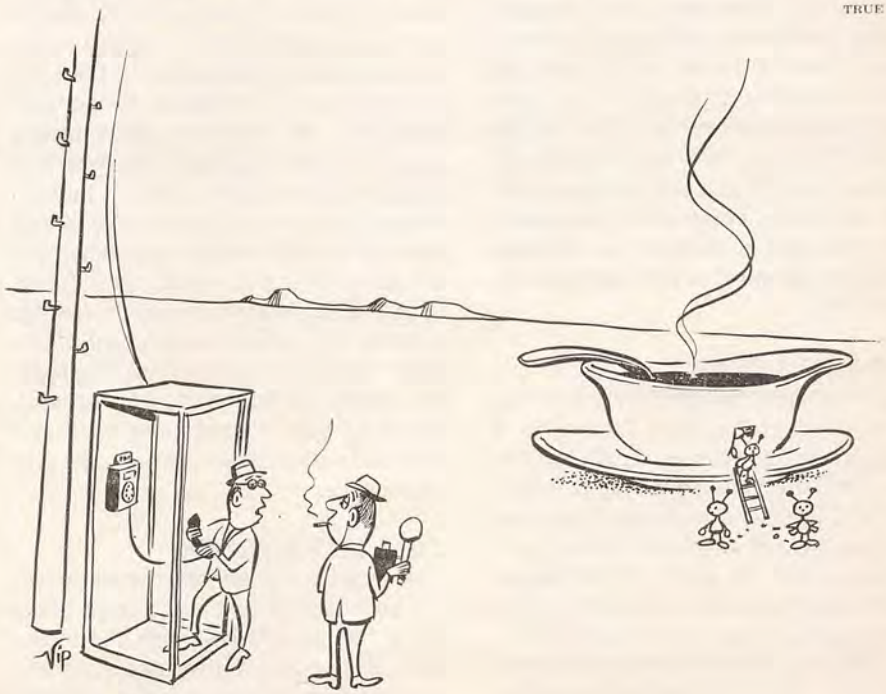

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A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

INSTANT TATTOO

The manly stigma of the tattoo is languishing because contaminated needles which may transmit hepatitis, syphilis, malaria and other vexations draw the wrath of licensing authorities. But harmless ersatz tattooing is keeping alive the traditions of an ancient art form. Greenwich Village vendors and even some department stores are offering what might be called Band-Aid tattoos: stick 'em on, pull 'em off. Serpents, entwined hearts, anchors, nude women, bleeding daggers, all the classic compositions of the electric needle, are imprinted on transparent plastic film with an adhesive back. The wearer claps it to his or her hide and pulls it off when it gets itchy in a day or two. Underground rumors hint that the new fad may do away with bikinis and pasties. Topographically contiguous tattoos can cover any prudent amount of skin and give a facsimile of concealment. No harm other than esthetic can come of it.

GAMBLER'S CURE

A new cure for gambler's itch has been developed without fanfare in a hospital in Shropshire, England. The first "patient," and so far the only one, was a 34-year-old man who had been playing the slot machines almost continuously for 12 years. A one-armed bandit was installed in a secret room of the hospital, along with the patient. The compulsive gambler played the machine hour after hour. Only thing was, every time he pulled the handle he got a mild electric shock in his forearm. Two months after treatment began "the patient was well and working and has not resumed gambling." Las Vegas please copy.

HOW NOW, JACQUES?

"Women rule the roost in America." Frenchmen don't laugh when they say it. They sneer. They'd better pipe down. They're losing their pants. The old Code Napoleon, which made the French husband his wife's lord and master, has been demolished by a bill that leaves him with the title master but strips him of his title Lord. It gives French wives the right to take a job without the husband's consent, to run their own business and have their own bank accounts. An outfit called the C.P.A. *(Centre de Perfectionnement dans l'Administration des Affaires)* is actually giving French wives a six-month course in "direction of family affairs." Such inconsequential changes shake Frenchmen to the core. They've had the protection of the Code Napoleon so long that their mastery muscles have atrophied. We American husbands have always had to be self-reliant because U.S. laws have always favored the wife. How many women pay alimony? We know that most wives would rather bitch than switch. Indulge a whim or two and the poor innocents don't dream that important decisions are made by husbands of iron will. Come on over, Jacques, and we'll give you some pointers to restore your self-confidence.

DEADBEAT'S DREAM

A smart scrounger can eat pretty well off conventions that are always going on in big cities if he knows the ropes. An independent fellow can read the newspapers and scan hotel bulletin boards to get a line on crash-worthy affairs, but there are enough practitioners to support a trade journal for foragers called *Freeloader.* The paper lists upcoming affairs and gives tips on how to squeeze some free food and drink out of them. Dinners where waiters pick up tickets at tables are a little rough, but buffet spreads of food and drink are duck soup for the uninvited. Big affairs with lots of people to get lost in are best; we've been unnoticed ourselves in many an affair to which we were invited. A nearly surefire way to get past the girls who check guest lists is to carry a flash camera, pop it off at the girl, and walk in as a press photographer. *Freeloader* recommends that crashers wear a dark suit and white shirt and carry a black bow tie to snap on if the affair is formal. The ultimate in freeloading is the really dead deadbeat who gets free burial by managing to die in a public place with nobody to claim his body.

HI-HO, HIGH HEM

Watch those skirts before you call your broker. If dimpled knees are showing, Wall Street should be on the upside. If the hemline drops, so may the stock market and it's time to run for cover. The Women's Hemline System is not an infallible scheme for beating the market, but it makes a man observant, and the brokerage firm of Harris Upham & Co. has come up with evidence that there's more to the system than meets the eye. Since 1897, ups and downs of the market have generally coincided with the ups and downs of women's hemlines. Everybody knows what happened in the 1920's when flappers showed their knees and *Getting Gertie's Garter* was a hit play. Bulls snorted in the market and prices and hemlines went up until the big crash, whereupon prices and hemlines fell to around ankle level. The recent high market must obviously be credited to the mini-skirt. Whether high hemlines lift the market or the market lifts the hemlines is not known, but if the Dow-Jones average soars above 1000 it will be a great time for girlwatchers.

MEN ONLY

Talk about male dominance—the Pitofsky family has it. Nothing but boys

(Continued on page 20)

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 18)

have been born into the family for six generations. The 50th consecutive male Pitofsky in family history going back 136 years was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pitofsky of New Rochelle, New York. Grandpa Pitofsky put up $5,000 for the first of his three sons to produce a girl. The money is unclaimed. Fathers always determine sex. There must be some overpowering maleness in Pitofsky genes that scientists ought to learn about.

HAIR TODAY

James De Pasquale is a considerate young man. He is sales manager for Serr, Inc., makers of men's hairpieces. He wears one himself—he says. But when we had lunch the other day he didn't sneer at our glittering scalp. He even kept his cool when we referred to his product as a rug or toupee. Fact is, though Jimmy will jump at the drop of a fallen hair to take care of a lone customer, he has turned up a great mass market for skull fuz among executives and salesmen. He told us about a company that has 25 salesmen. Who do you think were the poorest producers? Guys who were bald or had thinning hair. These poor unconfident fellows reluctantly agreed to try a hairpiece. After a few weeks, who do you think were selling like a house afire and rolling in commissions? Right! The fellows with instant thatching. They're crazy about their hairpieces. Personal profit makes the wig wag enthusiastically. Sometimes enthusiasm outruns necessity. One of Jimmy's troubles is the fellow with a lush head of hair who is worried sick about a "bald spot" about a quarter of an inch square on either side of the forehead. "We'd have to shave his scalp to fit him with a hairpiece," Jimmy said. Another trouble is the middle-aged man who comes in with a photo of the thick curly hair he had when he played the lead in the class play at age 17. When a mature gent sees what he'd look like in his teen-age hair, he either gets sore and stomps out or settles for something a little less Fauntleroyish. Besides a hairpiece, there's only one other cure for baldness: punching out plugs of hide from the back of the neck or other fur-bearing areas and transplanting same to the scalp like clumps of Zoysia grass in hope that they will grow into presentable confluence. Two or three hundred plugs at $5 each run into some dough, not to mention a sore neck. A modern hairpiece costs from $200 to $600 if it covers the entire sides and back of the head. It's made of women's hair because the stuff has to be at least eight inches long. Each hair is attached to a "breathing" base that sticks to the scalp like glue because it's glued there with double-faced stickum. It can't be lifted off, but peels off. A hairpiece lasts four to five years, longer than a tailor hopes a suit will last. Perhaps the course of history might have been changed if there had been a De Pasquale around in ancient times to give nude-noggined fellows like Julius Caesar a little self-confidence.

HIGH-PROOF MOTHER LOVE

Dismaying implications may be read into the results of a mischievous experiment by psychiatrists of the Menninger Foundation who gave alcohol to belligerent roosters. Normal roosters who drink water, which is normal for them, shy away from baby chicks or attack the chirpy fluffballs. But a single shot of alcohol transformed manly roosters into henlike creatures who sheltered baby chicks all through the night. We expect a counterblast from the Licensed Beverage Institute saying it isn't so.

AUTOMATED RADIO

Once we felt sorry for platoons of radio announcers working under tension, spinning disks, watching the engineer, breaking in with split-second timing. Not any more. Recently we visited a popular station in Urbana, Illinois, which had only one occupant, an amiable young man who sat smoking a cigaret and sipping coffee from a paper cup. "I could turn the key in the lock and go home," he said, but the FCC won't allow it. He took us into a small room from which programs were emanating. There were three cabinetlike affairs, not much bigger than filing cabinets. Two containers like Ferris wheels were loaded with plastic boxes containing taped commercials. Periodically, a wheel rotated and thrust a commercial into a slot for broadcasting. The first 10 seconds of the commercial were taken off on tape for use by the billing department. Another tape announced the time of day at predetermined intervals. Enough music, announcements and such to load the air waves around the clock was fed out at programmed intervals from other tapes. All by itself, the machine could send forth the Beatles, the Supremes or Harry Belafonte, (see photo) hour after hour, day after day, thanks to the marvels of electronic science. What hath God wrought!

COMPUTERIZED JOB FINDING

Finding the right man for the right job isn't easy, especially if qualifications and requirements are rather specialized. Why not feed a list of a man's skills into a computer's memory, which also stores the specifications of thousands of jobs that companies are trying to fill? The computer can match man and job and expedite a happy marriage between partners who didn't know they were aching for each other. Several placement firms already operate such computerized services. One of them, Personnel Information Communication Service, has a hookup with Western Union. Applicants can get questionnaires to fill out by calling Western Union Operator 77 anywhere in the country. Job applicants pay $12 a year for this service. Companies with jobs to fill pay a heftier fee.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The latest hippie game, called a "rubbing," isn't what you might think. They take paper and charcoal and make rubbings of manhole covers in city streets.

Of 939 eligible persons who filled NASA applications for jobs as astronauts, about a dozen were women.

A faculty committee at Princeton University recommends that the institution go coeducational because "lack of women on the campus creates student problems."

The head of a family can get a permit to make 200 gallons of wine a year for household use, but it's illegal for anybody to make home brew.

The going rate for round-the-clock private nursing service in California is $111 a day, highest in the nation.

The Magdala Foundation of St. Louis has started an elaborate charm school for female convicts just released from prison. **—THE EDITORS**

[*Continued from page* 17]
obtained under hypnosis as part of the medical evidence was introduced and given lengthy and troubled consideration. When a similar question arose two years later in the brutal killing of two young girls, the California Supreme Court decided to allow the evidence obtained under hypnosis. Bailey knew all this, of course, and was also impressed with the striking similarity of the landmark case in which Bryan had been involved and the case of the Boston Strangler. So he asked Bryan to come to Massachusetts and do a hypnoanalysis of Albert DeSalvo.

It took place in a conference room adjoining the dispensary at Bridgewater hospital. In addition to Bailey, a half-dozen other doctors were present, but this was strictly Bryan's show. A tape recording of that interrogation and the incredible excesses of human behavior explored with DeSalvo, in matter-of-fact fashion, leave the listener in a state of mild shock.

Bryan used no drugs. He sat knee to knee with DeSalvo, talking him into an hypnotic state. Always the key word was "Relax . . . deep, deep down." Bryan age-regressed DeSalvo back to the night of the murder of a 58-year-old Salem, Massachusetts, divorcee named Evelyn Corbin. The tape then goes like this:

BRYAN: *Now, Al, you're right back there. You see everything that's happening. You feel every feeling you felt then. . . . You're approaching her apartment door. Now tell me what's happening . . .*

DESALVO: (in measured, accented New England tones): *I walk into the apartment house through the front door . . . The buzzer rang and I opened the door and I walked down the corridor, all the way down to the left. . . .*

BRYAN: *Relax. Deep, deep relax. I don't want you to remember, Albert. I want you to* be right there. . . .

DESALVO: *She says* (his voice became falsetto): *Who sent you?* (normal again) *The superintendent. There's something wrong with your bathroom. I've got to check it. . . . She took me into the bathroom, to the right.*

BRYAN: *All right, you're in the bathroom now. She turns her back on you. Now what?*

DESALVO: *I took her over to the bed. . . . She says she can't do nothing, the doctor told her no. . . . She said, "Don't hurt me, please." I told her I won't hurt her.*

BRYAN: *You don't want to hurt her. Why do you want her on the bed? In your mind's eye you see someone on the bed. What do you want to do. . . with her thighs . . . Get the feeling, come on, get it. . . . It's okay to have it. . . . What do you want to do?*

DESALVO (groaning): *Judy.* (He began to cry.)

BRYAN: *Come on. . . . What is it? What did you do with Judy?*

DESALVO: *I massaged her.*

BRYAN (slowly): *You had her legs up there. You massaged her right on the thighs. Now, isn't that what you did with every other victim, too? Yes, and you hadn't told anybody that, not a*

[*Continued on page* 64]

have you come across the Sahara yet?

When most men come across the Sahara, they can't leave until it's theirs. The Sahara Boot is waiting for your discovery at fine stores everywhere. L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

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THE SECRET AIR FORCE WASHINGTON WON'T TALK ABOUT

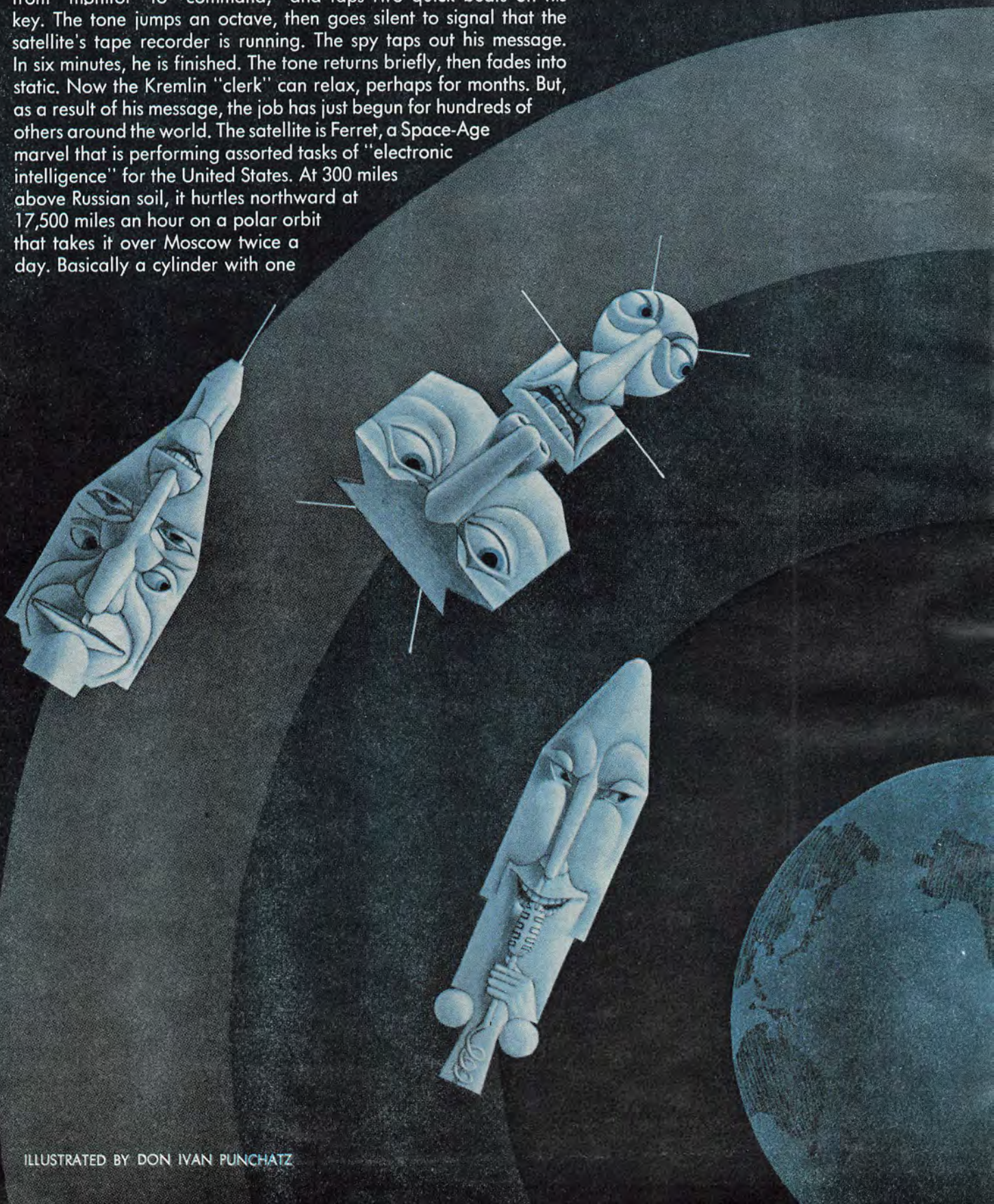
The world of espionage has quietly shifted to outer space. Orbiting the globe with supersensitive eyes and ears are electronic James Bonds that have revolutionized the cloak-and-dagger business

BY JIM SCHEFTER

■ The night sky of Moscow is heavily overcast as the mousy clerk scurries from his cramped Kremlin office to his tiny apartment. But no amount of cloud cover this night will stop the efficient little man from keeping an electronic rendezvous high above the murky weather. He is a U.S. spy. Time is short and he sets to work immediately after locking the door. In less than 30 minutes, he has coded his short message, has taken a small, special-frequency transmitter from its hiding place and connected the wire from his modified television antenna to the transmitter's terminals. Now

he sits quietly, awaiting the expected tone in his earphone. It comes on schedule, a low, steady note that announces the arrival of an espionage satellite overhead. Using his low-power, line-of-sight transmitter, the agent puts the satellite to work. He deftly switches from "monitor" to "command," and taps two quick beats on his key. The tone jumps an octave, then goes silent to signal that the satellite's tape recorder is running. The spy taps out his message. In six minutes, he is finished. The tone returns briefly, then fades into static. Now the Kremlin "clerk" can relax, perhaps for months. But, as a result of his message, the job has just begun for hundreds of others around the world. The satellite is Ferret, a Space-Age marvel that is performing assorted tasks of "electronic intelligence" for the United States. At 300 miles above Russian soil, it hurtles northward at 17,500 miles an hour on a polar orbit that takes it over Moscow twice a day. Basically a cylinder with one

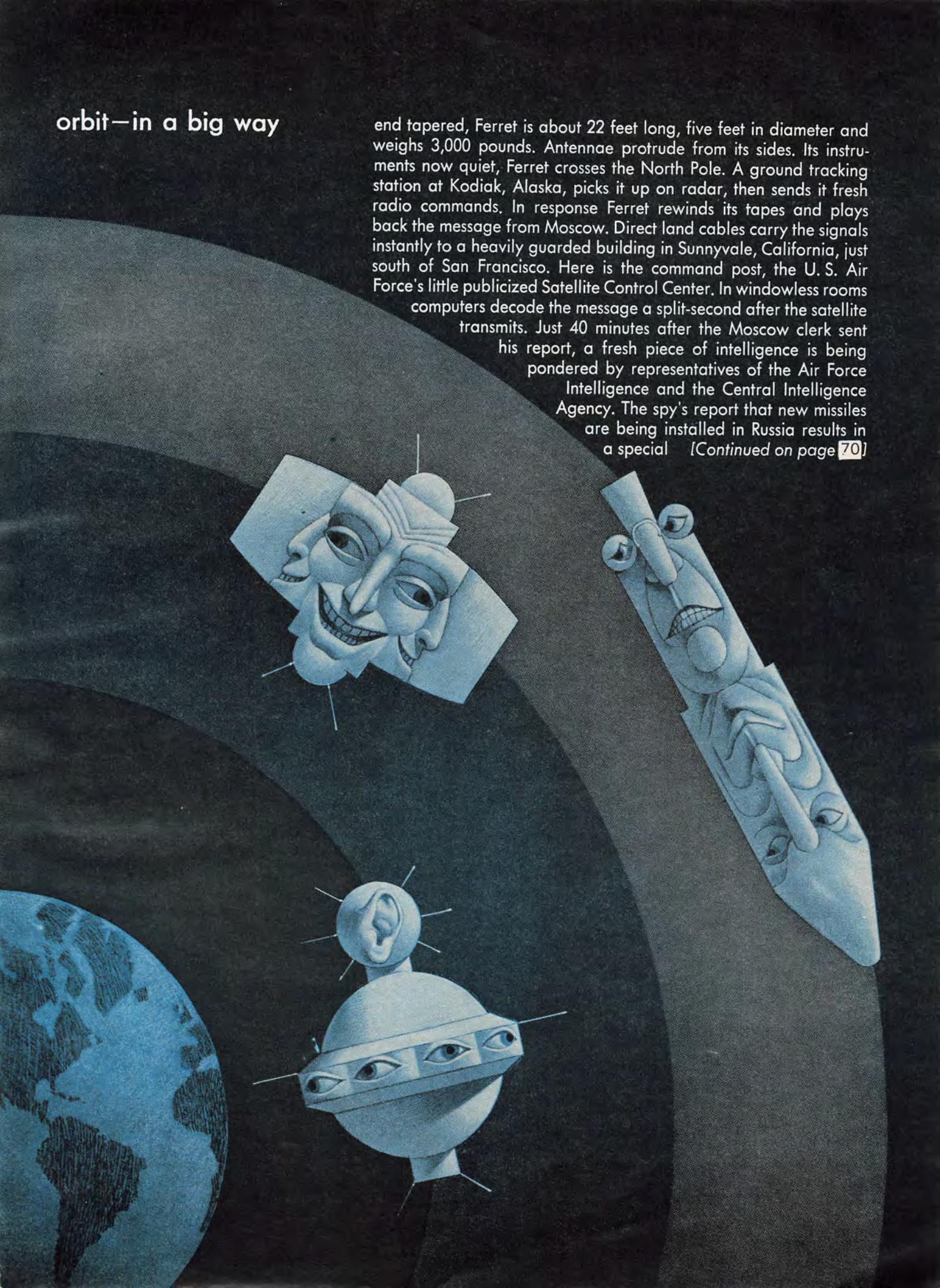
Espionage has gone into



ILLUSTRATED BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

orbit—in a big way

end tapered, Ferret is about 22 feet long, five feet in diameter and weighs 3,000 pounds. Antennae protrude from its sides. Its instruments now quiet, Ferret crosses the North Pole. A ground tracking station at Kodiak, Alaska, picks it up on radar, then sends it fresh radio commands. In response Ferret rewinds its tapes and plays back the message from Moscow. Direct land cables carry the signals instantly to a heavily guarded building in Sunnyvale, California, just south of San Francisco. Here is the command post, the U. S. Air Force's little publicized Satellite Control Center. In windowless rooms computers decode the message a split-second after the satellite transmits. Just 40 minutes after the Moscow clerk sent his report, a fresh piece of intelligence is being pondered by representatives of the Air Force Intelligence and the Central Intelligence Agency. The spy's report that new missiles are being installed in Russia results in a special *[Continued on page 70]*

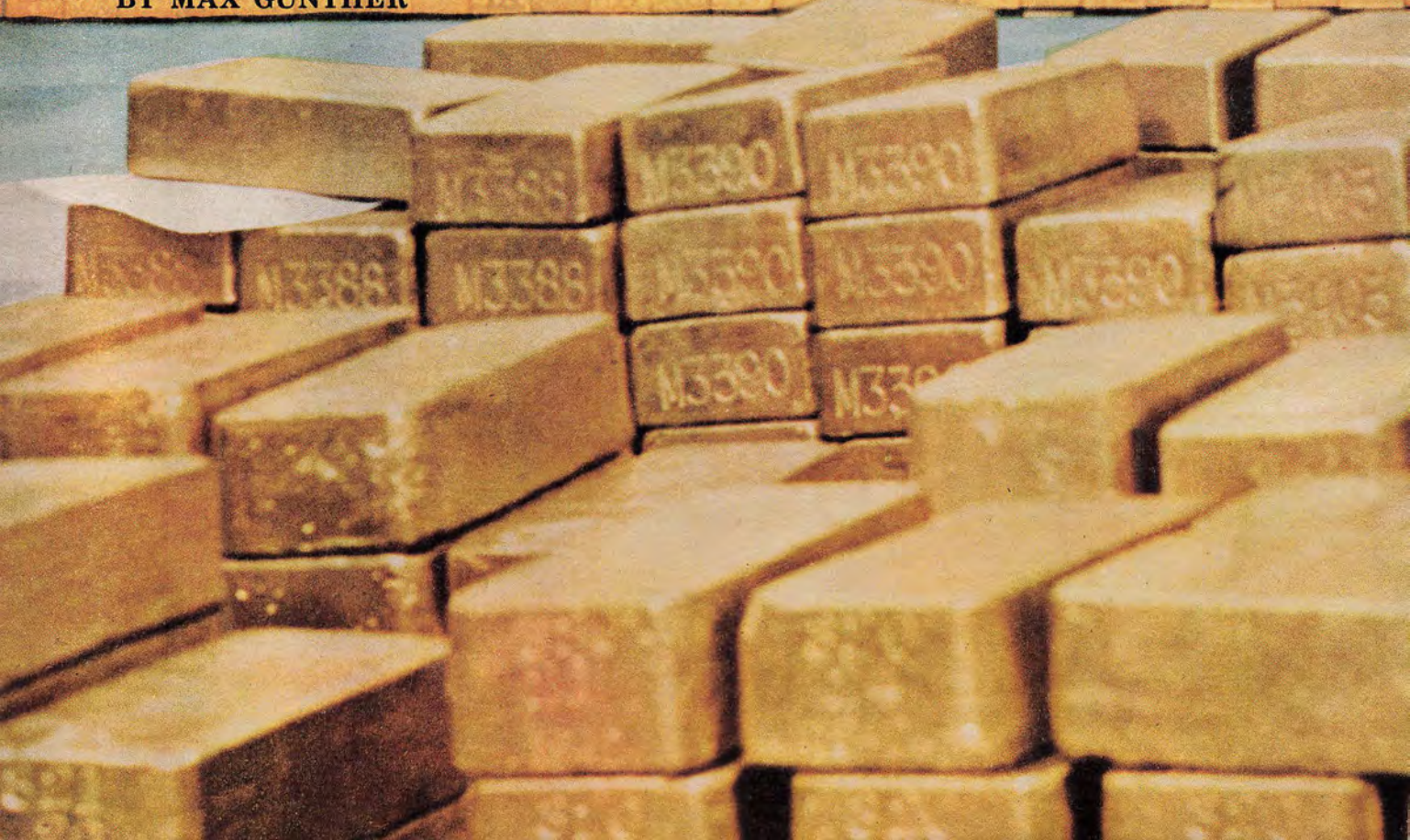


GOLD

THE GLOW THAT LIGHTS THE WORLD

The economy of the civilized world is based, sometimes precariously, on a legendary yellow metal. This is what "balance of payments" and the "dollar gap" are all about—and what could happen to you if America's glittering pile of bricks should melt away

BY MAX GUNTHER



■ In the cold shallow sea near Nome, Alaska, a young man sits in a small, grimy, weather-beaten boat. A noisy gasoline-driven pump at his side sucks seawater, sand and mud up a hose and spews the sludge into sluice boxes that take up most of the room in the boat. Under the water, another young man in a wet suit guides the end of the suction hose around a deepening depression in the sea-bottom muck. The two adventurers are cold, cramped and uncomfortable, but they don't seem to care.

The unpleasant-looking sludge they are sucking up from the seabed has little shining yellow specks in it. The specks are gold. In four weeks of work, the seagoing prospectors have sucked up $9,000 worth. *Gold!* In a campsite at the foot of the Superstition Moun-

[*Cont. on pg.* 60]

BY MAJ. TOM SHERMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Viet Nam's Flying, Fighting Freight Cars

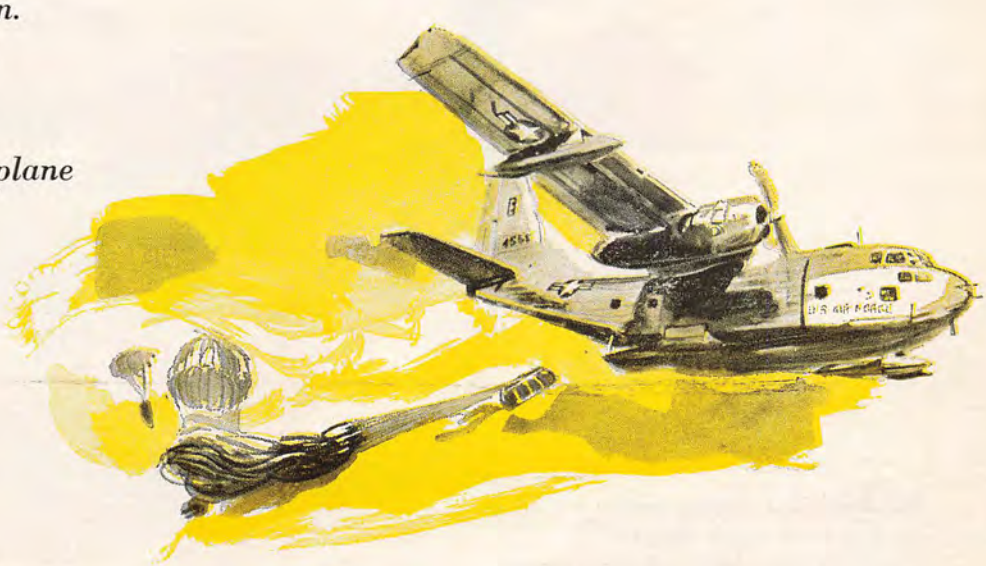
Because surface travel in South Viet Nam is slow and hazardous, hundreds of military posts scattered around the country are regularly supplied by air. Many of the jungle and mountain outposts have primitive airstrips and are often exposed to Viet Cong fire. Doing a substantial part of the tough, dangerous supply work—and other air support missions as well—is the Air Force's 315th Air Commando Wing. Workhorses of the Wing's air fleet are four squadrons of C-123 Providers—60 rugged assault transports. It has been more than 10 years since the last C-123 rolled off the Fairchild Aircraft assembly line, but the old bird has proved its worth in Viet Nam. Ideally suited for carrying heavy loads in and out of short, rough strips, the bulky twin-engined cargo plane measures 76 feet in length, has a wing span of 110 feet and a height of 34½ feet. Its range is more than 1,000 miles, top airspeed about 240 mph., and it can carry up to 24,000 pounds of cargo. With a crew of four (pilot, copilot, flight mechanic and loadmaster) the venerable plane hauls troops, food, trucks, guns, ammo—in short, just about anything.

Like most Air Commandos, Maj. Tom Sherman, an ex-B-52 pilot, had never seen a C-123 or been involved in assault airlift until just before leaving for Viet Nam. When he saw his first jungle airstrip, he said to himself, "It can't be done." A year and several hundred assault landings later, he was a flight commander in the 309th Air Commando Squadron and an instructor pilot proving to newcomers that it could be done. Now assigned to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, Major Sherman left Viet Nam with a fond respect for C-123's. Here he tells about the little-publicized but all-important supply jobs that the planes perform.

■ The big Pratt and Whitneys grumbled as I throttled back and eased the lumbering C-123 down into the darkness. Below, angry streaks of tracers marked Phu Cu Pass, and to the west above Cambodia, the sky had turned deep purple. Somewhere in the blackness of the valley ahead was our destination, the little airstrip at Bong Son.

I was looking for 1,500 feet of red, dusty runway perched on top of a hill. But crouched behind me in the cargo compartment, 65 Vietnamese troops were looking back anxiously at the battle in the pass. It was the reason we were groping around in the dark

Not since "flying the Hump" in World War II has the Air Force had such a tough supply mission. This pilot's story tells how the Air Commandos and a rugged, 10-year-old cargo plane are getting the job done



The eerie light of flares dropped from the C-123 lit up the Viet Cong ambush force.

Air Commandos often have to battle their way on and off the world's roughest air strips

Between drops, the loadmaster blasted away at the Viet Cong.

on an emergency mission, searching for an unlighted field that we weren't even sure was still ours.

Then I saw a red light on the ground. "Must be it," I thought.

"Let's give it a go," I said to my copilot, and soon we were heading down in a snarling, power-on assault approach. I aimed at where I hoped the north end of the runway was and switched on the landing lights. Suddenly the cliff at the end of the strip leaped into view—we were too high!

I pulled off power and the plane crunched down hard. Then, while slamming on the brakes, I snapped the throttles back and the engines screamed into reverse. Soon the laterite dust swirled around us and into the glare of the landing lights, enveloping everything in an eerie red glow. We were rolling completely blind toward the cliff at the south end, but were we scared? I hope to tell you we were scared!

Finally I decided that we must have stopped, and returned the throttles to forward thrust. When the dust cleared away we found that we were off the runway, a hundred feet or so short of the cliff. I grinned at my copilot, who was digging the laterite from his eyes, and said, "Not bad, huh?" After that landing I figured that there wasn't much more to this Air Commando business that I had to learn.

How wrong I was. The next day, I was pacing the strip at Bong Son as mission commander. The Army advisor there told me that his South Viet Nam troops had stolen the strip's flares—empty 105 howitzer shells refilled with sand and gasoline—and used them for cooking stoves. In spite of that, he added, some crazy C-123 pilot had landed there the night before with a bunch of troops.

"Yeah," I said, "that was me."

"Oh? What was your rush? We won't use the troops until tomorrow—they're general reserve."

Wondering where the "Tactical Emergency" orders of the day before had come from, I thought, "Nothing more to learn, is there?"

EVERY MISSION TEACHES you something in the assault cargo business. Take air drops, for instance. Sure, they had taught us how to drop bundles back in the States. But Florida was one thing, and Nga Ba Dinh, deep in the Mekong Delta was something else.

We were following a canal to the southwest, well past Can Tho. The weather was bad and getting worse; the ceiling was about 700 feet and visibility a quarter mile in heavy rain. Ground control radar told us we

With the C-123's whirling props bearing down on them, the VC stopped firing and threw themselves off the runway.

were dropping off his scope but that he was still tracking our fighter cover, flying on top of the weather.

"Rog," I acknowledged. "Arrow Amber, this is Smokey Blue," I said, calling the fighters. "Are you going to be able to get down to us?"

"Don't know, my friend," the Flight Leader replied. "We'll stay on top and look for a hole near Camau."

In the meantime, our weather was really getting bad. We had to follow the canals or get lost, and we were a little concerned about all the Viet Cong huts lining their banks.

"Oh well," I said to the copilot, "in this rain, any self-respecting VC is gonna be inside."

I should have known better; the rain coming in through my window was soon joined by the sound of sporadic small-arms fire. Nothing big, though, and nothing automatic.

"No sweat," I said to my copilot, who was on his first drop mission. "They briefed us that this drop zone is hot, but hell, they're hot one day and cold the next."

After reaching Camau, we continued southwest and picked up a little river. The fighter jocks and I agreed that the danger of collision was too great in the near-zero visibility for them to try to get down to us; we were already down to 200 feet trying to find our way to the drop zone.

"No sweat," I repeated. "We can always pull up into the soup if things get too hot."

The only problem was that we had to stay out of the soup to see what we were doing. Then, about a mile from the drop zone, the *blap-blap* of rifle fire turned into a sound like a corn popper; the rifles had been joined by automatic weapons. I wasn't saying "no sweat" anymore. Besides, our load was ammo.

While you're dropping, you make a good target. You're low and slow and way out of trim, what with better than a ton sitting on the end of the cargo ramp, ready to go. Being in a turn a good bit of the time, only those big side windows are between you and the guy with the gun. Any momentary lapse of control because of engine or flight control damage, or from, shall we say, a change of command, and you've had it.

Anyway, we had started our first run. The troops at the Special Forces camp had put out yellow smoke on the DZ, which was a little stretch of road about 10 feet wide, with ditches full of water on both sides. Still visual at 200 feet, we lined up and just before the drop, we pulled up to 400 feet to give the parachute enough room to deploy. Then we ducked back down out of the soup in a left turn and started a racetrack pattern for the next drop.

The ground fire followed us all the way around the pattern, but still no hits. I had just remarked about what lousy shots they were when a sledgehammer blow shook the plane.

"Anybody hurt?" I called back on interphone.

"No sir," replied the loadmaster, his voice a full octave above normal. "No sweat back here."

He, the flight mechanic and the two Vietnamese "kickers" had their hands full, I knew, just muscling the next load back on the rollers for the second drop. *No sweat?* I knew better.

After the next drop, I varied the pattern by turning to the right. That helped, but we still had to line up on that damned road, and Charlie knew it. And he got us again, too, but again, "no sweat."

Just before lining up on the last run, an ear-shattering roar came from the cargo compartment and I almost leaped out of my skin. I turned around to see the loadmaster blasting at the ground with his AR-15.

"I can see the sonofabitches shooting at us, sir," he yelled cheerfully.

BESIDES GROUND FIRE, terrain can make drops "interesting." And between "interesting" and "hairy," there's only a very fine line.

Take Dak Sut, for example. It's a little camp in a narrow valley up in the highlands. On the day in question, the weather was [*Continued on page* 90]

The ARVN captain said good-bye to a friend who was "going home."

ILLUSTRATED BY JERRY MCDANIEL

a man called Lucy

BY PIERRE ACCOCE AND PIERRE QUET

He took 12,000 typed pages of Hitler's highest-level battle plans and gave them to the Russians. No wonder historians are now calling him the greatest spy of WW II

■ Greater than Sorge? Greater than Cicero? These are only some of the cryptic claims made about the late Rudolf Roessler. Ronald Seth, a British intelligence agent, says: "Rudolf Roessler must be ranked among the great spies of all time." The London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "Of all the espionage networks active during the Second World War, the one which has received the most respectful admiration from professionals is the one operated from Lucerne, Switzerland, between 1939 and 1944 by Rudolf Roessler, code name 'Lucy.' Neither Sorge nor Cicero, to quote the best known examples, can match his achievements."

Posing as a Swiss bookseller and publisher, Roessler was the "spiritual conscience" of 10 German officers dedicated to Hitler's destruction who used him as the instrument for transmitting secret intelligence directly to the Allies. And what secrets they were!

A continuous flood of dispatches poured forth steadily from Roessler for over *four years,* dispatches that totaled 12,000 typed pages. Here are only some of the high-level disclosures attributed to Lucy:

The demilitarization of the Rhineland, the seizure of Austria, the invasion of Poland precipitating World War II, the first hint of the Nazis' "final solution" for the Jews, the invasion of Holland, the invasion of Belgium, the invasions of northeastern France and Luxembourg, the invasion of Denmark, the invasion of Norway, the first mention of the V-1 and V-2 rockets, progress reports on German jet-plane development.

And, transcending even those astonishing revelations: advance warnings and complete battle plans of Operation Barbarossa—Hitler's second-front attack on his former ally Russia! All this was followed by almost daily communiqués giving detailed military operations, breakdowns of men and matériel; often the Russians were provided with German plans in less than 12 hours. (In one instance, in an assault on Lomzha, the German commander overran the Russian position and found a copy of his own attack orders.)

Roessler went to [*Continued on page* 97]

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German-born Rudolf Roessler—code name "Lucy"—was scourge of Nazis for over five years.

BY JERRY IZENBERG
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DENNIS J. CIPNIC

A WHISTLE-STOP SCHOOL WITH BIG-TIME TALENT

Trains leaving Grambling have carried many rookies on to stardom.

North of New Orleans, in the heart of sharecropper country, there's an all-Negro college called Grambling. If you've heard of it, you must be either an alumnus or a pro football fan

■ It is not an easy place to find. Once a day, a train will wheeze to a coughing stop next to the deserted wooden depot if you get the flagman to go out on the tracks and stop it. But the train won't take you anywhere except deeper into the heart of sharecropper country.

If you are lucky and plan well, you can go by airplane. Coming from New York, your plane will stop at Birmingham, Alabama, and Jackson, Mississippi, and when it touches down at Shreveport, Louisiana, you will still be an hour and a half away.

But the men who scout the colleges for America's 25 major-league pro football teams know the way. This fall, as they have done every year since a man named Eddie Kotal first played pathfinder back in 1947, they will climb into their rented cars at the Shreveport airport and drive 61 miles east into the red clay country and pull off the highway at Grambling, Louisiana (population: 3,600). Grambling is one of the few all-Negro incorporated towns in the United States. Years ago it was a sawmill town but the mill is long since gone. Today the town has no major industry, no office buildings and no motels. But it fronts the campus of Grambling College and some of the Grambling students

Grambling is growing. Here, players work out near the school's new eight-story men's dorm.

Grambling is a Mecca for pro football scouts. It has more players in the NFL than Texas, UCLA or Alabama

Coach Eddie Robinson learns from the pros and teaches like a pro. He's seen more than 60 of his men reach the big leagues.

have had a harder time getting there than the scouts. The length of their journey and the new road they hope it will open for them cannot be measured in terms of highway markers.

Mostly the students come from the hard, bedrock country of northern Louisiana or from the teeming cosmopolis which is Greater New Orleans, some 300-odd miles to the south. Some have made the long trek from the dark ghettos of Houston, Dallas and Birmingham and some from the mule-and-a-cabin sharecropper plots which ring the Mississippi Delta. When you ask members of the football team about themselves, you learn almost casually that most of their parents will live their entire lives without ever having earned more than $3,000 in a single year.

The thing which brings them to Grambling is a get-away dream and its vehicle is the promise of the affluent world of professional football. Among the Negro kids who play segregated high-school football in the Deep South, the word has been out for 20 years now: the logical starting point is Grambling College where a slender, determined 47-year-old coach named Eddie Robinson recruits his team like a psychologist, runs his practice sessions like a paratroop jump-master and guards his players' rights like Clarence Darrow.

Together, Grambling College and Eddie Robinson broke through the amber light professional football used to hold up for all Negroes and the red one it displayed to kids from all-Negro colleges. Today, Grambling honor graduates can be seen operating summa cum laude on television screens all over America any fall Sunday. People like Willie Davis of the Packers and Ernie Ladd of Houston; Junius Buchanan of Kansas City and Roosevelt Taylor of the Bears; Mike Howell of the Browns and Willie Williams of the Oakland Raiders.

The list is long and you have to move fast to update it because from last year's team, one of the poorest Robinson has ever had in won-lost records (6-2-1), eight more players signed professional contracts.

Since he sent his first kid off to challenge pro football's then antiquated racial policy, Robinson has seen more than 60 sign with professional teams in both the United States and Canada. Last year, for example, the National League alone had 11, more than it had from UCLA or Texas or Alabama. This year 32 Grambling players reported to pro football training camps in the NFL, AFL and Canada.

Today every professional roster is dotted with players from all-Negro colleges like Florida A&M, Jackson State, Prairie View, Morgan State, Maryland State, Tennessee State and Southern U., to name just a few. The scouts know them all now and the underground railway they provide for kids with little hope of otherwise obtaining equal job opportunities grows each year.

But in the beginning, there was only Grambling and Robinson, then a neophyte coach, plus a man by the name of Dr. Ralph Waldo Emerson Jones, who was and still is the school president. There was also a yellowed old newspaper clipping which somehow found its way to the front office of the Los Angeles Rams.

That was in 1947 and the impact which an insurgent league called the All-America Conference would have on the employment of Negro football players had not yet made itself felt on the old guard National League. Kenny Washington, who should have had the shot when he was younger, was dragging his aching legs through the tail end of his career as the Rams' showpiece (and only) Negro performer.

And then somebody sent Kenny Washington the clipping from a Negro newspaper which told about a young fullback named Paul Younger who had scored 25 touchdowns in a single season for a school called Grambling. Washington took the clipping to Eddie Kotal, the Rams' chief scout.

"I had never heard of Grambling much less of Paul Younger," Kotal, now retired, recalled recently, "but I could multiply and 25 times six is still 150 points and I don't care if a guy scores them

"If they're big and mean and poor, I want them," the coach says. And he gets them that way.

against The Little Sisters of the Poor. I got me a plane ticket and a road map and I went down to see that boy play."

Paul "Tank" Younger was out of Ruston, Louisiana, which is the nearest sizeable town to Grambling. By a strange coincidence, his family had moved to Los Angeles several years earlier. Younger stayed behind and was raised by Doctor Jones right on the Grambling campus. Like all Grambling football players, he was large and hungry and the first time Eddie Robinson ever saw him in a football uniform he marked him down as a tackle. It was a natural mistake because Younger looked as though he should be up front where he could knock people down.

But it could have been a costly mistake because the only player who could possibly attract enough attention to make pro football change its racial ways would surely have to be a boy who ran with the ball. And if Eddie Robinson hadn't tried to teach Paul Younger a lesson one afternoon, all of this might have begun somewhere else. Eddie Robinson got the message in the middle of a punt-return drill.

This is a basic football exercise in which a kicker lofts a high spiral at a group of backs who are waiting for it in a column of twos. The receiver is immediately rushed by a pair of large linemen. On this afternoon, Tank Younger dutifully thundered downfield and made his tackle but instead of rejoining the other serfs, he hid behind the remaining backs. When the next kick arched downfield, Younger elbowed the other receivers aside, slipped in front, caught the ball and returned it unmolested.

"You simply cannot allow that kind of foolishness at practice and expect to get things done," Robinson says, "so I called the linemen together and I told them we were going to straighten this out right now. If Younger wanted to play games, we'd let him. I told them to run down under that next kick and bust him up but good."

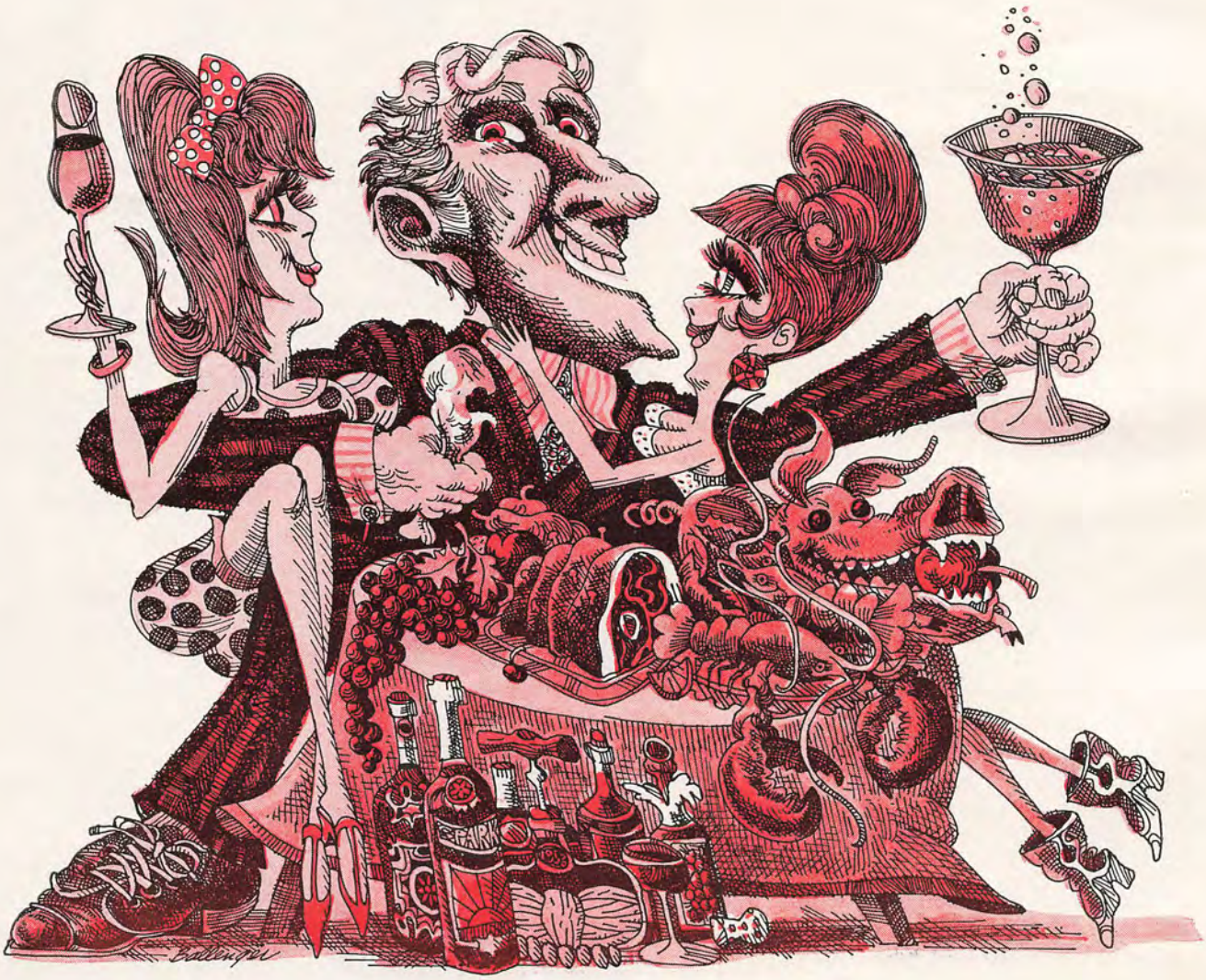
Thunk went the ball, down went the tackles, and then Paul Younger was running and laughing at the same time and both linemen were rolling on the ground with acute knee problems.

"Dammit," Robinson said, feeling a great deal of heat beginning to spread under the collar of his sweat shirt, "do it again." *Thunk, bang, ouch.* Exit two more linemen.

"I went home [*Continued on page* 82]

Drink without fear...

A jolly doctor named Lolli says too many Americans have been brainwashed with the dread of becoming alcoholics. It's a pity, he thinks, because after all, a little of the stuff is good for almost everybody



BY THOMAS J. FLEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

# of anybody

■ "You are dependent on alcohol? So what! We are all dependent on something. I, for instance, am dependent on coffee. If I don't get a cup when I wake up in the morning, I am no good for the rest of the day."

Psychiatrist Giorgio Lolli not infrequently delivers this highly unorthodox opinion as a disarming introduction to a new patient. Alcohol and its effects are Doctor Lolli's main study, and in his rich, rolling Italian accent he is convincing in his argument that drinking, done properly, is really a great thing. His balding head and jovial moon face make one think of a medieval abbot who devoutly believed that the world, the flesh and maybe a bit of the devil were created to be pleasantly savored.

Lolli obviously does enjoy defending alcohol against the negative attitudes with which most Americans have been brainwashed into regarding it. But more important, Lolli is a man with a mission. He is out to straighten the warped use people make of alcohol. In Lolli's intestinal view, drinking and eating are basic to the whole world of human behavior. Lust, anger, gluttony, hate, envy, brutality—all that is objectionable in man could be controlled if he were taught from birth to eat and drink in a positive way. To achieve this gastronomic millennium, Doctor Lolli has created an organization called the International Center for Psychodietetics.

Is Doctor Lolli a nut? That might be a legitimate reaction, if his credentials were not so impeccable. For 17 years Giorgio Lolli was at Yale University, in New Haven, first on the faculty, then for 11 years, until 1955, as medical director of the Yale Plan Clinic for alcoholics. During that period, he was also medical director of the Connecticut State Commission on alcoholism. The latter job involved supervising the operation of five full-time and two part-time clinics coordinating the programs of psychiatrists, internists, social workers and psychologists. For more than two decades Lolli's scientific reports on the effects of alcohol on human behavior have appeared regularly in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol* and the *New England Journal of Medicine*, and in other prestige publications.

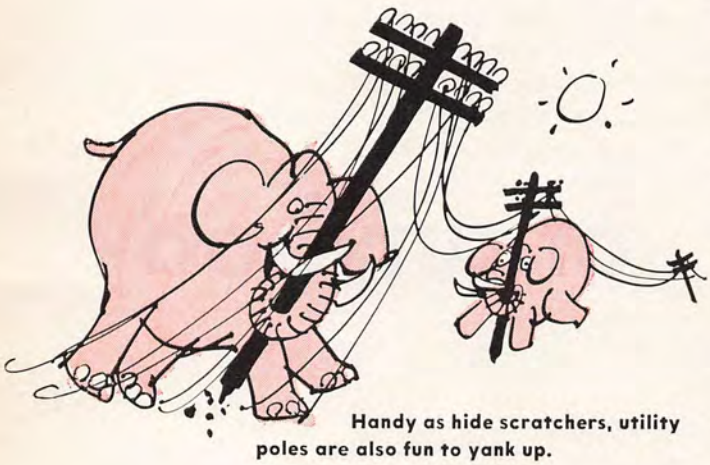
Yet Lolli would be the first to admit that he is unorthodox. Trained at the University of Rome Medical School, he has forged from his experience in laboratory and clinic new ways of treating alcoholics and obesity cases with a unique blend of psychiatry, physical medicine and social action. At the same time he has evolved what can only be described as a basic philosophy of eating and drinking.

Lolli came by his unorthodoxy naturally. He slipped out of Italy [*Continued on page* 87]

AFRICA'S LOVABLE, LAUGHABLE PESTS

■ "Bloody elephants!" groaned Barry White, an East African animal trapper, who has dealt with the huge mammals for many years. "They're always so considerate of their own kind, but they just don't care how they treat people."

"How well I know," agreed Geoff Collins, manager of a game lodge in Kenya's Northern Frontier District. "I had a ditch dug all the way around the camp to keep them out. But did it? Hell, no! The jumbos simply came in through the front gate like everyone else."



Handy as hide scratchers, utility poles are also fun to yank up.

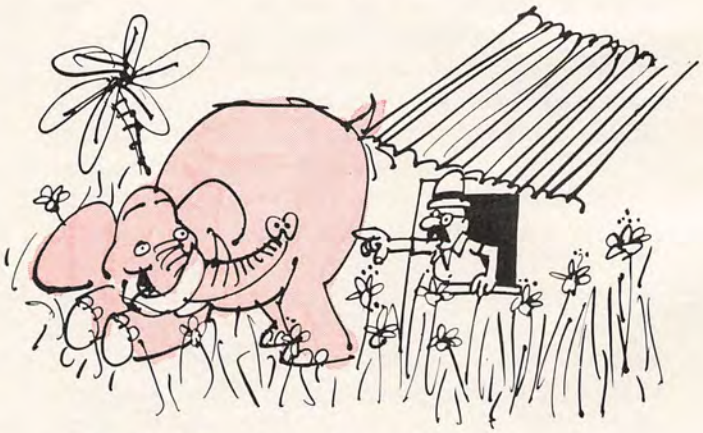
"They're a bloody menace!" Barry exclaimed, glowering at the elephant on the label of his Tusker beer.

"And you Americans think elephants are so cute." Geoff snarled at me.

I really couldn't blame the two men for not being pro-pachyderm. An old bull had visited Geoff's lodge the night before, stuck his tusk through the windshield of a visitor's car and then strolled calmly back into the bush. Barry, too, had his troubles. He was trying to build a fence, but wasn't having much luck. The elephants in the area didn't approve of the project and didn't hesitate to say so. As soon as Barry had a nice long line of posts in place, the herd would come along and yank every one of them out of the ground, and then place them neatly beside the holes.

Fence posts are all right if there's nothing else around, but the pachyderms really prefer telephone and electric-light poles. It's fun pulling them out and they also make excellent hide scratchers. Elephants always seem to have an itch somewhere, and in the scrub country of Africa the utility poles are about the only place to get a satisfactory scratch. Power failures are common because the poles were never designed to bear the weight of the tuskers. In some rural areas, the telephone company simply threw in the towel, and all communications in those regions is now by radio.

If there are no convenient poles or trees to scratch themselves against, the elephants have to find something else. Mike Reid, former police communications officer at Isiolo, Kenya, was home reading one night when he heard a scraping sound and saw the roof of his bungalow start moving up and down. "Strange thing, that," Mike said to himself and went outside to investigate. Smack in the middle of his flower bed stood a cow elephant contentedly scratching her behind on the sloping tin roof.



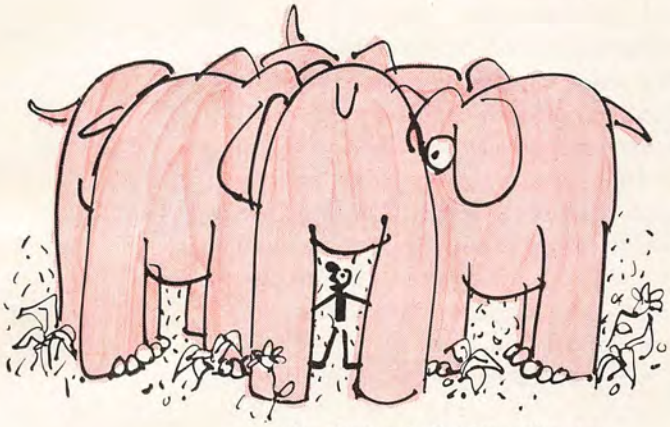
"Get the hell outta my chrysanthemums," the policeman yelled.

"Get the hell outta my chrysanthemums!" Mike yelled, hurling a clod of dirt at the intruder. With a snort of indignation, the cow chased the police officer back into the house, then continued her

Elephants may *seem* funny, but people who have to live near these temperamental pranksters consider them a huge pain in the trunk

scratching. For several weeks thereafter, she returned whenever her back or behind itched. "I really didn't mind once I got used to it," Mike relates, but the roof leaked something awful and there was no sense in getting it fixed because I never knew when she'd be back for another scratch."

It was also at Isiolo that a tribesman had an experience which has become a legend around the campfires. He was stumbling home from the beer house one night after a rather wet session with the boys when he got the uneasy feeling that he wasn't alone. Something else was out there with him in the black African night. Cautiously stretching out his left hand, he shuddered when it made contact with something warm and wrinkled. Puzzled, he reached out his right hand and felt the same thing. Then he heard the familiar sound of a stomach rumbling and realized that he was standing between two elephants. Wild with terror, he broke into a run and collided headlong with a third. At that moment, still another one stretched out its trunk and jerked the panic-stricken man off his feet. For some reason known only to elephants, the animal immediately released him and permitted him to run screaming through the night.



The elephants the tipsy Kenyan met were real, not pink.

Chasing a man on a bicycle is of course much more fun than chasing one on foot. Elephants enjoy it so much, in fact, that there is always a shortage of game guards in Uganda where they have to patrol by bicycle. "It's really surprising how fast a bloke can pedal when he's got a jumbo thundering along behind him," a forestry officer said admiringly. Once in a while the elephant does win the race, but, fortunately, the elephant is almost always more interested in smashing the bicycle or hurling it into the nearest tree than he is in harming the cyclist.

Cars aren't immune, either. A man named Desmond Keane was driving his small car between Bulawayo and Wankie in Rhodesia when the radiator boiled over. After raising the hood, he got a canvas bucket from the trunk and began walking back to a stream he had just crossed. He had gone no more than 50 yards when he saw a cow elephant come out of the bush behind him. Intrigued by the steam hissing from the radiator, she strolled over to investigate and burned her trunk on the hot metal. This annoyed her, and Desmond watched in helpless rage while the pachyderm pounded his little car flat.

"It's surprising how fast a bloke can pedal at times."

Often the jumbos are foolishly provoked into destructive acts. A young honeymoon couple in South Africa's Kruger

National Park, for example, was hurrying along in their Volkswagen when they found an elephant blocking their road. Completely ignoring the fact that horns are not to be used in any park, the husband beeped imperiously at the pachyderm. Thoroughly aggravated at this breach of etiquette, the elephant stopped the unpleasant noise by the simple expedient of sitting down on the hood of the Volkswagen.

Although elephants treat people very unfairly, they seem to enjoy being around them. Ken Scott, formerly manager of Ken and Downey's Tent Camp in Kenya's Amboseli National Park, and I were killing a bottle in front of the fire one night a couple of years back when a tourist came charging from her tent. "Mr. Scott!" she screamed. "Mr. Scott! Please help me! There's a great big huge elephant standing right behind my tent! He could have killed me!"

"Oh, that's only Odinga Oginga," Ken said reassuringly. "He's always around here. Don't worry, though. He won't bother you."

The lady was almost hysterical. "But can't you chase him away or something?" she shrilled. "He's right behind my tent!"

"No, he won't leave until he's ready to go," Ken explained.

"Well, in that case, do you have anything left in that bottle?" she shrieked.

A few days later, the fun-loving Odinga Oginga chased the entire kitchen staff up a tree and kept them there all morning.

Elephantine female curiosity led to a burned trunk.

"I've been around elephants all my life," says Nick Russell, director of Fly-Drive Safaris in Mombasa, "and I'm convinced that they have a perverted sense of humor. I had a couple out hunting a while back," he reminisced, "and every time we sat down for dinner at night, this jumbo appeared and stood behind the table. My client's wife was the nervous type, and she objected strongly to our visitor. How the hell do you expect me to enjoy my food with that beast looking over my shoulder?' she kept asking.

"I couldn't shoot the thing," Nick continued, "and I couldn't drive it away, so I decided to move camp to make the lady happy. I picked a spot about 20 miles away. Guess who ambled up the very first night before we'd even finished our soup!"

John Mills of Northern Uganda had the misfortune of being adopted by a 7,000-pound elephant. The jumbo made John's house his headquarters and felt perfectly at home there. On one of his visits, the elephant discovered water dripping from an outdoor faucet and stopped to investigate. After a bit of experimenting, he managed to turn on the tap and drink his fill. This was infinitely better than walking all the way to a water hole, and for a time he did all his drinking at John's faucet. He never bothered to turn off the tap, though, so Mills attempted to discourage the habit by cutting off the water at the main.

"I should have known better," Mills says ruefully. His big friend arrived later for a drink and was terribly annoyed when no water flowed from the tap. Wheezing angrily, he seized the pipe in his trunk and began ripping it from the ground. John shouted at him to desist and the elephant did, but only long enough to chase his erstwhile host into the house. That nuisance having been disposed of, the elephant then returned to the water pipe and methodically completed its destruction.

Elephants don't like to be honked at by Volkswagens.

Perhaps the most famous pachyderm in Africa was "The Lord Mayor"—resident

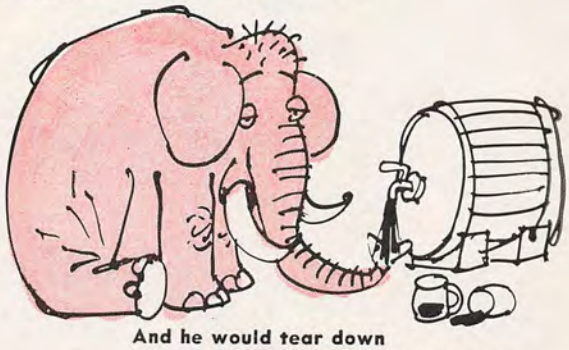
elephant at Uganda's Paraa Lodge in Murchison Falls National Park. A rather amiable and amusing fellow when sober, he was hell on wheels when he got drunk. He loved beer and Africans dashed for the highest trees when they saw The Lord Mayor approaching their beer houses. He was too big to get through the door, so he would simply knock down the house and drink his fill from kegs of corn beer.

Even sober, The Lord Mayor shocked some tourists.

One Sunday evening, The Lord Mayor went on a particularly fine binge and decided he'd better get something solid into his stomach or he'd have a hangover of elephantine proportions. He interrupted his search for food long enough to charge a tractor and tip over a car, then continued on his way. Twice he searched huts for food while the occupants were inside. On the porch of a third hut he found a sack of sweet potatoes. The rightful owner of the potatoes shouted at him to go away, but the hungry bull ignored him completely. In sheer desperation, the man lit pieces of paper and poked them out through the door. That bothered The Lord Mayor not at all. He was so plastered that he couldn't remember that elephants are afraid of fire.

Still hungry, he staggered back to Paraa Lodge. It was dinnertime and The Lord Mayor stuck his head through the dining-room window to see what was on the menu. Screaming tourists bolted for cover and a startled waiter threw a bowl of soup smack into the face of the intruder who quickly withdrew, the window frame hanging around his neck.

For the next few months, The Lord Mayor was on his good behavior. Occasionally, he'd jerk blankets off the tourists sleeping in tents or charge people who got too close with their cameras, but he stayed sober and conducted himself reasonably well. But, alas, it didn't last. Uganda's minister of information and tourism paid The Lord Mayor a courtesy call and got a tusk through the trunk of his car for his trouble. Finally the park warden reluctantly decided that the playful pachyderm would have to go. The Lord Mayor was summarily banished to the nethermost corner of the park. "I went out about a month later to see how he was getting along," the park warden related, "and he was just fine. The same old Lord Mayor. Soon as I got out of my car, he charged me."



And he would tear down a beer house to get at a keg.

It probably wouldn't be fair to accuse the good people of Kenya of being anti-elephant. "It's just that they make me bloody angry," one man explained, "when I'm going for a beer and they hold me up on the road until the pub has closed." The elephant, in fact, is the only thing in the world that would dare to get between a Kenyan and his beer.

Travelers using Kenya's Nairobi-Mombasa road so frequently encountered herds hogging the road that they wrote heated letters of protest to the East African Automobile Association. Result: Signs were duly erected saying that elephants had the right of way—which was something the pachyderms had known all the time. The signs, however, made it official and the jumbos quickly took advantage of the fact. More letters of protest poured in, and a spokesman for the Automobile Association replied to them in an article in the *East African Standard*. "Elephants will be elephants," he concluded, "and if they decide to hold their tea parties in the middle of the road, there is absolutely nothing we can do about it."

That, I think, sums it up perfectly. Elephants will be elephants and there's nothing anybody can do about it.

—Elwood D. Baumann

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BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

Skipper Sturrock (kneeling, center) with his brawny crew.

A BOLD AUSSIE CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

Dame Pattie ***may be the fastest 12-meter yacht in the world and her crew the strongest. If so, the U. S. will say good-bye to the only prize in sport we thought we'd never lose***

■ Beginning September 12, the gods of wind and sea permitting, two incredibly sleek racing yachts will hoist sail off Newport, Rhode Island, to joust for one of the hoariest and most cherished prizes in sport: the America's Cup. Over a million dollars will have gone into the building and outfitting of the two boats, yet there is no profit in victory, only glory; no salaries will be paid nor purses won; there are no bonuses, ancillary rights, residuals or royalties. Regardless of the outcome, when the racing is done, the two boats—the defending American and the challenging Australian—will be hauled from the Atlantic, perhaps never again to race for such a prize, or indeed ever again to race at all.

Millionaire's madness, this has been called—not so much a sport (for the rules are ever-changing) as an obsession—a century-old crusade to keep or take a Holy Grail—a prize in quest of which $35 million have been cast upon the waters since 1851.

Like the crusades of old, some America's Cup challenges have been better found and better led than others; some have thrashed hopelessly against the sea—and a very few have sailed so close to victory that the reflected glow of the great Cup itself seemed to light the way. Yet none, in 116 years of trying, has ever been successful.

This year, there are 11 million Australians who believe as an article of faith that the time is ap-

Running square before the wind, the Dame *shows off the power of her new Australian sails.*

pointed for a boat manned by 11 of their countrymen—including a remarkable skipper named Jock Sturrock—to win sailing's gaudiest trophy.

To find out how and why, we went to Australia on BOAC's swift new South Pacific service—half an earth orbit of flying in quiet, comfortable and shameless luxury, with stopovers in Hawaii and Fiji. Truly, the air traveler's route to Australia is paved with all the lush temptations of the southern hemisphere—and at the end is Sydney, Australia's largest city with 2½ million population, a place where sailing is a sport taken as seriously as football in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

High on a point of land called Kirribilli, overlooking Neutral Bay and Careening Cove, members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron can sit in the wide-windowed lounge of their club and gaze with the squinting eyes of mariners at most of huge Sydney Harbor. For 70 years, drinks in hand, they have watched from this place as every kind of ship in the world has passed below. But never have they looked with such love and admiration at a single boat as they did in the spring of 1967.

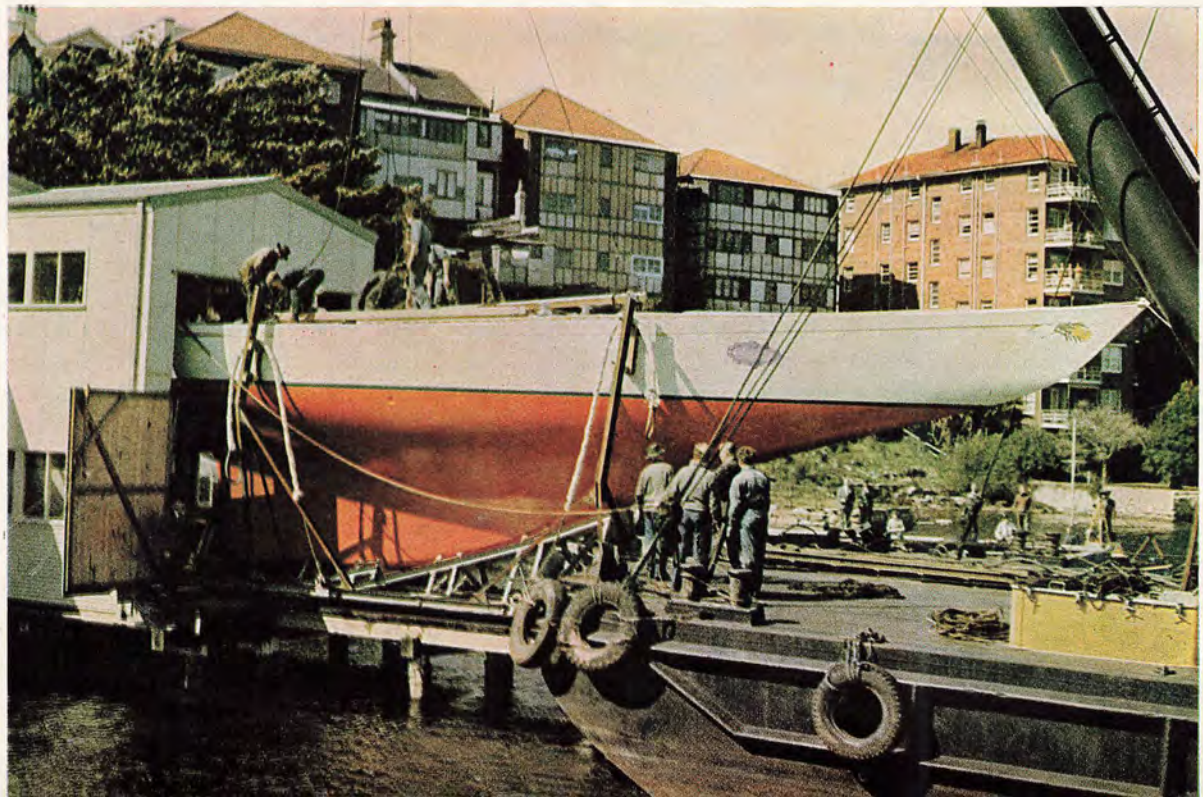
"Ahh, the Dime," said the club barman, one eye looking down the harbor, one ear listening to a football match on a small radio, one hand drawing a beer into a stubby stein. "She's a fast horse, that one. She's going to give you Yanks a run in September, you wait and see. . . ."

This "Dime" which is the darling of Sydney and the toast of Australia is, more exactly and in more American pronunciation, the 12-meter yacht *Dame Pattie*, a 65-foot ocean-racing machine built to win the America's Cup.

"And if she does," says a proud Aussie sailor in the yacht club lounge, "they'll take the stars of the Southern Cross off our national flag and replace them with that silver mug."

Belowdeck, yacht has barest necessities but ample space for storage of the many sails used in each race.

The Australians have a fast boat, a top skipper, a supernatural wind and ten cases of victory champagne



Thirty-three-ton yacht was built in a Sydney boat shed only slightly larger than 65-foot hull.

The mug—"that old silver atrocity," in the words of one American yachtsman—sits bolted to a small oaken table within the Pooh-Bah sanctuary of the New York Yacht Club on West 44th street in Manhattan. Ever since the schooner *America* beat a fleet of British boats in a race around the Isle of Wight in 1851, it has remained in American hands. Sixteen times have the British tried to win it back; once the Canadians; and once, in 1962, the Australians. All have failed. Although the Cup is far from emblematic of general world supremacy in sailing, it does symbolize American success in racing the largest and most expensive yachts of all.

"Three hundred thousand quid, they say *Dame Pattie* cost," says a Sydney cabdriver—yet, despite the millionaire's price tag (300,000 "quid" means about $350,000), she is his boat. She is everybody's boat in Australia, a symbol of the Aussie's great competitive spirit and national pride.

"We've had the Davis Cup until we're sick of tennis," explains a Sydney mining engineer, "and we've had our world-record trackmen and Jack Brabham has been world champion in motor cars three times. Now it's the sailing prize we want and a lot of us think this will be the year."

It may well be. Leading American yachtsmen like Emil "Bus" Mosbacher and Bob Bavier regard the current challenge as one of the gravest threats to the Cup in the postwar era, perhaps the most serious ever. And with good reason. The Australian effort has been phenomenal in terms of men, money and design. This huge country, as big as the United States but with only a 20th the population and a fraction of the wealth, has drawn on every resource, tangible and spiritual, to create a national product capable of whipping the Yanks in their home waters. The result could indeed be the most serious challenge U.S. sailors have ever [*Continued on page* 65]

Jock Sturrock, a whipcracking leader, is not always smiling.

Six months of sailing in Australian waters sharpened both Dame Pattie *and her crew to fine pitch.*

Dutch

BY ROGER VAUGHAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY FEINSTEIN

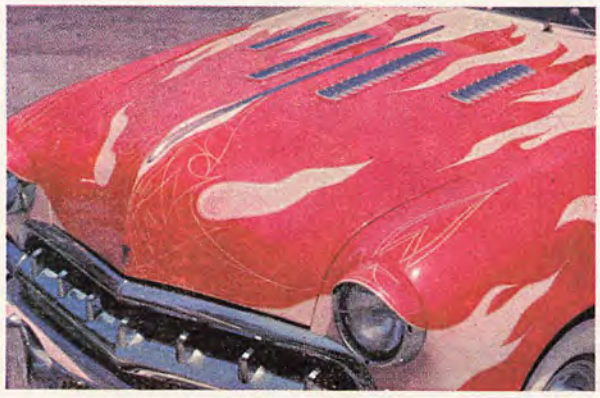
OLD MASTER OF FREAK-OUT ART

Long before pop art, a character called Von Dutch was decorating cars with spiderwebs, roaring flames, bloodshot eyeballs. Now he's found new worlds to paint

■ Out in the cluttered workshop behind his house in Reseda, a section of Los Angeles, California, Von Dutch the painter was telling how a cop had tried to get a free paint job for his boat in return for not issuing him a speeding ticket. "I painted the boat for him," Von Dutch said, grinning, "with liberal amounts of lard oil mixed in the paint. It was a beautiful job, but paint containing lard oil never dries. He called me every other day for a week to tell me the paint was still tacky. Then he got the message and stopped calling." Von Dutch's eyes sparkled with glee.

In his small, cluttered shop near Los Angeles, Kenneth R. Howard, alias Von Dutch, sits surrounded by his work and his play—which are pretty much one and the same.

If it moves . . .
if it has pleasing curves . . .
Von Dutch is prepared
to deal with it



RALPH POOLE

Motorcycle gas tanks (top) are popular subject for his treatment today; also surf boards and crash helmets (center). Flame jobs on cars (bottom) are now passe.

A stocky, paint-encrusted man of 37 who often confounds people by wearing half a moustache, Von Dutch is generally thought of by motorcycle, car and gun enthusiasts as a genius and a living folk legend.

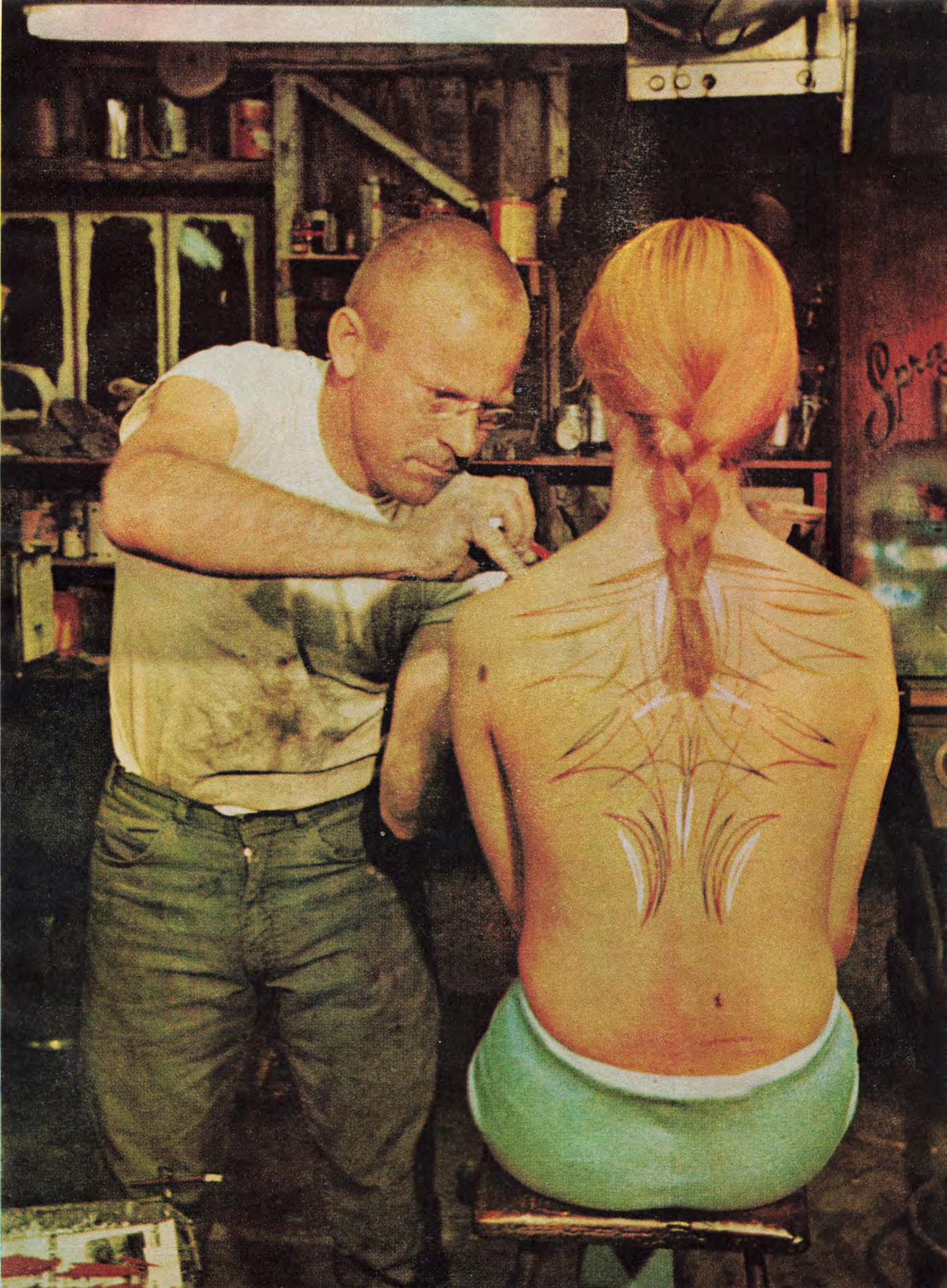
He is best known for striping cars. Real wild, intricate stripe jobs, not just the thin, classic paint stripes outlining accessories and edges of door panels and fenders that used to be standard factory decor before chrome. Von Dutch can do a classic stripe job as well as anybody left in the business. But one day in the early 1950's he was putting a stripe on a car and on an impulse, which is the way Von Dutch does most things, he put a design right in the middle of the door panel. The next day he decorated a car hood the same way, and not long after that the motor-mad kids out in California were lined up 10 deep for stripe jobs. They were sleeping in their cars to secure their places in line, like baseball buffs before the world series, because Von Dutch couldn't be bothered making appointments. First come, first striped.

Using the long, saber-shaped, squirrel-hair brushes that stripers use, Von Dutch has converted more than 1,000 ordinary looking cars into flashy showpieces. He draws hundreds of thin, intricate, interlocking lines around the basic shape and curve of the surface he is working on. And with little or no preconception of how his finished product will look, the designs become rabbits, or human faces, or desert scenes—whatever his whimsy leads him to create.

Von Dutch can begin a straight line down the side of a very long car, stop in the middle, reload the brush with paint, start again at the rear of the car and join the two lines in the middle without so much as a quiver or an overlap. He can do a whole car in four hours, but once in a jag of creativity he worked 10 days striping one car. The kid who owned the car was so wiped out that he put it on blocks in a sealed garage and hasn't driven it since.

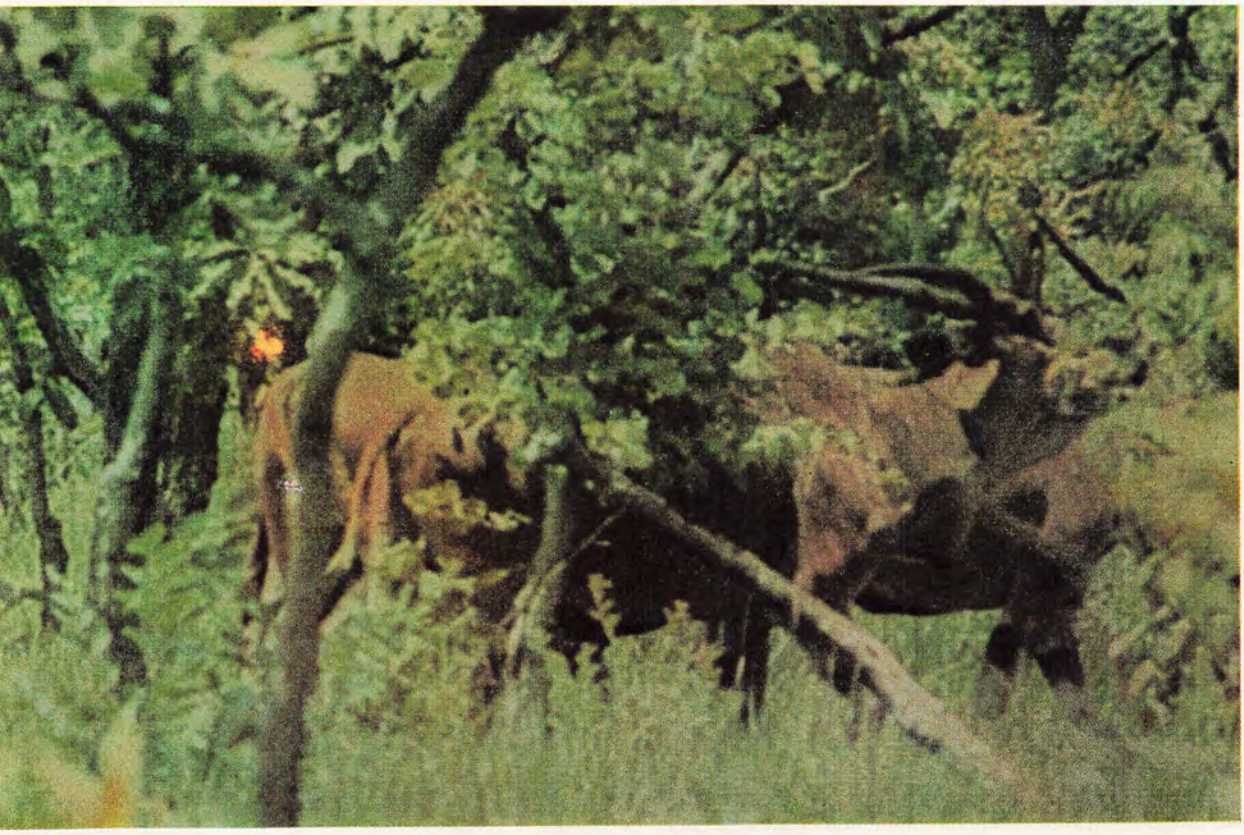
When Von Dutch tired of decorating cars with spiders or bloodshot eyeballs, he turned to flame jobs and they became his special trademark. Flames coming from everywhere, lapping at the body of the car from underneath, flames pouring from cowling vents in the hood, flames streaming along fenders from under the headlights, flames licking back along the roof from under the top of the windshield—the whole car being consumed by flames. As long as they were in fashion, flame jobs were the toughest to do and took the longest. But Von Dutch doesn't [*Continued on page* 96]

Unflustered by any assignment, Von Dutch "stripes" girl, using an oil-base paint.



Bill Zehner, left, and Roger Fawcett admire the latter's record-book bull. The two hunters scored on the same day.

"when you see an eland, it is almost always running..."



AOUK RIVER, REPUBLIC OF CHAD

■ *We'll never catch them,* I thought. *The miserable critters will get the jump on us somehow.* But we now had two things going for us. It had rained heavily during the night, making tracking easy, and for once there was no wind to betray us. Man scent carried on even the faintest breeze would spook our quarry for half a mile downwind. But in this early African morning the rather open forest lay hushed as before a hurricane.

Maybe we could steal up on these four bulls.

Their trail meandered among the gardenia trees, printed new and deep in the reddish earth. We were after giant, or Lord Derby's, eland: rare, ultra-shy and huge, oxlike forest antelope that may weigh close to a ton and stand as tall as a man at the shoulder. Yet despite their great bulk, they are surprisingly agile and long-winded. And as suspicious as burglars. I can imagine a newborn calf getting to its feet and immediately looking over its shoulder as it drinks the wind—to hell with milk, what's back there?

We jogged along. The night's downpour had obliterated all old tracks. These we followed now were as plain as a fresh [*Continued on page* 74]

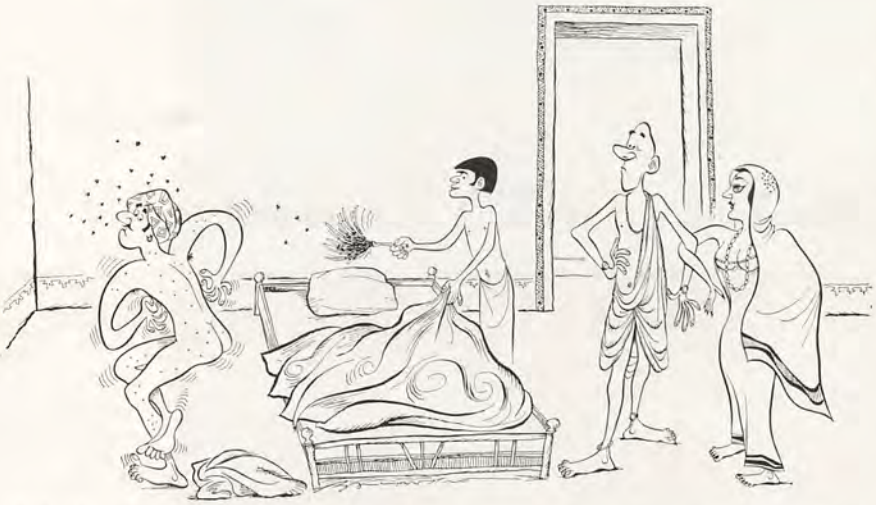
One of Africa's rarest trophies is the giant eland—up to a ton of fleet-footed animal that can test the patience of the best of hunters

BY PETER BARRETT

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Nobody else gets bugged today like the Jains of India. These Hindu religious zealots—some 2 million of them—are probably the only people on earth who don't use modern insecticides. Their 2,000-year-old creed forbids taking the life of any creature. While their neighbors gladly spray with DDT and other bug killers, Jains go on practicing peaceful coexistence with all animate things, even the lowliest. They don't cook their vegetarian fare after dark, for fear some unseen insect might fall in and go unrescued. They always strain drinking water. Outdoors, they wear a cloth over mouth and nose to prevent inhaling gnats accidentally. When mosquito-stabbed, they take care not to scratch too hastily. Sleeping can be a trial, but here rich Jains aren't above capitalistic exploitation of their poverty-stricken brethren. They sometimes hire a healthy, full-blooded man to sleep in their infested cots; after the bedbugs have had their fill of the employee, he leaves, and the employer takes his place for a night's peaceful rest. *By Thomas Healy, Boston, Mass.*

An unusual monument stands in the city park of Windhoek, capital of South-West Africa. Erected while Germany owned the territory before World War I, the monument honors men of the German forces who died in battles against native tribes. On the front are inscribed names of officers, on one side the non-commissioned officers, on the back the privates, and on the remaining side a list headed: The Bastards. These men were a proud breed with a strange history. When southern Africa was first colonized by Dutch and English, illegal alliances with women of the yellow-skinned Hottentot people produced offspring disowned by their fathers. Some refused servant status and became independent farmers. Being neither white nor yellow, but feeling they combined the best of both races, they defiantly took the title Bastard—a term more respectable then than now—and aloofly intermarried. In 1870, 85 Bastard families, totaling 800 souls, made a covered-wagon trek into southwestern Africa and staked a fertile district they named Rehoboth. Descendants earned German gratitude by helping to fight black Africans. Today they number 9,000 in their Rehoboth "republic" that is backward, semidestitute and full of woe. The poor Bastards are being ground down—though they have protested to the United Nations—by white South Africa, which rules them as if they were truly illegitimate.

Apartment-house living isn't something that Americans thought up, as many people suppose. Recent studies disclose that Rome 2,000 years ago was a city of apartments almost as densely stacked as New York today. With a peak population of perhaps 1,670,000—as populous as present-day Detroit, America's fifth-largest city—Rome reached skyward. Only about 1,000 private homes, aristocrats' palatial one-story spreads, housed some 50,000. Everybody else lived in 46,600 apartment houses that rose five or six stories high. These buildings were, of course, walk-ups; hence, the choice ground floors, if not parceled into retail shops, rented usually as single luxury apartments for well-to-do tenants. The higher floors had smaller and cheaper rooms. But, sad to relate, Rome was a jerry-built city. The house walls, only 1½ feet thick, of concreted rubble faced with brick, couldn't hold their loads. A frequent and dreaded noise to Romans was the crash of an apartment house collapsing. Of all the thousands of old-time tall buildings of Rome, the Eternal City, not one now remains.

The biggest bed ever known furnished a fit setting for the marriage of a 15th-century prince who wanted to set records for magnificently gracious living. Philip, duke of Burgundy, ruled a wealthy realm—it would one day become Belgium—and his court outshone that of the king of France. For his marriage in 1430 to Portuguese Princess Isabella, a temporary pavilion was erected adjoining the ducal palace in Bruges to house the nuptial bed. Positioned under a gorgeous canopy of costly drapes, the bed measured 12½ feet wide and 19 feet long. Following the church wedding rite, a regal procession of courtiers and visiting royalties crowded into the pavilion to witness the next act. Philip and Isabella, fully clothed, climbed into bed and sat, cushion-propped and partly bedspread-covered, side by side. The duke bestowed a kiss upon his bride . . . and thereupon both climbed out. For this was simply the *coucher officiel,* the ceremony of being formally bedded together. The bizarre custom was a traditional part of European state marriages and had almost a legal importance. Philip and Isabella retired later to a private bedchamber. The duke's gigantic nuptial bed was subsequently dismantled without—so far as chroniclers reveal—ever having been slept in even once. *By Wade Armstrong, Dayton, O.*

Golden brassieres were items in Spanish conquistadores' loot from Amerindians that are never mentioned in history school books. Early adventurers in Panama saw that chiefs' wives and daughters supported their breasts—"which they value highly and of which they have beautiful ones," a scribe wrote—with a gold plaque. The Spaniards had never seen an article of dress such as a brassiere, which European women hadn't yet created, and they had no name for the Indian women's accessory; they described it simply as a *barra,* or bar. They noted that it was about "a palm and a half" in length, bore ornamental carvings, and had a hole at each end for strings that passed over the shoulders and under the arms to hold it in place. More particularly, they noted that a typical *barra* weighed one and a half to two pounds of fine gold, worth the equivalent of $450 to $600. For that reason, none now exists; the Spaniards seized all the brassieres and converted them to bullion.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

We don't make Winchester 1200 slide-actions the way we used to make shotguns—for two reasons.

First, because the old way costs more than you'd probably care to plunk down for a field gun.

And second, because we'd be darn foolish not to use the modern metals and improved production methods that've come along lately.

Especially when we can produce a better gun in the process.

Take the 1200's locking system. It's strong as a high-powered rifle's. Outlasts your older, heavier guns.

And the smooth way it shucks shells. (Nothing muscle-bound there.) That's partly because of its new twin-action slide bars. And partly because the parts fit like nobody's business.

And the interchangeable barrels. By switching them you can use the same gun for either ducks or pheasants.

Try that with your older models. So, as it turns out, the 1200's even better than our famous old model 12.

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(Just where that leaves the other slide-actions we'll let you decide.)

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We kept it under $100.

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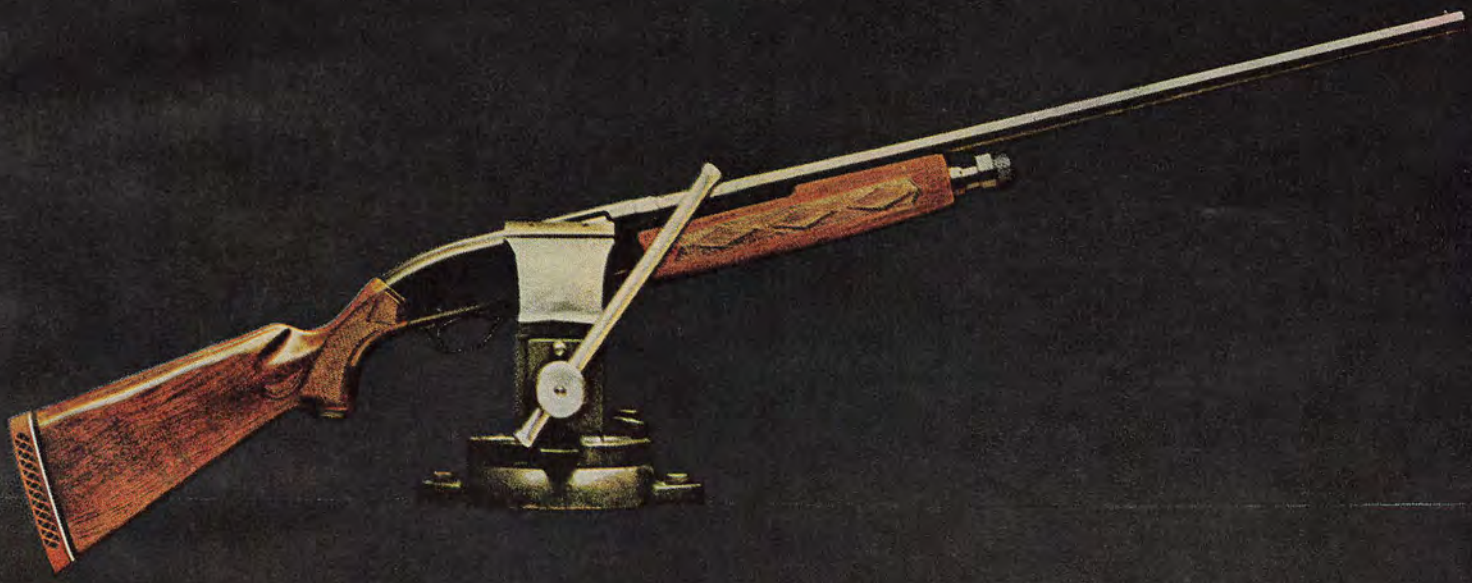

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Dinner jacket and formal trousers by After Six, $75. Accessories also by After Six.

All-wool sweater, imported from Denmark, by Hi-Land, $60.

Levi's preshrunk jacket, $7.50, and jeans, $5.25. Brahma hat by Knox, $16.95.

UNDERGROUND UNDERGRADS MARCH IN STYLE

Wickersham Duo—jacket with Bemberg lining and slacks—by Stanley Blacker, $70. Shirt by Van Heusen, $6, and tie by Berkley Cravats, $4.

Leather "bombardier" jacket by McGregor, $75.00. "Harley" model slacks by Jaymar, $20.

"Don" raincoat by Harbor Master, $45.

Rep-stripe, mock turtle sweater, $13, and matching scarf, $4, by Robert Bruce. Ambler's slacks by Big Yank, $6.99, and cap by Champ, $3.95.

■ Hallelujah, baby. Keep the peace. There are causes to be sung and wrongs to be righted. School's in again, and as sure as there's ivy on the walls there'll be grumbling in the hallowed halls of learning. Protest marches, sit-ins and

Satin-lined suede jacket, "The Stepper," by Cresco, $60. Corduroy slacks by Wright, $6.

Clubman all-wool "Grad" model sport jacket, about $50. Royal Crown slacks by Botany Brand, $22.50. Shirt by Van Heusen, $6.

Blackpool sport shirt by Puritan, $7.

Cowboys seldom change.

demonstrations of all kinds have replaced the panty raid of yesterday. Strong young voices, loud and piercing, now ring out for and against almost everything—pot, banana peels and, of course, the changing ways of love. Campus

T. Grubb turtleneck sweater by Robert Bruce, $15. Barracuda slacks by Male, $9. Hat by Champ, $9.95.

Ashton slacks, $15, and Seville vest, $14, both by Viceroy Sportswear. Shirt by Kennington Sportswear, $9.

Double-breasted Newport executive-model suit by Botany 500, $79.95. Tie by Berkley Cravats, $4.

Dacron polyester ski/sailing jacket "The Challenger," by Mighty-Mac, $65. All-wool slacks with Perma-set crease by Hubbard, $17.

crusaders who want to be seen as well as heard have a wide variety of attention-getting clothes from which to choose—enough to make them fashion-niks one and all. Up with dinner jackets—down with dingy dungarees.

GOLD—THE GLOW THAT LIGHTS THE WORLD

[*Continued from page 27*]

tains near Phoenix, Arizona, some two-dozen cars are parked. Where have the owners gone? Up into the mountains in an annual hunt for the fabulous Lost Dutchman Mine. No one has found it yet, but there is believable evidence that it exists somewhere in those vast, windswept mountain wastes—a multimillion-dollar placer of surface gold, temporarily abandoned a century ago by a sourdough who died before he could return to it. The hunt for the lost mine has taken hundreds of men up into the inhospitable Superstition Mountains in the century since. Many have never come back out. Yet the hunt still calls men there in 1967.

Gold!

In Washington, D.C., in the massive main building of the U.S. Treasury, somber men in dark suits sit around a long, polished table. They are studying reports of the amounts of gold held in various nations' "official stocks." They are worried. The U.S. doesn't have enough, England doesn't have enough, France has too much. The American dollar, cornerstone of international trade, suddenly turns out to be in appalling danger—and along with it the whole structure of the U.S. economy and the financial well-being of every American.

Gold!

In London, a truck from the banking firm of N. M. Rothschild & Sons parks near a jewelry store to deliver silver. Half a dozen bandits appear from nowhere, silently overpower the driver and guards, drive off with the truck. It is later found abandoned. Missing from its rear compartment are nearly two tons of gold bars, worth roughly $2 million. The police are pessimistic about recovering this monumental haul of loot. Gold bars have identifying marks and numbers on them just like currency, and these marks can be circulated among precious-metal brokers in hopes that the hot gold will turn up. But, unlike hot money, hot gold can be melted and recast into new bars. It can be cast into any shape, in fact—painted, plated over with another metal, disguised in a thousand ways. . . .

Gold!

The word breeds fire in the hearts of men. For at least 3,000 years, as far back as history's eye can see, gold has twined itself like a bright yellow thread through human affairs. Only one thing on earth has inflamed men's passions as intensely or as consistently: woman.

What is this strange metal that affects us so strongly? Physically it's a soft yellow metal about 19 times as heavy as water and one-and-a-half times as heavy as lead. It melts at almost the same temperature as copper, just under 2,000F. It's malleable, can be drawn into hairlike wires or rolled into paper-thin sheets without breaking or crumbling. It's an excellent electrical conductor, but silver is better. It's rare—but platinum, osmium, iridium and other metals are rarer.

So why all the concern over gold? Whence the world's 3,000-year-long gold fever? In 1967, in a sophisticated world that no longer admires bright baubles like a simple savage, how can gold still have a hammerlock on men's souls and fortunes?

"Theoretically the world could live without gold," says an officer of the U.S. Federal Reserve. "But on one condition. All nations would have to be willing to accept *something else* as the basic medium of exchange." This is the whole story in a nutshell. This is the reason for the international financial worries and the scare headlines about France, the reason for gold speculations on the stock market and throughout the world, the reason men still risk their lives in the Superstition Mountains and Alaska. Behind it all is the single, basic, sometimes baffling, inescapable fact: there isn't any *something else*. Gold is the only thing that is equally acceptable to everybody.

Things used to be simpler. Gold not only backed up money; it was itself money. Governments minted gold coins as early as 1900 B.C. and maybe earlier. The U.S. operated on a "gold standard" until 1933: minted gold coins, issued paper money that could be freely swapped for gold. If you had a gold-certificate dollar, you could go to a U.S. Treasury office and turn the piece of paper in for a dollar's worth of gold.

To get more leeway in monetary affairs, the U.S. abandoned the gold standard in the 1930's. The Treasury minted its last gold coins in 1933 and a year later declared gold coins and gold certificates to be no longer legal tender for everyday money transactions. People swapped their gold coins and paper money for Federal Reserve notes—the common U.S. folding money of today. From then on the value of a dollar bill no longer depended on the fact that it could be swapped for gold. Its value now depended on less tangible things such as the health of the economy and citizens' faith in the government.

But foreigners can't reasonably be asked to have the same faith. So, in its dealings overseas, the U.S. still fully backs the dollar with gold. Any foreign government holding dollars or other U.S. Treasury paper can turn them in for gold at will, and the U.S. guarantees to pay at the rate of one troy or "fine" ounce (slightly heavier than an avoirdupois ounce) for $35.

This is what the last two years' scare headlines have been about. Back in 1949 the U.S. owned some $24-billion worth of gold—roughly two-thirds of all government-held gold in the world outside Red China and Russia, whose official stocks are secret. But in 13 of the 17 years since 1949, the U.S. has had a deficit in its balance of payments, meaning that more money has flowed out of the country than has flowed back in. As a result, the U.S. gold stock has shrunk like ice on a summer day.

It works this way. You buy a German camera from a store in your hometown. The camera manufacturer in Germany receives—let's say—$100. He takes the greenbacks to his bank and swaps them for German marks; and the bank, in turn, goes to a government-owned "central bank" much like the Federal Reserve and once more swaps dollars for marks. The German government now holds a hundred American dollars, which is another way of saying that Germany now has a call on $100 worth of American gold.

Meanwhile U.S. businesses have been selling goods and services in Germany, and through the same process the U.S. government has ended with a fistful of German marks. The two governments swap: dollars for marks. But if the German government holds more dollars than we can buy with marks, then Germany ends with extra dollars. The German government now has an option: it can simply hold the extra dollars, or it can take the U.S. up on its guarantee and turn in the green paper for yellow metal.

This is how our gold has been drained away. From U.S. aid, from U.S. tourists, from sales of goods in America, foreign nations have collected more dollars than we've collected in foreign currencies. The U.S. gold stock has dropped from $24-billion to slightly over $13-billion, less than one-third of the known world total of $44-billion.

This in itself doesn't trouble U.S. bankers much. The U.S. still holds far more gold than any other nation. What causes nightmares in Wall Street and Washington is the fact that foreign nations now hold more than $30-billion worth of dollars and other U.S. Treasury paper. If all these nations came around at once and demanded gold, the $13-billion American gold stock wouldn't cover even half the amount. The U.S. economy could fail if there were a run on its gold.

Other nations would be pulled screaming down the slide with us, of course. The dollar is the backbone of international exchange; and if it lost its value, trade all over the world would die. For this reason most Western nations are anxious to avoid a run on U.S. gold. Most of them contentedly hold paper dollars instead of demanding yellow metal. In fact, most of them back their currency with dollars in the same way that the U.S. backs its with gold. But in the past few years a dark threat has risen to loom over this delicately balanced mechanism: the tall, gaunt, mysterious figure of France's President de Gaulle.

Nobody knows exactly what de Gaulle's designs are. Some think he may dream of establishing the French franc, rather than the dollar, as the main international banking currency. At any rate, he has

COMING. . .

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Hank Stram tells why his team could have won last January and will win the big one this season

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

been steadily turning in dollars for gold —and loudly trumpeting his lack of faith in the dollar. France now holds more than $5½-billion in gold, one-eighth the world total, and more than anybody except West Germany and the U.S.

Can de Gaulle start a run on our gold? Does he want to? What can the U.S. do in its own defense? These are questions that have been keeping lights burning late at the U.S. Treasury and all over Europe. They are questions that affect every dime in your pocket.

One way out of this golden trap is to improve our balance of payments. But as Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler said last year, "With wars and other trouble spots around the world constantly siphoning off our money, it's difficult." (Taking off for a one-day bankers' conference in Spain, Fowler carefully chose an American airline and remarked morosely that he was tempted to carry his own lunch.)

Another possible solution, suggested by a few economists, is the creation of "paper gold"—some kind of international currency that would be as universally acceptable as gold and could be used in its place. But after studying the idea last year, the International Monetary Fund rejected it as only a dream. "No piece of paper," said an IMF officer, "no matter how prettily engraved, no matter how well festooned with impressive signatures, can earn the complete worldwide trust that has resided in gold."

Well, what else can we do? "It would ease the problem if the Treasury could buy more gold," says Walter Hibbard, director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines. "Unfortunately this presents difficulties too." The main difficulty is that there is hardly any gold for the Treasury to buy.

It's estimated that there are about 24½-billion tons of the yellow metal under the earth's crust and in its seas, a cool $25-quadrillion worth. The trouble is, only a small fraction of all that gold can be mined economically. Thus the world's production of gold has never risen above $1½-billion worth a year. In 1966 the total world output was $1.47-billion, with more than two-thirds coming from South Africa and less than a 20th from U.S. mines.

And even though the world's mines produced $1½-billion of gold last year, the official stocks of the nations stayed at the same total of $44-billion. Where did the new $1½-billion go? Right where most newly-mined gold has gone for the past several years: into jewelry and industrial uses, and into mysterious private hoards.

In the U.S., industrial and "artistic" uses of gold (mainly jewelry) totaled slightly over a million ounces in 1940 and 6.6-million ounces last year. This increase stems partly from the fact that we're wealthier than we used to be. We can buy ourselves more gold cuff links. But it also stems from advancing technology. Gold has several properties that please engineers. It's an excellent electrical conductor which, unlike silver and copper, resists corroding or tarnishing or other chemical changes. Thus it's used in spaceborne computers that will be beyond the reach of a repairman. It's an efficient heat reflector, and it has the ability to be deposited on other substances in very thin layers. Thus it's used, for example, as the outer coating of a protective suit made by Du Pont for technicians working around inflammable fuels.

"And take that Polaroid with you!"

The U.S. Treasury has the sole right to decide who can and can't use gold in this country, and it could close down industrial and artistic uses entirely if it wanted to. It doesn't. "It would be foolish to tamper with the technological uses," says a Federal Reserve officer. "And as for the artistic uses—well, so far the emergency hasn't seemed that extreme."

In any case, artistic uses siphon off only a small portion of each year's newly-mined gold. The bulk of it disappears into private hoards.

It's strictly against the law for an American citizen to hoard gold. The Gold Reserve Act of 1934 is very specific and very grumpy about this. If you're caught hoarding, or dealing in gold with anybody but the Treasury or a special licensee, you face up to 10 years in jail and up to a $10,000 fine. When a prospector stumbles out of the Alaskan mountains with a sack of gold, his only legal customer in this country is the U.S. government. He goes to the nearest government assay office and unloads his gold at the guaranteed rate of $35 per fine ounce. Before he'd risk a prison sentence and sell to a private hoarder, he'd have to be offered more than the guaranteed government price.

Having bought the prospector's gold, the government will now sell it (at $35.0875 to cover handling costs) to specially licensed refiners such as Handy & Harman of New York. Handy & Harman, in turn, is allowed to sell it in bricks and sheets to other special licenseholders such as dental-supply houses, jewelers and electronic companies. Nobody else is allowed to get his hands on it until it's built into a finished product.

There is one small exception. The Gold Reserve Act says that citizens may collect gold coins. These coins must be "of recognized special value to collectors," and if you're hauled into court you've got to show that your approach to the gold has been that of a numismatist, not a bulk-gold hoarder. One Chicago collector, for example, lost his case when Treasury agents found an entire sack full of $5 and $10 gold coins in his basement. He went to jail—and forfeited the coins too.

But even a small and legal gold-coin collection can represent a large pile of money. Today, 34 years after the U.S. minted its last gold piece, even the commonest coins fetch far more than their face value (or their value as melted-down gold) in the numismatic market. In a recent private auction administered by Stack's, a major New York coin dealer, $1 gold coins sold for prices ranging from $20 to $8,000 (the price depending mainly on the coin's rarity and condition). One rare 1875 $3 gold coin went for $21,000. With prices like these to be hoped for in good economic times, many numismatists hold that a gold-coin collection is better than an investment in the stock market.

Wars and depressions and crop failures and political intrigues can affect the value of paper money, even make it worthless, but gold lasts forever. In many parts of the Orient, gold hoards are the traditional method of saving. The same is true in some parts of France, where an estimated $3½-billion of gold is stashed away under mattresses and in potato cellars. The total of private hoards in the world is estimated at $30-billion.

Gold is traded privately and legally in London, Paris, Zurich, Hong Kong and several other centers around the world. The typical buyer may be a Chinese

trader, planning to haul the gold into the Far East and sell it at a juicy markup to small-town suckers. He may be a big-league financial manipulator with a scheme for working a currency swap and taking advantage of some profitable quirk in international exchange rates. Or he may be simply a miser who likes the feel of gold.

The London bullion market is very quiet, very orderly, very reserved. Anybody who wants to buy or sell gold goes to one of five licensed brokers and signs a trading order. Every weekday morning, officers of the five brokerages meet in a closed room and "marry" the previous day's buy and sell orders. The Bank of England holds the trading price more or less steady by backing up the brokers with its own reserves of gold and money. It buys when there is a surplus of gold offered for sale, sells when the private demand exceeds the private supply.

Other gold markets are more boisterous. In Paris most of the trading takes place during a noisy half hour every afternoon on the Paris Bourse, or stock market. Brokers representing buyers and sellers "marry" on the spot, by yells and gestures. Some bricks and bricklets are traded, but the basic trading unit is the French *Napoleon*, an ancient and common 20-franc gold piece whose gold content is worth slightly more than $6.50 at the official world price of $35 an ounce.

In January, 1967, the Napoleon was selling for over $10.25, the equivalent of nearly $55 an ounce. On the more reserved London market, gold was fetching nearly $36. What's going on? Can an American citizen, forbidden to deal privately in gold, make a buck from this kind of price rise?

The answers to these questions lie in the tangled and fermenting economics of gold. The U.S., as the biggest buyer and seller of gold in the world, is the world's major price fixer. Since the U.S. guarantees to pay $35 an ounce, this price is the rock-bottom basis of trading all over the world. In London, Paris and everywhere else, the price normally starts at about $34.80 and ranges up. The 20¢ markdown from $35 represents the cost of theoretically shipping gold from the trading city to America. A seller wouldn't part with his gold at any lower price, since he knows he can get a guaranteed $35 any time he likes in New York.

The maximum price is more fuzzy. The U.S. guarantees to sell gold at the same $35. It sells to recognized foreign governments, not to private hoarders. But since U.S. bulk gold can get into private hands by circuitous routes—Switzerland and other countries will sometimes sell to private buyers, for instance—the maximum market price has a relationship to the U.S. selling price. Says James Dines, a Wall Street financial analyst who specializes in gold: "The market starts with $35 as a base and then adds. When people are worried about economic conditions and distrustful of paper money, then the price of gold goes up."

Exactly this is now happening. Says Dines: "One big factor is the fear of a worldwide run on U.S. gold. Suppose other nations come around with more paper than we can redeem in gold. What will the Treasury do? One thing it could conceivably do, and this is what some speculators are betting on, is raise the price of gold. Double it, perhaps, to $70 an ounce. Then anybody holding gold will be in a nice position. Anybody holding dollars won't be. The dollar will be devalued: it'll only buy a seventieth of an ounce instead of a thirty-fifth."

This doesn't mean the dollar will instantly lose half its power to buy other merchandise. At least within this country, for a while, it'll probably still be able to buy cars and TV sets and postage stamps at almost its former value. It'll lose buying power slowly, over a span of years, as the economy gradually adjusts to the new relationship with gold. Thus anybody owning gold will temporarily be on top of the world. He'll have nearly $70 worth of buying power where he had $35 before.

But if U.S. citizens aren't allowed to buy bulk gold, how can you and I cash in on this possible bonanza? "Ah," says Dines, "the answer is simple. Buy stock in gold-mining companies."

Dines, who has toured gold mines in both the U.S. and South Africa, has been advising his clients to do this for a couple of years. "There's something you ought to know about gold mining," he says. "If the price of gold were to double, a sound mining company's income could do much better than double. The higher price would allow the company to start working some of its less rich gold deposits, properties that couldn't be worked profitably at the old price. The income could quadruple. The price of stock could—well, let's look at history."

Dines refers to the last time the U.S. changed the price of gold, in the early 1930's. The official price went from $20.67 to $35. Those were hard times on Wall Street. There had been a disastrous market crash in 1929, and the market was showing little evidence of recovery. But while holders of railroad stocks and manufacturing stocks were selling pencils on street corners, owners of Homestake Mining (California) were getting rich. Between the late 1920's and the mid-1930's, their stock rose in price from about $45 to $450. In the same period, Alaska Juneau Mines went from $1 to $25.

Dines and many other Wall Streeters like the look of American, Canadian and South African gold-mining stocks today. (You have to pay a U.S. tax when you buy foreign securities from abroad, but not when you buy them from an American citizen on the over-the-counter market.) In this way you can buy yourself an underground gold hoard without breaking the law. You won't ever see the yellow metal, and maybe that's a drawback. Part of gold's fascination, the reason why it first hypnotized men thousands of years ago, lies in its physical qualities. Its solid heft, its cold brilliant color. . . .

In the presence of this hypnotic stuff, you feel all the ancient miserly emotions seething in your soul. You understand why men risk death for gold. It clutches you. Even visiting a major hoard of gold—gold that isn't yours—is an experience almost like getting drunk.

One big hoard, $10-billion worth, lies in the national vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The remainder of America's gold is stashed at the U.S. Assay Office in New York and a few other places. But the biggest single gold hoard in the country—and as far as is known, by far the biggest in the world—lies in the subterranean vaults of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. This monumental hoard amounts to something over $13-billion. It doesn't belong to the U.S. It is gold which the U.S., as the world's banker, holds on deposit (free of charge) for other countries in the same way as your local bank holds your money.

Neither Midas, nor Croesus, nor any other gold hoarder of history or legend ever amassed or even dared dream of such a fantastic mountain of gold as this. The Federal Reserve Bank is situated at the southern end of Manhattan Island, near Wall Street. Below the bank, blasted out of Manhattan's rock, are four levels of basement. The gold is on the lowest level, some 85 feet below the street.

A special elevator carries certain approved visitors down. It is a very quiet elevator. It seems to slow to a crawl before it reaches the bottom, as though reluctant to touch the hallowed ground where its shaft ends.

The elevator doors open to reveal a short metallic corridor crisscrossed with steel-barred gates. Uniformed guards, all of them expert marksmen with both pistol and rifle, stand by the gates. To one side is a check-in desk. You state your name and business. Three Federal Reserve officers group themselves around you (by law, every visitor must be accompanied by at least three), and the guards unlock the first gate.

You pass through the gate. A few yards farther along, the corridor narrows and darkens and its gray walls give way to polished steel. This is the main vault door. The doorframe weighs about 140 tons and the door itself roughly 90 tons. It is a revolving door of a peculiar kind. It is shaped something like a huge wine-bottle cork with a vertical slit down the middle. The slit forms the narrowed part of the corridor through which you are now walking. When the vault is to be closed at the end of the day, the cork will be revolved a quarter-turn and will drop a fraction of an inch into a depression in the floor, blocking the corridor with more steel than a man could burn or blast through in months of trying.

Surrounded by your three watchdogs, you pass through the steel cork. Guards

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

open another barred gate. You walk through, and you are in the presence of gold.

Gold!

Piles of it, rooms full of it. It is in the form of shining yellow bricks, roughly the size and shape of common building bricks. They are officially called "bars." Those minted by the New York Assay office have straight edges and square corners. Those from the Denver Mint have rounded corners. Some from European mints are longer and narrower, with trapezoidal cross sections, wider at the base than the top. Each brick has a four-digit number stamped on it to indicate its "fineness" of purity: for example, 9995 means that the brick is 99.95-percent pure gold. (None read 10000, for 100-percent pure gold is, for practical purposes, a metallurgical impossibility.) Each brick is worth slightly under $14,000.

There are nearly a million such bricks in this fantastic place. If melted into a single chunk, they would form a cube of solid gold more than 30 feet on a side. It would weigh about 14,000 tons.

The gold vault itself is a large, labyrinthine, high-ceilinged cavern lined with cubicles, closets and small rooms, each containing one particular nation's gold and each closed off with its own iron-barred gate. Some of the compartments have only a few lonesome gold bricks inside. In others, hundreds or even thousands of bricks gleam brightly through the bars.

When one nation has an I.O.U. from another and wants payment in gold, an order is sent to the Federal Reserve and eventually ends down here in the vault. The gold is then simply transferred from the payer nation's to the recipient nation's cubicle.

In contrast to the nervous precautions of the entryway, the gold vault is an oddly relaxed place. Piles of gold bricks in the process of transfer lie about in piles on the floor like boxes of soap flakes in a supermarket. Your three watchdogs will let you pick up a brick if you want to—and how could a man resist? It's unexpectedly heavy, nearly 28 pounds, and your escorts warn you to hold tight. It could smash your foot if you dropped it. Its surface is smooth and icy cold (strange: you somehow expect gold to be warm); it gleams dully in the fluorescent light. Next to its fineness number are stamped other cryptic numbers and symbols, indicating where it was minted and in some cases telling of a long succession of owners going back a century or more.

The men who work in the vault don't think of the gold in these terms. To them it's just heavy stuff to be moved around. Some of them have a rather sad, haunted look, a look of dreams turned to dust. To be daily in the presence of such fantastic wealth, yet to go home each night to an ordinary man's bank account: this must hurt until time dulls the pain. As you stroll about the vault you see teams of two and three men hefting the shining bricks onto hand-pulled carts or into the national cubicles.

Much of this gold was shipped to the U.S. from Europe just before and during World War II. Countries fearing invasion by the Nazis sent their gold here for safekeeping. When the U.S. emerged from the war as the world's chief financial force and banker, it made sense simply to leave the gold in New York. Gold is heavy and expensive to ship from one country to another—and moreover, shipping it is an invitation to hijackers. It's easier and safer just to shift it around within the Fed's underground vault.

"I don't care what your goddam bumper sticker says!"

You leave the vault with a strong yen to gather some gold of your own. You ask your three watchdogs how you can do it. They answer quite seriously that you can try a little prospecting. The U.S. wants gold desperately and will buy whatever you grub out of the ground. Moreover, they tell you, prospecting is easier today than it used to be. There's inexpensive gold-mining equipment on the market which the California prospectors of 1849 would have liked to own, and which could have made many rich who died poor.

One of the sourdoughs' big problems was that they had no easy way of prospecting in deep water. As they knew, you often find gold around running water in certain kinds of geological formations. Gold is dense and heavy. When water runs over gold-bearing rocks for eons of time, it can wear the rock down and carry it away particle by particle, leaving the heavy gold lying on the stream bed.

In the past 10 years several companies have shown up in the market with small dredging devices that suck gravel from deeper water. One of the most active companies is Gold Divers, of Hawthorne, California. Its president and chief engineer is an amiable, athletic, gray-haired man of 37 named Burl Cheely. Back in 1958, Cheely and a friend went prospecting in California's Feather and Yuba Rivers, using skin-diving gear and a homemade dredge. They looked on the adventure as simply a summer vacation activity, had no real hope of getting rich. As it turned out, they came back to civilization with a peanut-butter jar full of gold dust and flakes, enough to pay for the vacation and turn Cheely's head to thoughts of business.

Cheely set up a company to manufacture gold dredges. His smallest and cheapest machine weighs less than 40 pounds and costs about $185. Basically, it's a gasoline-driven pump coupled to a tough, flexible hose. It's powerful enough to pull a six-inch rock to the surface through 40 feet of water.

Cheely sells his dredges to novices with some reluctance. "A guy should at least buy himself a book on gold mining so he knows where to look," he says. "I don't like to see a man get his heart and bank account broken. What I try to do is make the average guy think of gold prospecting as just a pleasant kind of summer vacation. If he strikes it rich, fine. If he doesn't—well, hell, he's had himself some fun."

If you're really serious about finding gold, advises Cheely, do a lot more preliminary learning and planning. Read a little about geology, do some traveling, pick a likely spot, find the local legal requirements for mining there—and then buy your equipment.

Some of Cheely's most successful customers, for example, are now working off the Alaskan Coast. Shell Oil Co. and other big companies are also prospecting there. Some two-man prospecting teams have dredged up more than $1,000 worth of gold a week during the short Alaskan summer.

Chelly doesn't pry into his customers' affairs, for gold prospectors are by nature secretive. One young man came to him a few years ago and bought the smallest dredge Cheely makes. A year later he came back with a Jeep and bought a medium-sized one. A year after that he returned with a truck and bought one of Cheely's biggest. "I don't know where he takes the machines," says Cheely, "and I'll never ask him. But wherever it is, I'd guess the digging is pretty good."

It's the metal that can make you rich. Or poor. Or dead. The metal of dreams and nightmares.

Gold. —Max Gunther

HE SAYS HE UNLOCKED THE STRANGLER'S MIND

[*Continued from page* 21]

soul, but that's what you did, wasn't it?

Judy was DeSalvo's young daughter, born with a weakness in her legs that could be corrected only by regular massages, a therapy administered night after night by the child's father. The tape shows that Bryan awakened DeSalvo at this point, telling him he would have a vivid dream that night, and he should write it down to give to Bryan the next day. What he wrote turned out to be a detailed description of how he had killed Evelyn Corbin. So Bryan put DeSalvo under hypnosis again and picked up where he had left off the day before.

BRYAN: *This dream isn't about Evelyn Corbin. This dream is about Judy. Every bit of it. Isn't that true? And all the other women are identified with Judy. Every time we're doing it over and over again. Isn't that so?*

He pounded away at this as DeSalvo alternately wept and murmured his daughter's name.

BRYAN (relentlessly): *She can't talk. She's only a baby. If these women were really going to be identified with Judy, the way they should be, they couldn't talk. Is that it? . . . And how could you keep them from talking? Strangle them! That's true, isn't it? That why the stranglings. It was after that you used the thumbs to press the thighs. Isn't that so? Now, of course, she couldn't talk. . . . Each time you strangled, it was because you were killing Judy, wasn't it?*

The two were sitting face-to-face when Bryan said this. Bryan weighed almost 300 pounds, and DeSalvo is a rather slight—although very strong—man. But DeSalvo exploded from his chair, shouting, "You're a liar." His hands groped for Bryan's throat, and the suddenness of the attack tumbled Bryan's chair over backward.

The spectators were momentarily transfixed, but Bryan is an astonishly agile man for his size. Rolling quickly out of DeSalvo's grasp, he clamped his hands hard on the Strangler's shoulders and shouted, "Sleep." DeSalvo relaxed perceptibly, and Bryan repeated the command. As suddenly as it had started, the tense moment was over.

Looking back on the sessions today, Bryan says the hypnoanalysis established clearly that the dangerously oversexed DeSalvo was stimulated by the massage he performed on his own daughter. To substitute for this subconscious urge, says Bryan, he would rape random victims and then strangle them so he could identify them with his daughter by stopping them from speaking while he massaged their lifeless legs. (All of the bodies were found in the obstetrical position.) It's a gruesome theory but the only one advanced thus far to explain the behavior of an admitted rapist who suddenly began killing his victims.

One of the more surprising things about the case of the Boston Strangler is the degree to which Bryan's part in it was publicly submerged. F. Lee Bailey is probably one of the few men in the world capable of keeping Dr. William J. Bryan, Jr., in the background of any situation with publicity potential. Both are men of immense power and ego, yet there seems to be a genuine mutual respect between them, and Bailey has no hesitation in saying that "Bill Bryan did more than anyone else to point us in important, new directions in the DeSalvo case."

Small wonder, then, that Bailey invited Bryan to assist him in the first trial of Carl Coppolino, a doctor charged with murdering the husband of a paramour in New Jersey last February. Bryan had a special interest in this case because Coppolino also used medical hypnosis in his practice and had lectured at several of Bryan's seminars. When the trial began, Bryan was on hand to counsel Bailey on the selection of a jury. He also brought some problems along with him that grew out of his almost total inability to reject publicity, from whatever source it comes.

Bryan accepted an invitation to appear on the *Joe Pyne Show*, a TV interview program famous for its rough treatment of guests. He was worked over pretty thoroughly by a stage hypnotist, a woman research-writer, and Pyne, himself. Bryan's aggressive methods of promoting his ideas were attacked, his obesity was ridiculed as an example of his own inability to practice what he preaches, his problems with the medical establishment were aired, and the use of hypnosis as a legitimate medical or legal tool was questioned.

The taped show was aired on the West Coast last November. By a rather remarkable coincidence, it was televised in New Jersey in February, the night before the Coppolino trial was to open. If this was an attempt to discredit Bryan's presence on the defense team, it didn't work because Coppolino was soon acquitted by a jury that Bryan had helped select.

Bryan was not present, however, when Coppolino was tried again two months later in Naples, Florida, and this time was convicted of second-degree murder in the death of his wife.

"I wish I'd had him here," said Bailey later, "but after the raking over the coals he got in New Jersey I was afraid they'd regard him as a witch doctor in Florida."

How good a job does Bailey feel Bryan did for him in the first Coppolino trial? "Look at the results," Bailey says. There were 14 jurors. He picked 13 of them and had to leave, so I picked the last one. While he was there, we disagreed sharply on only one juror, and I went against Bill's judgement. So who were the two jurors who gave us trouble? The one I picked and the one he advised against."

The first Coppolino case provided Bryan with another conquest—one he had long coveted. Tired of watching courtroom maneuverings from outside the railing, the doctor accompanied Bailey into the court as a certified lawyer. After four years of sandwiching law classes at night into his frenetic schedule, Bryan had been granted a Juris Doctor degree from the University of Southern California School of Law in June, 1966.

Bryan notes that one consequence of his law degree has been a marked reduction in his weight. "I ate my way through law school," he says. "I gained 72 pounds. A human being can only do so much and I was concentrating on my courses." Casting a smug look back at his critics on the Pyne show, Bryan adds: "I've taken that weight off since I finished school."

Bryan also is convinced that the addition of his law degree will make the goals he has set for the use of hypnosis more attainable. One of these goals is to increase public understanding of the nature of the psychopathic criminal and his position before the law.

"These people don't want to be mass murderers," says Bryan, pacing his office and waving his arms. "They want to be stopped. Their subjects wind up dead, and they don't want it that way. Invariably they identify victims with other things. In their minds they aren't murdering at all. Every one of these killers could be identified in advance. They give signals.

"I can envision a plan," he goes on, "whereby every known or potential psychopathic criminal would be given a number and an hypnotic suggestion. Then, if he is at large, his number could be broadcast and the proper command be given him. Sure this sounds kooky. But it might work, too."

Bryan's other immediate goal is to win full acceptance of his approach to hypnosis as a legitimate therapeutic and diagnostic tool by his associates in the medical profession. Although they are reluctant to speak for attribution, many doctors persist in regarding Bryan as some sort of high-class charlatan. This attitude continues though the AMA itself reported nine years ago that hypnosis could be a valuable therapeutic aid and though many doctors and dentists, who use hypnosis in their practice, may have learned it through Doctor Bryan's courses.

Much of this suspicion is Bryan's own fault. His publicity-grabbing approach to his work is not the recommended way to win friends and influence doctors. Once, for example, he broke down, through hypnosis, mental inhibitions that had prevented a little girl from walking for five years. It was a significant accomplishment, but instead of following the correct procedure and documenting the case for the medical profession, Bryan called in television cameras to record her first step.

Chances are this is never going to change. If lawyers didn't come to him with the Sheppards, DeSalvos, Coppolinos and jury-selection chores, people who know Bryan well say he'd be seeking such cases out with headlines as well as truth in mind. The drummer boy is too much a part of Dr. William J. Bryan, Jr., ever to be exorcised completely. That's why it will probably remain for others to take medical hypnosis up the final steps towards respectability. Quite properly, though, the glory will have to be shared. After all, how many doctors will we ever spawn who are also lawyers, bandleaders, evangelists—and pitchmen?

—**Joseph N. Bell**

méxico

So foreign... yet so near

Mexico's night life is varied and colorful. Almost always music surrounds it, modern and typical, go-go and mariachi. Excellent food, either international or the product of Mexico's own remarkably inventive and traditional cuisine also contributes. The gaiety may take place in the sophisticated salons of de luxe hotels, in the night clubs which feature well-known Mexican or foreign artists, or in modest cafes where entertainment is usually home-bred but often with imported accent. Wherever you may decide to have your night on the town, depending on your own tastes and inclination, the choices are many. Wherever you go, you will be surrounded by an atmosphere of Mexican hospitality, courteous service and a geniality which is both thoroughly Mexican and infectious among the country's happy visitors.

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A BOLD AUSSIE CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

[*Continued from page* 47]

had to face. In fact, there are yachtsmen in Sydney today who go about quietly convinced that no matter which American yacht may be selected as the Cup defender (remodeled *Columbia*, the 1958 defender, *American Eagle* and new *Intrepid* are the candidates), the Australian boat is going to make a rout of it.

"If you win," asked a visitor to the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron recently, "will you put the America's Cup in the trophy case with all the others?"

"Up your buggery with the old trophy case," he was told in characteristically salty Australian. "If we win that thing, we'll build a whole bloody new club building to put it in—and then we'll keep it as long as you have!"

The story of this year's Australian challenge really begins seven years ago when Sir Frank Packer, a tough, crusty Australian publishing magnate and millionaire sportsman, decided that Britain had fumbled enough chances to win the Cup and that Australians could do better. The New York Yacht Club (fresh from *Columbia's* victory over the British *Sceptre* in 1958) said, okay blokes, come have a go at it in 1962.

Packer, with one or two rich associates, raised the money—ultimately as much as a half million dollars. But a 12-meter yacht had never been built (indeed, had never even been *seen*) in Australia and, under the Cup rules, a home-built boat it had to be.

(The term 12 meter refers to a complicated design formula involving square feet of sail, hull length at the waterline, etc. These boats are as functional as a Grand Prix race car and just about as suitable for pleasure cruising.)

To overcome the disadvantage of innocence and to provide something for the new Australian boat to use as a trial horse, Packer chartered the aging American 12-meter *Vim* and brought her to Australia. Fast in her day and a serious contender even up to 1958, *Vim* would be a worthy sparring partner.

Meantime, a bright young Australian naval architect named Alan Payne had gone to work on the most crucial problem of all: designing a new boat which would not only be as good as *Vim* or any other American boat, but just enough better to come home a winner. It was, under the circumstances, an almost impossible expectation. Australia had no facilities for testing scale models of hulls in hydro tanks, so American facilities at the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, were used. Australia had no manufacturers of sailcloth to match American mills, so U.S. cloth was purchased. Australia had no sailmakers of sufficient experience in 12-meter work, so America's famed Ted Hood of Marblehead, Massachusetts, was employed to cut the sails.

Yet the boat, for all its borrowing, was a unique creation and her construction was superb. Built in the yards of Trygve Halvorsen in Sydney, the hull was made from double-planked 1½-inch Honduras mahogany over Australian maple frames. A 90-foot aluminum mast was extruded in the U.S. But most of the important deck hardware and winch gear was designed and built in Australia. When launched—and named *Gretel* (for Packer's wife, now deceased)—the new boat was obviously an Australian original. To the average observer, her most distinguishing characteristic was a rather full and rounded bow (or "entry" in yachting language) which seemed to surf along rather than cleaving the water as a V-shape would.

In trials against *Vim* in Sydney, *Gretel* was clearly the faster boat. She showed signs of being at her best in heavy weather and sailing before the wind. Up to this point, the Australians were satisfied that, even though they were new at this game, they had not produced a dud: *Gretel* could go. Whether she could go *enough* would be decided off Newport beginning September 15, 1962.

After a strenuous series of elimination trials against several other 12 meters, some new, some old, the American yacht *Weatherly* with Emil "Bus" Mosbacher as skipper, was selected as the Cup defender. She was fast, slippery and noted as a quick boat in light breezes—and in September, the breezes off Newport are more often light than heavy. Off Sydney Heads, facing the broad South Pacific, *Gretel*, and her skipper Jock Sturrock, were accustomed to somewhat heavier airs. It was this difference, perhaps more than any other, which was to decide the outcome of the 1962 Australia challenge.

As in baseball's world series, a yacht must win four out of seven races to take or keep the America's Cup. Each race is about 24 nautical miles in length, sailed over six 4-mile legs.

Weatherly won the first race in a fair breeze by a margin of three minutes, 42 seconds. But after a day of rest, *Gretel* came back in a stronger breeze which was more to her liking and, after being behind for two-thirds of the race, swept home before the wind in first place. The singing, sloshing party which ensued in the Aussie's favorite Newport pub is one that the yachting crowd will long remember.

Although *Gretel* was to lose the next three races and the series, four races to one, her victory in the second race and a near victory in the fourth (which she lost by only 26 seconds) were really the inspiration for this year's new challenge. *Gretel* had proved that Australian design and seamanship was very close to good enough—and Americans agreed.

Too Good To Be TRUE

TRUE

"I can type, file, run a switchboard and get back into my clothes in 10 seconds."

Mosbacher saw the fourth race as decisive. "If they had won that one," he said, "they could have won the America's Cup."

Two years after *Gretel's* defeat by *Weatherly*, another American yacht, *Constellation*, with Bob Bavier at the helm, turned back a challenge by the British *Sovereign* in four straight races—and the stage was set once again for the bold Aussies.

Back in Melbourne, the commodore of the Royal Brighton Yacht Club, Fred Moylan, asked *Gretel's* skipper, Jock Sturrock, if he thought *anyone* would ever defeat American yachtsmen in their home waters. Sturrock, who had done just that, at least in one race, said yes. Could an Australian boat do it? Sturrock said yes again. And would he like to be the man to try again?

Would Richard Nixon like to be President!

Such is the regard of Aussies for Sturrock's skills at the helm of anything that sails that at the precise moment he said yes to the last question, this year's 20th America's Cup challenge was born.

At one time or another, just about every man who has ever taken the helm of an America's Cup yacht has been called the world's greatest skipper. Briggs Cunningham. Bob Bavier. Bus Mosbacher. And Jock Sturrock. Each had proved himself a superb sailor. Pardonably, Australians feel that Jock, although he was a one-time loser, is the best of the lot—that his experience is the most varied, his seamanship the most tested under all conditions—and that, but for *Gretel's* genetic shortcomings (and some indecisive quarterbacking by Sir Frank Packer) he would have brought the Cup home to Sydney in 1962.

Sturrock is 52 years old now, a Melbourne timber merchant of considerable wealth. He has been sailing some kind of boat ever since he was a small boy. At age eight it was a nine-foot dinghy rigged with a spritsail. At 10 he won the Victorian cadet dinghy championship—and again when he was 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18. At 22, he won four out of five international 14-foot dinghy races at the Cowes Regatta in England. Between 1934 and 1948 (with five years out for war) he won every club, Victorian and Australian championship in Star class. In 1946, 1947 and 1948 he captured the Australian six-meter title. He has represented Australia in every postwar Olympics: Star class at London in 1948, Dragon class at Helsinki in 1952 and 5.5-meter class at Melbourne in 1956 and at Rome in 1960. Altogether, the man has won over 400 yachting events.

"I'm not sure when I learned to sail," Sturrock says, "but I remember my father teaching me fundamentals, probably when I was five or six years old. Then I had my own dinghy when I was eight and by the time I was 10, I was a crewman on a 35-foot yacht.

"Everybody knows I am a fanatic when it comes to sailing, especially racing, but I can still go out on a yacht of any size just to potter around and enjoy myself with nothing at stake."

"Nonsense," says a man who has known and sailed with Sturrock for years. "If there isn't something at stake, Jock would just as soon stay ashore. He's a competitor through and through."

He is also a leader of men. The skipper of a boat as large as a 12 meter must be not only a helmsman and tactician, he must also captain his 10-man crew with a firm hand. A man who has been sailing on the *Dame Pattie* puts it this way. "Jock won't put up with mediocrity. An honest mistake is something he can forgive, of course—and he's forgiven a lot of them on this boat, Lord knows—but you'd best not joke about your mistakes because that will bring the lightning down."

"Oh," says another man, "Jock can let his hair down with his crew and he can even appear to be one of the gang when they're sitting around doing a bit of drinking at night. But, you know, he's never really one of the gang. He's always the skipper—and we all know it . . . and I guess we wouldn't want it any other way."

Sturrock can be tough and sometimes seems almost rude. With some members of the press he has been jealous of time, impatient with questions and curt. One frustrated American reporter (whose tape recorder Sturrock regarded as suspiciously as a CIA wiretap) dubbed him Captain Bligh. Yet among his peers in the rarefied society of world yachting, he's "Jock": a jolly-good-fellow, gentleman sportsman and all that sort of thing.

With such a man in the fold (Sturrock had split his allegiance with Packer following the 1962 loss), Fred Moylan set about finding the men with the money to build a new boat. Such is America's Cup fever in Australia that no great financial obstacles developed. The leader of the new syndicate was to be Emil Christensen, the head of a large frozen food firm. He, in turn, recruited more support from a number of other large companies.

As naval architect, the syndicate selected Warwick Hood, a young Australian who had served as an assistant to Alan Payne in the *Gretel* project. Although the new boat would be his first 12 meter, Hood (no kin to Ted Hood the American sailmaker) could approach his task with somewhat clearer design parameters than Payne had to work with five years earlier. Hood could not know, of course, what improvement might be made in a new American boat (*Intrepid* would not be launched until April, 1967; *Dame Pattie* had to be finished nine months earlier) but he did know that the Australian challenger would at least have to be a faster and more versatile boat than *Gretel*—and he knew *Gretel's* every rib and spar because he had helped design her. In fact, now that Hood and Payne have gone their separate ways, there are yachtsmen in Sydney who are saying that what was wrong with *Gretel* can be blamed on Payne—and what was good about her could be credited to Hood. Modestly, Hood dismisses such talk as irresponsible. The two men remain good friends.

If Hood was benefitted by the advantage of the 1962 experience, he would also suffer a new disadvantage. For the 1967 challenge, the New York Yacht Club (which makes the rules as long as the U.S. holds the Cup) decided that the Australians were now well enough on their feet to do without any of the U.S. technical and material assistance that *Gretel* had enjoyed. This meant no more tank testing at Stevens, no American masts or Dacron sailcloth—and, perhaps most important, no more world-famous Ted Hood sails. The result, argues the NYYC, will be that both the defending and challenging boats will be more truly representative of their respective countries and the Cup will remain a real sym-

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"I wonder just what it was that you said!"

bol of the yachting supremacy of the winning country. Another result: a feeling by the Australian man-in-the-street that the NYYC is using its authority arbitrarily to help the U.S. boat now that the competition appears to be getting tight.

For the most part, however, the Australian yachtsmen have—after a few muttered curses—shrugged off the rules changes. *Dame Pattie* has three new aluminum masts made in Australia and her sails are cut from a new synthetic cloth called Kadron which was developed by the pooled resources of four Australian fabric firms and woven in Sydney by Bradford Cotton Mills Ltd. As for Ted Hood, "Well, he's a great sailmaker, but he'll have to do without our business this time. It'll just make the glory all the greater when we win."

Warwick Hood's design was translated into wood in shipbuilder Bill Barnett's small boat shed on Berry's Bay within Sydney Harbor. Her hull is single-planked 1½-inch Oregon pine, splined and glued. Her ribs are Queensland maple and Danish ash. The deck is Canadian cedar covered with glass fiber. Her lead keel weighs 19.2 tons. The new boat—soon to be christened in honor of Dame Pattie Menzies, wife of the former Australian prime minister, Sir Robert Menzies—was launched on August 22, 1966.

August is springtime in Australia and a long summer stretched ahead of Jock Sturrock and his new boat. Before the winds of winter, he would know whether she would be fast enough to eliminate five-year-old *Gretel's* hopes of being the challenger once again.

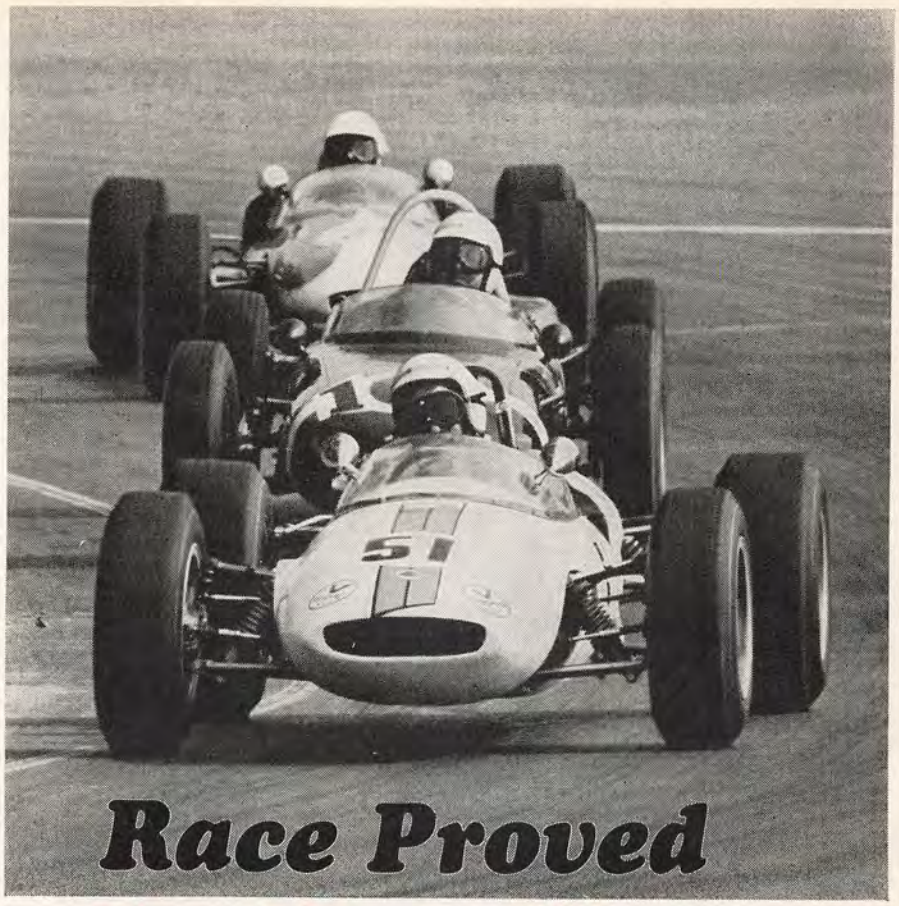
But now the *Dame* was an unknown quantity—an arrow that had not yet flown, a kite that had never felt wind. In the first days, still without a mast or rigging, she was just a beautiful ice-blue hull which floated gracefully at a mooring. Tank tests on scale models at the University of Sydney's hydrodynamics lab had said this should be a fast boat, that its 33½ tons should move through the water without undue drag or retarding turbulence. But there are no real winds or ocean currents in a tank, no gusts or whispers of Rhode Island weather, no tides nor tons of elemental force bending mast and boom. These were the things Sturrock would only be able to feel with his hands on the big wheel, would only be able to see with eyes focussed aloft on straining sails and feet planted on a canting deck.

First, however, he had to have a crew. On a 12 meter this consists of 11 men: an "after guard" of four—the skipper, an assistant helmsman (who may also be a tactical adviser), a navigator (who also has additional duties) and, often, the builder of the boat, in this case, Bill Barnett. Amidships are four more crewmen who do much of the heavy work, including operation of the backbreaking coffee-grinder winches which draw the sails tight. Forward are three foredeck men, usually smaller because they have less deck space to work on. They are responsible for setting and handling the all-important headsails—jibs and spinnakers. All must be the best of sailors with the discipline of Annapolis midshipmen and the arms and backs of longshoremen.

In Australia, where sailing is as much a national pastime sport as tennis, Sturrock's call for volunteers was like asking who wanted to be on the next Davis Cup squad. Even though selection to the crew would mean giving up nine months of weekends away from home and families while the *Dame* was whipped into shape—plus four months in the U.S. this summer and fall—candidates checked in by the dozens. Some were veterans of *Gretel's* 1962 crew, but most had never set foot on a 12 meter before. Almost all, however, were successful small-boat skippers in their own right.

When the first group had been narrowed down to about 30 men, it became apparent that *Dame Pattie* was attracting plenty of sailing talent but not enough brawn. A Sydney yachting writer was asked to announce in his column, "If you want an all-expense-paid yachting holiday and if you are tall and strong and don't mind giving up your life for nine months, you might still get a place on *Dame Pattie's* crew." That did it. More than 50 new candidates showed up in two days and from these, four of the *Dame's* big men were eventually picked.

Finally, a day came when the last cutdown of crew candidates was to be made. Twenty eager young men, many of them good enough to sail on any 12 meter in



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"I find, with most women, money is the best aphrodisiac."

the world, had to be told that they wouldn't be needed. Sturrock called his men together at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, read off the names of the 13 men he would keep to sail with him (the yacht's squad includes three spare crewmen) and sent the rest home. Later this kindly Captain Bligh would write each of them a letter of thanks and present them with a pewter beer mug inscribed with their name and "Dame Pattie, 1967."

As finally selected, *Dame Pattie's* first-line crew of 10 is a beefy group. Six are over six feet tall (one is six-foot-five) and the midship hands average 198 pounds. Nine of the 10 are in their 20's; one old man is 31.

Now Sturrock could begin to find out what kind of woman his *Dame* really was. It would take almost three months to "tune" the yacht to maximum efficiency as a sailing machine. (Early in 1964, in the U.S., the yacht *Constellation* lost seven straight races to *American Eagle,* yet as September approached she gradually became unbeatable and was selected as the cup defender.) September and October, then, were spent in getting *Dame Pattie* going, letting crewmen learn their tasks, experimenting with gear and rigging and sails. Every Saturday and Sunday the *Dame's* 14 lovers assembled for work. It was a time when esprit was budding and a feeling of unity grew between the skipper and his men.

Three of the men, including Sturrock, traveled 681 miles north from Melbourne each Friday night. One came 653 miles south from Brisbane. The rest were from Sydney. They assembled at a ramshackle old mansion next door to the Sydney yacht club on Neutral Bay. Three stories high and nondescript in architecture, this "Dame Pattie Lodge" had earlier been purchased as a part of the yacht club's expansion plans. But before the old house would be demolished, it would serve as a dormitory for Sturrock & Co. The rooms on the ground floor were used for storage of sails and gear; the second and third floors took on the happy, chaotic appearance of a fraternity house. Each room was furnished with a bed or two, but little more. Ragged curtains hung at the windows. Walls were decorated with photos, signs, cheesecake, a crockery bedpan, newspaper headlines, a "captain's cat-o'-nine-tails," a broken ship's propeller (labeled "thank God Pattie has no engines") —and in one room, human footprints made in peanut butter marched mysteriously up one wall, across the ceiling and down the other side.

Every Saturday and Sunday morning for almost nine months, life began to stir at the Lodge by 7:30 a.m. By 8, when *Dame Pattie's* tender, *Espoir* (meaning "hope"), arrived at dockside, crew members were tumbling out the front door with their sea bags. When Sturrock himself made his exit, it was time to go to work for another day—a day that would end, typically, in bone-weary exhaustion 11 hours later.

Dame Pattie and *Gretel* had 13 races between January and May to decide which boat would be the fastest challenger. The *Dame* won 11. In retrospect, it should have been clear from the outset that Sir Frank Packer's older yacht, despite four major modifications to her hull, was no match for the new Warwick Hood boat. The only races *Dame Pattie* lost were one in January when a rigging fault brought her 1,100-pound, 91-foot mast crashing down in a tangle of wrenched aluminum, and another when heavy winds ripped her sails. By early May of this year it was obvious beyond doubt that she was faster at almost every angle of sailing and in almost all degrees of wind and weather. On May 8 she was officially chosen as the Australian challenger and within weeks was shipped to the U.S. as deck cargo aboard a German freighter to continue her training in American water.

Along with their precious yacht, the Australians also packed off to America a supply of native food and drink sufficient to carry their rugged crew through the rigors of 10 weeks training in an alien land: Two tons of meat, a ton of frozen vegetables, 1,250 pounds of bread mixture, five tons of other assorted groceries, 1,000 bottles of wine, 10 gallons of rum, several hundred cases of potent Australian beer, and—to celebrate the victory they are sure will be their's—120 bottles of champagne. Newport, Rhode Island, beware: Matilda has arrived in a waltzing mood!

Throughout the summer, as *Dame Pattie* waltzed in practice, a great guessing game has raged among yachting followers. Just how good and how fast is this Australian boat? Is she a *wunderkind* which will sweep the competition and do what no other challenger has done in 116 years?

The odds, say most experts, are against it. It has been asserted again and again by men who know that no such thing as a "breakthrough" is possible in 12-meter design. In the words of Warwick Hood, "You can't just take a major step forward with 12's. The thing to do is try and make a lot of small improvements and hope they will add up to something major."

But Hood, sounding very much like a man who knows a secret, has also said he could, even now, design a 12 meter that would be faster than his *Dame*. "It's the one we'll *defend* the Cup with in 1969," says an Aussie small-boat skipper.

Another question causes this speculation: if some thought *Gretel* good enough to have defeated *Weatherly* with better luck in 1962—and if *Dame Pattie* is so clearly superior to *Gretel* today, does this not imply a tremendous Australian improvement in five years? What if this year's U.S. defender does not represent equal progress in the design race?

This is a little like comparing football scores among three teams: if *Dame Pattie* beats *Gretel* by an average of four minutes per race—and if *Gretel* is a better boat today than when she lost to *Weatherly*—doesn't that make the Dame a certainly superior boat?

The answer is, superior to what? *Intrepid,* the new U.S. yacht built by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., may prove to be a *wunderkind* too. Ferraris go faster every year, after all.

In addition to the boat itself, two other major factors powerfully affect the performance of a racing yacht—the men who sail it and the sails which give it its horsepower, its so-called "drive aloft." A set of sails for a 12 meter may consist of

two or three mains, three or four Genoa jibs and a half-dozen spinnakers. They vary in weight from 14 ounces (per running fabric yard) for the mains to a gossamerlike ¾-ounce for a spinnaker. Will the new Australian Kadron sails be a match for the U.S. product?

Sturrock professes to be satisfied with his new Aussie-made sails. He should know whereof he speaks because, even though she can not use them in the cup races, *Dame Pattie* has a complete set of Ted Hood sails for comparison studies. *Gretel*, on the other hand, has always worn Hood sails (had she become the challenger again, the NYYC would have allowed *Gretel* to use any American sails from 1962) —and following her final defeat by *Dame Pattie* last May, her skipper said, "If we had been allowed to use the new Australian-made sails, the results might have been different." He went on to say that Australian sailcloth is now superior to American.

Perhaps, ultimately, however, it all comes down to the man at the helm and the men on deck to decide a winner. Without question, a great skipper can get more out of a boat and its sails than an ordinary one. In 1958 Bus Mosbacher, now at the helm of *Intrepid*, almost sailed the then-19-year-old *Vim* to victory over Briggs Cunningham and the brand-new *Columbia*. Australians regard him as America's true secret weapon—more important than powerful sails, even more important than any new boat. They credit him—not *Weatherly*—with the U.S. victory over *Gretel* in 1962 and, assuming he is to be the U.S. skipper again, they fear him as much today. Sturrock, although on the best of personal terms with his American rival, nevertheless aches to even the score with him.

Mosbacher, when asked if he looks forward to racing Sturrock again, replies mischievously, "No! I'd rather be racing against someone less skilled!"

Inevitably, the man-to-man pressure will be on the American skipper. To be the first American to lose the Cup is, to Mosbacher, "a horrible thought. But it's going to happen someday." Facetiously, it has been suggested that when that day comes, the New York Yacht Club will mount the head of the defeated American on the same small oak table that once held the Cup.

Mosbacher, an acknowledged master at prestart maneuvering, has said the advantage of a good start may be 50 percent of an America's Cup race. And it is the skipper, of course, who controls this tense 10 minutes of pregun prowling that can put his boat over the line first and in proper position to the wind.

Sturrock, no slob at starts himself, will not stand in awe of his rival at the start or along the course. He is an aggressive, sometimes almost slam-bang sailor and he has a crew with both the strength and discipline to execute his moves like all-powerful robots—and when two match-racing yachts of 12-meter size hang up in tacking duels, this is exactly what is required to handle the drum-tight sails and crank two-ton loads on winches at speeds up to 12 feet of line per second. The Australians expect to outweigh, outmuscle—and apparently outeat—any American crew this year.

Finally, there is weather. Almost all speculation is based on the assumption that wind and sea off Point Judith, Rhode Island, will run true to form this September—that is, light to moderate winds and gentle seas. Both new boats have been designed in some considerable measure with this in mind. But if this should be the year for gales and heavy seas, would it favor the rugged crew from Down Under? Although the apparently versatile *Dame Pattie* defeated *Gretel* by the widest of margins in the lightest of breezes during their trials off Sydney, there is an inevitable suspicion that Sturrock might be more at home in a lumpy sea and a stiff blow.

If this is his private wish, he has a bit of native Australian voodoo working for him in the form of an aborigine wind totem which is mounted on one of the *Dame's* bulkheads. This boomerang-shaped piece of wood is daubed in yellow ocher and decorated with the eggs of Lardil Bugajee—the brown hawk or wind bird. When the Cup races begin next month, aborigines on Australia's Mornington Island have promised to activate the totem by singing the weird chants of the corroboree. This, they assure Sturrock, will fill his sails with a powerful, private breeze—and in the face of such odds, what will a mortal American like Bus Mosbacher be able to do?

—Charles N. Barnard

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THE SECRET AIR FORCE WASHINGTON WON'T TALK ABOUT

[*Continued from page* 25]

decision. The word flashes back to Vandenberg Air Force Base, California. Schedules are quickly juggled among launch pads and 48 hours later, an Atlas-Agena rocket blazes toward the heavens. Built into the Agena is a satellite with spying devices, manufactured under tightest security at a Lockheed Aircraft plant, that make James Bond look like a college freshman.

This satellite being sent into orbit is Samos, big brother to the Ferret. Its name is an acronym for Satellite and Missile Observation System. Its job is also spying, primarily with supersensitive cameras, on America's potential enemies. On this mission, Samos will be looking for signs of the new missile installations reported by the clerk. Then it will add the missing details—the precise number of missiles and the exact location of each.

It takes just three hours—on Samos' second pass over Alaska and Sunnyvale—for the first pictures to appear. In the darkened control room, anxious faces peer into television monitors. At the same time, in another part of the building, "hard copies" of the TV image are being prepared and their quality upgraded.

Within the next hour, duplicate prints have been wired to Washington, along with an initial report from the men in Sunnyvale. Their analysis: The clerk's information was correct; a new complex of Russian missiles is under construction, with their associated control centers; all are being hardened in concrete, impervious to anything but a direct atomic hit.

But the job is not complete for U.S. security men. Their newest spy remains in orbit for another three days. More pictures are taken, including infrared photographs to "fingerprint" the landscape surrounding the new Red missile sites.

On its forty-eighth revolution, Samos receives new signals from the important tracking station in Alaska. Tiny jets respond to commands; a blunt-ended capsule nearly three feet in diameter and several feet long, blasts away from the Agena. Small attitude-control rockets position it correctly, and from 140 miles above the Earth, the instrument packet heads for home.

Along the ground, Air Force radar sites track its course—sending instant data not only to Sunnyvale, but to Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii, where instructions are relayed to a group of C-130 aircraft circling more than 200 miles away.

Safely through the upper atmosphere, the capsule from Samos automatically jettisons its charred heat shield, activates a radio beacon, and drops a bundle of aluminum chaff. Radar sees the chaff and cross-fixes the capsule. Then the nearest C-130 homes in on its radio beacon. At 50,000 feet, a drogue chute pops from the capsule, followed by a bright orange-and-white main parachute. Less than 10,000 feet above the Pacific, the capsule sways gently under the canopy.

The C-130 banks sharply to head for the prize. Trailing a long, trapezelike structure, it swoops past the capsule and snares the parachute shroud lines. Minutes later, crewmen have the package reeled aboard.

From Hickam the freshly returned space packet is flown under guard to California. There its films and tapes are processed. By retrieving the actual film that was exposed from orbit, intelligence officers can get up to 1,000 times the quality and resolution received on the initial transmissions.

Within days, specialists are able to identify the kind and size of missiles being implanted in the new Russian silos. They also can deduce the U.S. cities within their striking range, and the number of crewmen needed to fire them. Contingency plans for neutralizing the installation follow as a matter of routine

A new intelligence folder, including detailed photographs, is on file at CIA headquarters just one week after the Kremlin clerk walked home in the rain.

Sounds like fiction? Too fantastic, too efficient to be true? Stop a moment. Think about those detailed pictures from the moon, about radio control of weather satellites, or about the Gemini spacecraft you've watched splash down within television camera range.

In fact, the case of the Moscow clerk is a composite mission, containing typical elements of the kind of surveillance made possible by Space Age technology. The U.S. space spying program is under the direction of the Department of Defense but is jointly sponsored by the Central Intelligence Agency and a branch of the services officially named the Space Systems Division—unofficially called by its members the "Black Air Force." (The Space Systems Division also takes part in many nonintelligence space activities. For example, it furnished and launched the rockets used in the Mercury and Gemini programs.)

Not surprisingly, the Soviet Union operates an efficient counterpart of our program. Soviet eyes and ears peer down from space on all of the Free World.

Though one of the most important aspects of the Space Age, the story of orbital intelligence is the least publicized. Once flown in the limelight of publicity, America's space spies now are shrouded in secrecy. Even the names of satellites that once were common in Air Force news releases—including Midas and Samos—are now classified or have been replaced by numbers. The Air Force cannot even admit that these programs exist.

The absurdity of the situation is that a wealth of "dark satellite" information is available to anyone familiar with space-flight techniques and equipment, and willing to do some digging. In effect, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara closed the barn door of security after months or years of allowing data to be released. Volumes of professional journals, space watchers' files, even local newspaper morgues contain pictures and operational descriptions of satellites that have since been classified.

Shutting the door has reduced the flow of facts, particularly those concerned with current results. But the seal is far from being airtight. Every launch must be reported to the United Nations, where all satellites receive an international identification number. (It is not necessary to name the satellite or its mission. But the fact that it is in orbit must be reported, along with trajectory figures.) Up-to-date logs of every object in space are maintained by NASA's Goddard Space Flight

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"Your main problem, as I see it, is that you have the safety catch on."

Center and by the North American Air Defense Command.

From those sources alone, anyone can find out how many satellites are classified, how many pass over Russia or Red China, and how many return to Earth just a few days or weeks after lift-off.

Russia's orbiting eyes are simply listed with the U.N. as part of the seemingly endless Cosmos series, which also covers their truly scientific research satellites. But U.S. intelligence estimates, reported in respected technical journals, say that nearly half of the Cosmos orbiters carry sophisticated cameras and electronic devices for watching the Free World.

By tacit agreement, neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. admits space surveillance. Each is free to take its photographs, although radio jamming is randomly attempted from some ground stations. Methods of jamming cameras are in the works, but are far from being ready.

There was a time when such quiet protocol was not observed. It was no secret in 1960 that Samos and Midas were being developed. Air Force mimeograph machines turned out press releases for every launch. But when U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers was downed, Russian sensitivity to any surveillance became bitterly vocal.

"We caught hell after the U-2 incident," explains a Black Air Force officer. "Everything was pretty open until then. But the Russians bitched every time we announced a Midas or Samos and kept bitching. So after a while, the lid went down. Between Defense and State pressures, we had to shut up. We're still shut."

At the time, Russian scientists were struggling to get the bugs out of their own orbiting spies. A little more than a year later. Russian outrage over our spy satellites suddenly died out; Cosmos satellites had begun returning acceptable photos, and the Russians' own launch pace quickened.

More than cameras go into orbit within the skins of our dark satellites. Electronic intelligence, using the Ferret version of Samos mentioned earlier, has become increasingly important. Picking up messages from ground-based spies is one obvious use.

The Ferrets' main job, however, is far more important. On every pass over communist territory, these satellites eavesdrop efficiently on transmissions the Reds would rather keep secret. By intercepting a message from Moscow to a submarine in the Pacific, listening to the radio chatter of an infantry division on maneuvers or monitoring a radio-telephone link between scientific installations, the CIA gains invaluable information never before available.

Changing radio frequencies doesn't bother the satellite for long. Ferret can seek out a radio wave much the way a signal-seeking car radio locks onto the closest station when you touch the tuning bar.

In the few years since spies reached space, our orbiting watchdogs have been quietly credited with a lengthy list of remarkable feats. Among them:

—They discovered, during routine photo inspection in 1963, a strange industrial plant under construction in China. As the plant took shape, photo interpretors passed pictures of the building and its incoming equipment around to scientists. They soon had their answer. It was a plant for producing atomic material. Government officials could then issue accurate predictions of China's impending membership in the Nuclear Club. Later they could watch test towers being built and predict to within three or four days the time for a Chinese atomic explosion.

—They provided rapid and accurate evidence that ballistic missile sites in Russia were being "hardened"—as they are in the U.S.—in nearly impenetrable concrete silos.

—They exposed the myth of the "missile gap" by allowing an actual count of Soviet ICBM strength. (Previous estimates of a Russian lead were based largely on misinterpreted data from U-2 flights. Satellite reconnaissance soon showed that the actual gap is in our favor, by a factor of three or four to one.)

—More recently, they gave proof that Russian missile production now matches that of the United States. Photos show the Reds establishing new missiles on a one-for-one basis with our own additions.

—Also recently, they confirmed rumors of massive troop buildups in northwestern China as the Sino-Soviet rift grew.

—Finally, they revealed and mapped antimissile sites being built around Leningrad and Moscow. Here, the Russians helped photo interpreters by displaying the large metal shipping canisters for antimissiles during the 1966 May Day parade. When identical canisters began showing up at construction sites ringing the two cities, there could be no doubt that Soviet technicians were installing an advanced defense network. Satellite photos of the missiles themselves show that they are too small for ICBM's and must be strictly defensive.

Though difficult and costly to perfect, dark satellites are giving the U.S. taxpayer his money's worth. High-resolution cameras and associated electronic gear take note of anything that may have military, economic, or political significance.

Those who have seen early Samos photos say that quality is excellent, so good that objects just 12 inches across could be identified by trained personnel. And this from altitudes ranging up to 300 miles. Current photos are undoubtedly better.

Reaching today's state-of-the-art didn't happen overnight. Bitterly disappointed at losing its man-in-space bid to the upstart National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Defense Department concentrated on development in three areas: (1) proving out a variety of dependable boosters for payloads large and small; (2) perfecting a series of unmanned satellites that could be stabilized, controlled, and returned to Earth; (3) building a vast ground network for tracking and operating satellites.

A fortunate decision made three years earlier became the keystone of success. Long before Russia's Sputnik, the Air Force awarded a contract to Lockheed to

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produce a stable satellite containing its own propulsion system. The decision was justified. The first Sputniks and Explorers tumbled erratically in orbit. The Air Force wanted stability, a satellite that could be pointed in any direction and held there without deviation.

The result was the Agena, first orbited in 1959. A multi-use bird that has proved its mettle. Agena has better than a 95-percent success record after more than 220 launches. It is still the workhorse for a dozen programs, open and secret.

Test-bed for America's orbiting spies was the Discoverer series, publicly announced through the first 38 shots. In effect, they were Agenas with nose cones crammed with equipment for testing in outer space. Most were successful—but some weren't.

The first Discoverer goof came early. We may still be feeling its long-range effects. From the sketchy news reports at the time and from Black Air Force sources, the story pieces together this way.

It was mid-April, 1959, when Discoverer 2 went into orbit. First of the series to carry a reentry capsule, the satellite was to record detailed information on the operation of its equipment. Priceless knowledge would be obtained when the capsule was recovered near Hawaii.

At first, everything looked normal. Safely in orbit, totally stable and radioing back its telemetry signals, the satellite was a "jewel, perfect in every way." But several hours later, as refined radar tracking data fed back to Sunnyvale, computers clacked out an ominous report. A rerun was ordered to correct an obvious computer error. But it was no mistake.

Maj. Gen. Tufte Johnsen, chief of the Norwegian Air Force Northern Command, received a phone call late the following day. Increduously he heard the voice of an old friend from California calling for help.

Lt. Col. Charles Mathison's message was urgent, uttered in clipped sentences that omitted nothing. The "Moose" Mathison who happily cried "Go, baby, go!" at the moment of lift-off was now coldly efficient.

"Our capsule is coming down early," Mathison explained. "Be on the lookout."

Because Discoverer 2 had gone into an orbit slightly too low, it was completing each orbit slightly too soon. An automatic timer (no longer used) would soon trigger the reentry capsule. The computers predicted a jettison point just 700 miles from the North Pole. The Norwegian island of Spitzbergen, not Hawaii, suddenly became a landing zone.

"It has an orange parachute lined with aluminum," Mathison concluded. "Somebody might spot it."

General Johnsen checked the clock. Norway's unexpected visitor from space was due between 2:30 and 3 a.m. Spitzbergen time. Precious few hours remained.

Now the general faced a dilemma. He could order jet sorties immediately north, to the isolated island, where they might pinpoint Discoverer's landing. But under a diplomatic agreement that granted operating rights to a portion of Spitzbergen's coal mines to Soviet Russia, Norway allowed no military operations in the area. The sudden appearance of Norwegian Air Force planes above the delicately neutral zone would spark an international incident.

The general did the next best thing. Ringing up Knut Deinboll, a director of the Great Norwegian Mining Company, far to the north in the tiny hamlet of Longyearbyen, Johnsen requested civilian search parties. Time is critical, the general stressed. Just two hours remained.

Deinboll agreed to help. Within the first hour, a dozen ski patrols of two or three men each were speeding through the twilight of the midnight sun toward mountain lookout positions assigned by Deinboll. Then as the clock crept toward 3 a.m., anxious men from the Arctic Circle to California waited tensely.

It was after 4 a.m. when three red-faced skiers burst into Dienboll's office to report having spotted the brilliant orange parachute drifting into the mountains. It was still several miles from their vantage point when it disappeared behind a peak.

For the moment, at least, there was joy in Sunnyvale.

But when the Norwegian search parties returned that evening empty-handed, the picture looked less cheerful. By the next day, a dozen planes and two helicopters leased by the U.S. Air Force began combing the area.

Despite everything, Discoverer 2 remained missing. Then another jolt: Russian ski patrols were sighted near Barentsburg, only a few miles to the west of Longyearbyen. The hunt had become a race! To the winner presumably went a perfectly intact U.S. space capsule, along with its instruments and tapes recording every phase of the flight.

After eight fruitless days, the U.S.-Norwegian search was called off. Dejected, disappointed, and more than a little worried, the Air Force went home.

If anyone ever found Discoverer's valuable little capsule, he did so quietly. Certainly, it was never returned to the United States. Possibly it tumbled into a narrow crevasse and lies there still. Or possibly the Russians got there first. Should that be the case, Russian technology may have gained more from our flop than from all their own preceding satellites. But those who know, if anyone does, are prudently silent.

Eleven attempts later, with Discoverer 13, the Air Force solved the reentry problem. Radio commands, sent from the ground, triggered each sequence. Minutes afterwards, when waiting aircraft missed their chance for a midair snatch, the 143-pound package splashed into the Pacific. Ships were waiting to haul it aboard.

(Should any capsule be lost at sea, recovery forces have just 24 hours to find it. At the end of that time, water-soluble plugs are eaten through and the capsule sinks, preventing recovery by friend or foe.)

Barely eight days after the first success-

TRUE

"Let me see that vacation schedule again, Hawkins."

ful recovery from the sea, a C-119 aircraft snagged Discoverer 14 perfectly, still 10,000 feet above the Pacific. The trend was set and that month, August of 1960, was the turning point for bringing theoretical possibilities into operational reality.

With growing confidence, men of the Black Air Force began to orbit more advanced devices. One was Midas, code name for the Missile Defense Alarm System, recently renamed ICBM Alarm. As with Samos, the Midas satellite is built into an Agena rocket. They look like twins. But Midas takes no photos. Instead it scans the Earth with delicate infrared sensors.

When these sensors are kept supercold by the flow of liquid nitrogen or helium, they can react to infrared heat rays even at great distances. Such rays are generated by rocket exhausts. Thus Midas would spot an ICBM right off the pad, lock on to its flaming tail, and send trajectory readings to U.S. ground stations. In a missile attack, Midas could give an extra six to 10 minutes of warning to the country, perhaps enabling additional

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millions of citizens to find safe shelter. (Radar cannot see an approaching ICBM during the first several minutes of its flight. The missile must first appear above the horizon.)

By the end of 1960, early versions of Midas had flown successfully. Then Discoverer 18 returned a capsule after three days in orbit that contained Samos-type camera equipment and an advanced infrared sensor for Midas. The results were encouraging, sparking a speedup in schedules. While public attention centered on the original seven astronauts and the beginning of Project Mercury, the Air Force launched literally dozens of experimental satellites.

In space and on the ground, equipment and procedures were practiced, perfected, put to use. Samos was declared operational in 1963, at the end of a record-short four-year development period. Ground personnel, long accustomed to tracking, controlling, reentering, and recovering capsules also were razor-sharp. At strategic sites around the globe, a vast tracking and control network was fully operational.

"Satellite control is our specialty," says a Black Air Force officer. "As far back as the early '60's, we had stations that could track multiple targets on the same pass.

"As a matter of fact, all stations had command capability. And several could command two satellites simultaneously while tracking still a third," he said. "Now remember, this was at a time when NASA was still trying to figure out how to track a Mercury spacecraft and come up with a command one orbit later. Hell, the Air Force had an operational system!"

So good was the system—and so busy—that the Sunnyvale Satellite Control Center was put off limits in 1963. Since that time, admittance is strictly limited to persons with a "need to know."

Espionage and pseudomilitary activities continue to dominate today's use of space. The extent of such operations is revealed by a careful reading of official records: From the dawning of the Space Age through the end of 1965, the United States military attempted 231 separate launchings of satellites, and 132 of those, or 57.1 percent, carried classified payloads. (In the same period, NASA made a total of only 107 launches.) In 1966 the military launched 41 satellites with classified payloads, and the number for 1967 should top that. At the present hectic pace, it isn't unusual for crews to launch several satellites in a single week. Given the preparation time needed for each, it is obvious that at least one dark satellite is always on the pad being readied.

Though widely billed as the gateway to space, Cape Kennedy is in reality only the second most active launch facility in the world. The most active is Vandenberg Air Force Base, California, which just 10 years ago was totally deserted, an unwanted chunk of wasteland facing the Pacific. It was then named Camp Cooke, former training ground for armor and infantry during World War II and the Korean Conflict. Its barracks were decaying, its roads weed infested.

But ugly and barren as the training camp was, it held a natural lure for missile men that no soldier could have seen. Its 120 square miles jut out into the Pacific, isolated from populated areas, some 150 miles northwest of Los Angeles. On a line straight south, not a square inch of land lies between it and the wastes of the Antarctic. Faulty rockets (a rare occurrence today) will fall into the ocean, not into a California suburb or a South American village. The camp that became Vandenberg is the perfect site for launching satellites straight south into an ideal spy orbit that crosses both poles.

Polar orbits as spy routes have one distinct advantage over the equatorial orbits we see in Mercury, Gemini and Apollo. As the Earth spins west to east, the south-to-north satellite must pass within sight of every spot on the surface at least once a day.

At present, space reconnaissance, both photographic and electronic, continues to be the most important single factor in military space efforts. No one can tell the entire story. But enough is known to lead knowledgeable observers to one conclusion: our satellite spies are valuable beyond estimation. —Jim Schefter

RUNNING ELAND . . .
[*Continued from page* 53]

cavalry charge. I felt a stirring of hope.

Frustration is too often all the chaser of giant eland gets. In January of 1963, a New York hunting friend—Roger Fawcett—and I spent 11 grueling days battling heavy brush, sweat bees and heat as we tracked giant eland in this same remote corner of Africa. Not a glimpse of one did we get except for the evening a lone bull dashed past the car as we drove to camp.

The sight of this magnificent animal was to haunt us as we kept hunting till our time ran out. And so we had returned last June for another try. In several safaris the giant eland was the only animal we sought that had shut us out completely, without a shot fired. But others have known similar bafflement.

"You'll be here at the end of the mango rains," white hunter Claude Vasselet had written. "This time it won't be as dry and hot as the Sahara and you'll have a fair chance."

I wasn't too sure about that "fair chance" bit. Eland of various races (none with the reputation for spookiness of the giant variety) range from South Africa almost to the Sahara, and in the course of hunts in various parts of this vast range I must have seen hundreds of eland . . . *but seldom before they'd spotted me first.* When you see an eland it is almost always running, be it a cow or a bull.

Now Claude tugged at my sleeve. "Have you got a solid in the chamber?" he whispered. I nodded.

My rifle was a Model 70 Winchester in .375 H&H, a caliber big enough for elephants. Claude Vasselet prefers it for giant eland. Further, he urges that the first shot be fired with a "solid" (non-expanding) bullet which has far better penetrating power than a conventional soft point. This is in case a raking shot has to be taken at a disappearing eland bull; a soft point would stop in the paunch but a solid would continue into the vitals. I once traced the fatal path of a solid from this rifle for seven feet in a buffalo shot in the stern.

So we were getting close! I could hardly believe it; the trail looked no different to me. Then Claude handed me a dropping. It was sticky warm. Man, maybe we *were* going to catch them. I grinned at my hunting companion nearby, Gen. John B. Grier (Ret.) of Rockland, Delaware, whom everyone calls Cap. A well-known trapshooter and once a member of our Olympic rifle team, Cap was enjoying his first safari. Knowing of my previous fiasco with these eland, he had kindly insisted that I take the first shot.

Suddenly everyone stopped and Claude, a yard to my right, was pointing. "Record-book bull," he whispered. "Hurry."

Then I saw them, perhaps 75 or 100 yards away (the range was hard to judge because the animals were so big we seemed almost on top of them). All I could see were patches of eland, tan against the bright green of intervening trees and bushes, and parts of their horns.

Claude kept pointing like the hand of doom and then I saw the horns of the bull he was locked on. I could hardly believe the sight. The horns appeared at about the eight-foot level above some leaves, great black horns, heavily twisted—and towering for more than a yard.

Cripes! Here was my bonanza at last.

I could see bits and pieces of four giant eland standing like statues. One head stared incredulously toward me. I had the impression as I raised my rifle that they were on the brink of flight. The scope found a big patch of hide with two white stripes running down it and I paused. Was this the lung area just behind the shoulder? I dimly remembered that on other eland the stripes start just behind the shoulder.

My bull tossed its head. I gulped, put the cross hairs on the first stripe and shot. They were gone so quickly there was no chance for a second shot, or for Cap to fire at another bull.

I hardly expected mine to topple. A lung-shot animal usually runs 200 yards or so. We took up the blood trail.

It had taken only 55 minutes to catch up to the bulls from the moment we cut their tracks in the car and got out. Now, an hour later, we had to give up. The bulls were characteristically running straight downwind on a fresh breeze, catching our scent continually and never giving us a glimpse of them.

The slight blood trail pinched out, and it was plain to Claude and our two splendid African trackers that my bull wasn't badly wounded. (I later decided I'd shot the bull in its fleshy hump and the solid had merely drilled through, scarcely shocking or wounding the animal.)

If only I'd taken a few quick steps to the right so as to see more of the bull. I'd committed hunting's worst sin in not knowing precisely where I'd aimed. Damn and double damn. If only I'd . . . .

We were camped on the Aouk River a long day's drive east from Fort Archambault in the Republic of Chad. Landlocked—indeed it is more than 1,500 miles from any seaport—Chad is near the geographical center of Africa, with its northern boundary in the Sahara bordering on Libya, and its southern border against the appropriately named Central African Republic.

The Aouk serves as a boundary between these two countries for quite a distance, even though at our campsite on the Chad bank it is only about 40 yards wide. There is no semblance of a frontier between the two countries except at ferry crossings and we often swam across the river of a hot afternoon to stand on the C.A.R.'s fine sandy beach.

There were four of us hunting. In addition to those already mentioned there was Bill Zehner. It was his first safari.

We'd meet at dawn for breakfast and switch partners each day, two going in a hunting car with Vasselet, and the other pair with J. D. "Mickey" Micheletti, a professional hunter then in partnership with Claude.

The talk, the thoughts—even the dreams—were always of giant eland.

Those eland! They have been giving hunters hard times since their discovery something over a century ago. No less an old African hand than the famous Frederick Selous made a safari into the Sudan just for this animal . . . and failed completely. Teddy Roosevelt was luckier during his 11-month safari in 1910, but wrote of his Sudan trek for giant eland in *African Game Trails:*

"It took me three days' hard work before I got my eland. Each day I left camp before sunrise and on the first two I came back after dark. . . . We would walk until we found tracks made that morning, and then the gun bearers and the native guide would slowly follow, hour after hour, under the burning sun."

The authoritative *Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game*—the "record book" and bible of African hunters—states in its 11th and most recent edition: "From the

TRUE

"The merger is off!"

mid-nineteenth century it was rarely obtained, alive or dead, or even seen, except by Africans, until comparatively recent times."

Nevertheless, the 13th Earl of Derby, an avid amateur zoologist, heard about these huge eland and sent a collector to Africa. Some eland were caught and brought to Lord Derby's estate in northern England about 1846. Despite the bitter winters, this little band of eland survived for some years and the species has been called Lord Derby's eland ever since.

I had phoned Steve Horn of Jonas Brothers Studios, Mount Vernon, New York, just before we left on this trip. As part of my pre-trip research, I had asked him how many giant eland he had mounted. Horn specializes in African game and gets a large share of this business. There was a long silence.

"About two dozen in 30 years," he told me finally.

When I remarked that we were after four he laughed and said, "Don't make any big bets. Four Derby eland in a short safari would be an unparalleled feat."

The animals we sought were in semi-open forest, with the closest tracks usually found about 10 miles from camp and the farthest perhaps 22. A typical eland foray would take the car past baits for leopard and lion—bonus trophies Cap and Bill sought—for a check at first light, then along the edge of a lush green plain dotted with wandering knob, waterbuck, warthogs, hartebeest and an occasional bushbuck.

Farther on, we'd plunge under the canopy of green treetops, following a faint car track made when Claude first pioneered into the area a few weeks before our arrival.

Now all hands searched for fresh tracks. Soon we'd come to the area where buffaloes in herds of 40 to maybe 100 crossed our path. Just beyond we'd be in eland country, empty of other game save for a few hartebeest, roan antelope and a wandering lion or two.

A kind of gardenia tree was common here, rich with fragrant white blossoms and fruity seed pods. Eland like these pods so well—Claude called them "eland pears"—that they'll break off the top of a tree for them, catching a limb between great horns and twisting till it snaps. Then they'll pick a few pears and some of the tenderest top leaves and shoots, for giant eland are mostly browsers. The gardenia trees are usually spaced several feet apart. It is as though they are a part of a huge orchard, with fine open views appearing unexpectedly.

Teddy Roosevelt wrote of listening for the crack of breaking branches as a way to locate a herd of feeding eland. There were some small herds of them where we hunted—perhaps 10 to 20—but most of the old, desirable bulls were either solitary or traveled in small groups of no more than four or five.

Discouraging days passed. Not a bull eland track was seen by either hunting car and I began to wonder if that single shot of mine could have so spooked the old smart ones that they had now moved out of our area.

"A single shot is nothing," Claude assured me one evening. "And the little bit of hunting we have done near camp for meat doesn't make any difference either—the sounds of our shots don't carry to where the eland are."

The days were not without excitement, however. For every now and then we'd see *some* eland tracks. The car would halt immediately and everyone would pile out while the African tracker and the white hunter examined the tracks with the most painstaking scrutiny, perhaps following them for 50 yards or so. Finally, after a last exchange of views with the tracker, the hunter would give us his verdict: "Six cows and a young bull."

One morning we were barreling along when Claude suddenly slowed and held up his arm for silence. Could those brown forms slipping past about 125 yards ahead be eland? Suddenly a black horn showed —they were!

I counted eight. Bill Zehner and I were ready to burst with excitement when Claude spoke: "All damned cows."

Unlike many African species, both male and female eland carry horns. Indeed, a cow may have horns longer than a bull of the same body size, so that to the uninitiated a big old cow may look like a tempting prize . . . except that no one deliberately shoots a female.

"How did you know they were all cows so fast?" Bill wanted to know.

"The general impression. Cow eland horns are rather slim even when they are long, and there wasn't a heavy horn in the bunch. Also the animals' color. Worthwhile bulls have a gray look quite different from the brown of young bulls and cows."

Our pulses slowed, but there was another notch in a subtle tension that built day by day. Wouldn't *anyone* get another chance at an eland?

And then one noon Cap Grier and I returned to camp, hot and tired, to find Roger and Bill practically dancing in front of the mess tent. They'd shot *two* eland!

After the back slapping we walked a few yards to where the heads were being skinned. The horns were huge. Staggering, in fact. Roger's were comfortably in the all-time world records with a bit over 40 inches. And though Bill's head didn't quite make the book, it nevertheless was a very impressive and massive trophy, evidently from an old bull.

[*Continued on page* 80]

COMING. . .

They outnumber the enemy, but need more and more U.S. help to fight their war

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Answers to the most vexing question of the war by Pulitzer Prize-winner Malcolm W. Browne

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Model of the twin-towered structure that in 1972 will become the world's tallest.

Marvin Breed of St. Louis has always believed that the Empire State Building is the world's largest. "But over a couple of beers recently," he writes, "a friend of mine claimed there are bigger buildings. Who is right?"

Both of you are and aren't. There are at least three candidates for the title, depending on your definition of bigness.

The Empire State Building in midtown Manhattan is, and has been since 1931, the world's tallest building. It reaches 102 stories and 1,250 feet into the air. A large television mast, which transmits signals from the city's nine TV stations, raises the height another 222 feet.

The biggest structure in terms of cubic capacity, however, is the Vehicle Assembly Building at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration headquarters near Cape Kennedy. It is 552 feet high, 710 feet long and 515 feet wide, providing 129,492,000 cubic feet of space. It is so spacious that scientists say rain clouds would form inside if there were no temperature controls.

Finally, the building that covers the most ground is the Pentagon, outside of Washington. It occupies 34 acres. Each of its outer sides is 921 feet long and its perimeter is seven-eights of a mile.

But as the old saw goes, records are made to be broken, and the oldest of these recordholders soon will be first no longer. Presently under construction on a 16-acre site in lower Manhattan is the New York Port Authority's World Trade Center. Plans call for the $575-million complex to have two 110-story towers, each 1,350 feet high when completed in 1972. The towers will thus be eight stories and 100 feet taller than the Empire State Building.

Even as crews laid the groundwork for the Trade Center, some diehards argued, that technically, the TV tower on the Empire State would still leave the older building champion. But it now seems fairly certain that the transmitters for New York's TV stations will be moved to a tower that will be built atop the Trade Center, making it indisputably the new titleholder.

Other new construction promises to muddle present records a bit more. A new hotel and office tower now being built in Denver, Colorado, will be a yard higher than the Empire State, taking second in the record books. It will also be segmented into the most (120) stories of any building in the world. The John Hancock Building in Chicago, upon completion, will at 1,150 feet (100 stories) be the fourth tallest building in the world. New York's Chrysler building, for a long time the second tallest at 1,046 feet, will then be relegated to fifth place.

Incidentally, the highest buildings outside the U.S. are in Moscow and San Paulo, Brazil. Both are 787 feet tall and midgets compared to the giants of the American skyline. As for internal space or land covered, no foreign buildings come close to the dimensions of the Vehicle Assembly Building's dimensions or the Pentagon.

Q: I've been told that it's not practical to make duck and goose decoys out of natural cork. Why not? ***Warren O. Johnson, Ellinwood, Kans.***

A: It's too expensive. Natural cork is no longer processed in this country and can only be imported by specific order. Also natural cork usually comes in the form of slabs that are four, five and six-inches thick. In order to achieve sufficient width for a decoy, several pieces must be laminated together. Most cork decoys are made out of ground cork with only the thin neck and head carved from natural cork.

Q: Where is the population explosion exploding most? ***Ronald Glynn, Tacoma, Wash.***

A: It would seem logical that the most populated continent on the earth, Asia, would have the largest rate of population growth but it doesn't. Latin America is highest with a 2.8 percent rate of increase (1960 through 1964) and Africa is next with 2.4 percent.

Q: When were napalm bombs first used? ***J. Shelton Scales, Martinsville, Va.***

A: Napalm, highly flammable jelled gasoline, was first used on July 22, 1944, when the 318th U.S. Fighter Group bombed the Japanese island of Tinian in preparation for a Marine landing assault.

Q: Did pirates really wear earrings? ***Beniah C. Harding, Thomaston, Me.***

A: Early seamen believed that a pierced ear with a ring through it improved one's eyesight. However, records indicate that except for a few recruited islanders, pirates never wore earrings. In fact they dressed as inconspicuously as possible, for obvious reasons, and not at all the way popular, romantic fantasy might indicate.

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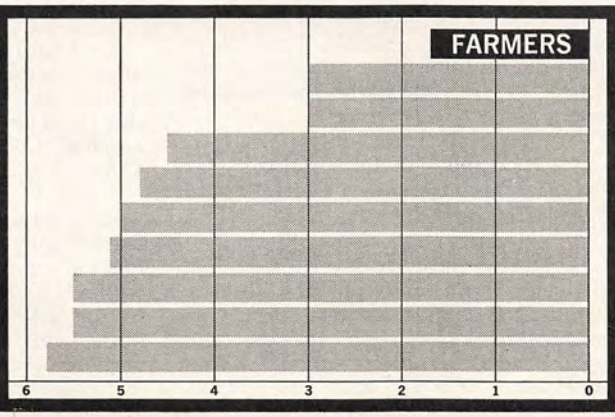

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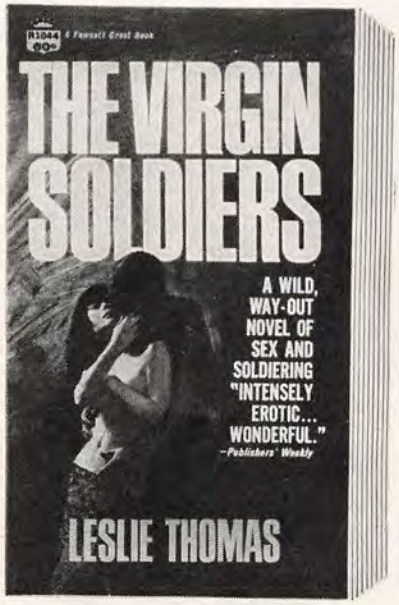

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

Leonard Lee Rue III

Q: Are beaver tails edible? ***Richard N. Gilbert, Salt Lake City, Utah.***

A: Yes. They were popular with old-time trappers who impaled the severed tails on sticks and broiled them over hot coals for several minutes. The rough, scaly hide blistered from the heat and came off in sheets, leaving the tail clean, white and solid. The meat was then roasted or boiled until tender. Gelatinous, it tasted somewhat like pork and was often cubed and baked with beans.

Q: Railroads pride themselves on accurate time. Do the railroads have any regulations to insure timekeeping standards? ***Edwin G. Handley, Imperial Beach, Calif.***

A: Yes. In the operating department of most railroads, watches must be submitted to a railroad watch inspector periodically for inspection and for comparison with an official clock. The standard rule is that watches must not vary more than 30 seconds per week from perfect time. Employees must also compare their watches with an official clock before a trip or when beginning a day's work. If no official clock is available, the employee must obtain the correct time from a conductor or dispatcher who has consulted one.

Q: How and why did basketball players get the nickname "cagers"? ***Ken Turja, Gainesville, Fla.***

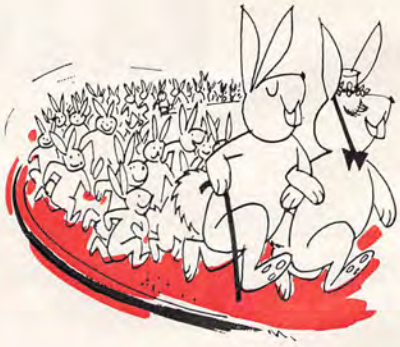
A: During the early days of basketball, the game was actually played within the confines of a large screened cage. Gym areas were smaller then, and the cages were needed to protect spectators from misthrown balls or stumbling players. When screening wasn't available, the cages were often made of barbed wire despite the obvious danger to the players.

Q: Who authored the following famous lines: "For the want of a nail the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe the horse was lost; for the want of a horse the rider was lost; for the want of a rider the battle was lost; for the want of a battle the kingdom was lost—and all for the want of a horseshoe nail"? ***Evan Potts, Tacoma, Wash.***

A: It is an old English saying of unknown origin. The earliest recorded reference to it was found in the writing of George Herbert, English poet and chuchman, published in 1633. Benjamin Franklin also mentions it in the preface of *Poor Richard's Almanack* for 1758.

Q: Are there any mountains on the moon? ***Clifford Newhouse, Gales Ferry, Conn.***

A: Many, some as tall as 20,000 and 30,000 feet high, as recent moon photographs reveal.



Q: Just how fast can rabbits multiply? ***John Timmons, New York, N. Y.***

A: A pair, under moderately unhampered conditions, can produce nine million descendants in three years.

Q: I keep hearing conflicting reports about the actual safety value of automobile seat belts. What's the story? Do they help or hinder in the event of an accident? ***Randolph York, Memphis, Tenn.***

A: Findings of a Cornell University crash injury team reveal that the possibility of serious injury is five times greater without seat belts than with them. Even in convertibles, the odds are still in favor of the belted driver. Many owners of convertibles feel that a seat belt can be dangerous in the event of a roll-over, keeping occupants trapped in the car. Roll-overs, however, account for only one-fifth of all serious accidents.

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Q: What is origami? ***James Shadoff, Lynbrook, N.Y.***

A: It is the very old but still popular Oriental art of paper folding to form animals, birds and other figures.

Q: I'm a cat lover. Isn't it true that there are more of us in this country than not? What I mean is, aren't there more families in the U.S. with cats than without? ***Norman Davies Brick, Hollywood, Calif.***

A: No. Only one out of five families in this country has at least one cat. At present, the U.S. cat population stands at 27 million—about half are homeless.

Q: How many Americans own private pilot licenses? ***Babs Dillon, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: 480,000.

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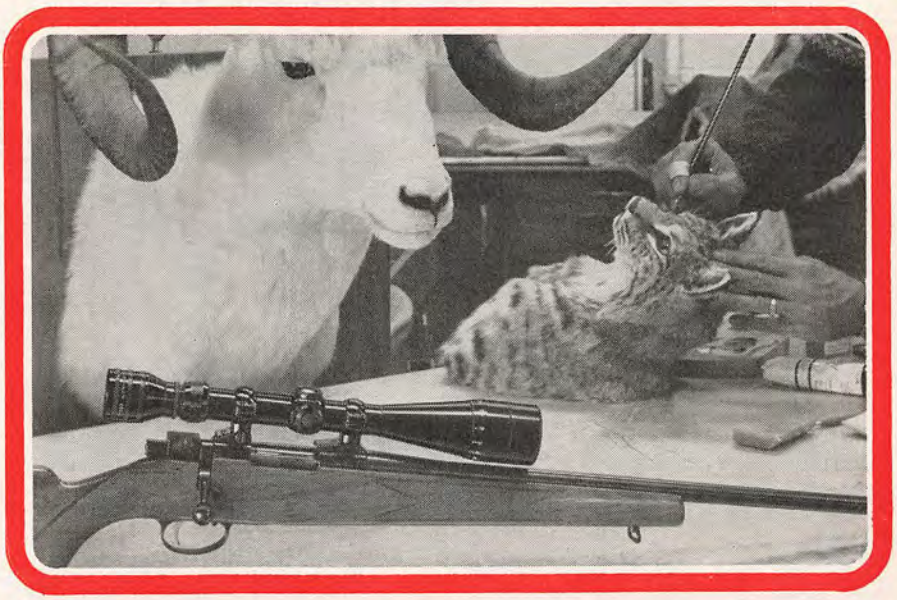

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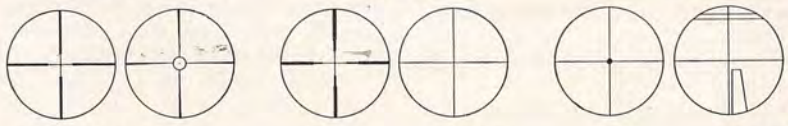

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"It was a new version of 'chicken.'"

[*Continued from page* 75]

"How did you do it?" Cap and I asked in chorus.

That's when the ribbing started. They had decided not to tell us the whole story but feed us crumbs of information liberally laced with nonsense.

"Ours is a new record for the Chad," Zehner announced.

"Unquestionably," Roger agreed.

A bottle of Scotch had been opened in celebration. It was good to relax in the shade and share in the triumph.

"The shots were made within half a second of each other," Bill went on. "Claude says no one has ever done this before on giant eland, particularly of this superb quality, so it's a unique record."

"I swear that the shots were faster." Roger put in. "Maybe only a quarter of a second apart. Absolutely untoppable."

Damn but they were pleased with themselves.

"I really don't see how you could have blown that first one," Roger told me. "Hell, they must be four feet deep at the shoulder."

They had been trailing four bulls and a buffalo traveling together. Obviously they'd surprised the animals—as Cap and I had that first time—yet their unwillingness to tell all suggested some sort of gimmick or trick.

"Mine was a clean one-shot kill," Roger remarked presently.

"So was mine, and I used only a .30-06." Bill added.

"Well, now—you had to give it a finishing shot."

"Yes, but you *know* the bull was dead. Hell, it had its neck wedged between those trees and couldn't move. I only—"

"So you *trapped* a bull somehow!" Cap leaped to the attack.

"Strangled it!" I shouted. "Damned unsporting. I knew there was something fishy about all this."

"Probably they were stuck in a water hole, drowning," Cap added.

And so on, till after midnight. "He was stone dead, I tell you!" "How could you have missed, Pete?" "Pass the whisky." "It takes a real hard-shooting hunter to drop a giant eland bull in its tracks." Cap and I got only three hours' sleep, for of course we had to get up at 4:15 to try for eland again. . . .

"This is the best time of year for down here in the bush," Claude remarked. It was another lovely June day, the closest this part of Africa comes to spring. Everything was freshly green. Birds sang. And though it was the start of the rainy season, we encountered daytime rains only twice and cloudy days but three times in three weeks. The temperature never climbed past 90°, with most nights in the high 60's. It was humid much of the time—there'd be a downpour just about every other night—but there was always the river at camp for a refreshing plunge.

In short, Cap and I were in a hunting paradise . . . except that we were beginning to feel desperate over not getting another crack at eland, for we'd been after them daily and harder than ever since Bill and Roger scored.

Inevitably the talk turned to this subject as we were finishing lunch under some trees. A water hole as pretty as a calendar picture glistened about 100 yards away. "My brother spent days here with a camera, trying to photograph giant eland," Claude remarked.

"How did he make out?" I could guess the answer.

"Nothing. So far as I know, no one has ever taken color close-ups of giant eland in the wild, and even black-and-white pictures of them are extremely rare."

"Rare, tricky, sneaky. I wonder how those guys got close to their eland?" Cap said moodily.

"We went faster than the wind in the car," Claude explained, taking pity on us. "There was a light breeze just a little bit faster than we could walk where we found the tracks. The bulls were feeding downwind, as usual. Well, we couldn't walk after them because the wind would soon carry our scent to them and goodbye.

"So I took a gamble and we followed them downwind in the car but to one side of the tracks. When I guessed we'd gone far enough, we piled out and hurried across the wind on foot.

"Suddenly we were right on top of them—just luck."

Cap and I exchanged glances. It wasn't "just luck." Claude and Mickey (who incidentally are the only English-speaking white hunters in the Chad) seldom advertise yet are always well booked a year ahead. Apparently their satisfied clients—and taxidermists impressed with the quality of their trophies—spread the word.

We got back in the hunting car and made a swing toward camp, searching under the canopy of treetops for fresh eland tracks, staring at the passing ground till our eyes watered. . . .

The day Cap and I will never forget began like any other, up in the dark and traveling in the dawn's freshness. Only one item was different—we were with Mickey Micheletti for the second day running. Yesterday he'd found a new eland area full of tracks just beyond some country we'd struck out in time and again. It was as if the animals knew we were after them and decided to move into thicker cover that would make following them extra tough.

Now we were returning to this new find.

By lunchtime I was damned discouraged. A small bunch had dallied with us all morning, ever circling to catch our scent and when they got it—as they did no matter how we maneuvered—they were so sure of themselves that they never panicked. The bulls kept their distance but they continued to feed.

I saw one snapped-off tree top that was about four inches thick at the break. An eland had caught the limb in its horns and broken the tree so as to reach the upper leaves easily. I marveled at the power needed to accomplish this. "Eland" stems from a Greek word meaning "strength" but this is not how the animal got its name—the Boers thoughtlessly called the southern races of these big antelope "eland" which is Dutch for "elk." They couldn't have been more wrong. Elk, members of the deer family, shed their antlers annually, something that no horned African animal does.

We were finishing lunch. Mickey, a Frenchman from the Island of Corsica, sat quietly. He is of medium height, with dark hair and brown eyes and a deep tan. Mickey has a mild air about him that is deceiving, for he is a hunter of considerable talent and determination.

"Perhaps," he said at last, "the wind will give us a chance now."

It was hot and still, with no direction to the rare puff of breeze. Mickey turned his Land Rover toward thick cover and soon we were in it, so deep you couldn't guess what time of day it was.

Almost immediately we were stopping to examine eland tracks.

"Mostly cows and young," he said presently. "But there is a bull with them. Shall we have a look?"

Was he kidding?

Then Cap Grier and I were holding on as Mickey barreled the lumbering hunting car through that thick stuff in a way that I still cannot believe. Jolting, turning, skidding, scraping between trees, he hurtled us along the tracks.

"Saving a little time," he explained apologetically.

A mile passed. Two. Now we stopped and he was out instantly, a finger to his lips. The tracks were printed deep in the soft earth. "Bring your cameras," he whispered. Then we were running, following Mickey and the gun bearer with my .375. I noticed a stepped-on lizard still squirming in an eland hoofprint and my heart leaped with the sudden knowledge that we might really catch them.

We came into a little clearing and there they were, perhaps 40 yards away—eland wherever I looked, frozen in astonishment at our appearance. Cap and I in turn were so stunned we didn't raise our cameras at first.

"The bull is nothing," Mickey said in a normal voice and they were off in a crashing run.

We ran some more and damn if we didn't catch them again, wary now but pausing to look back. There were about 15 in a tight bunch, their horns jet black above huge tan bodies faintly striped in white. At last an old cow tossed her head and led them off at a brisk trot.

Later in the afternoon we repeated this entire performance—sneaked on another bunch of cows and a couple of young bulls, photographed them and just plain stood around watching them till they were out of sight.

Cap and I were jubilant. We knew we'd taken some good pictures of giant eland and *that* would take some of the heat off us at supper this night. But there was something else, and I believe we both sensed it. There are rare, wonderful days in hunting when everything goes right and so far this was one of them. I think of them as magic times.

You gain a slight edge on the game. You know you are going to shoot well. And you get the feeling that whatever you do is going to be right.

We got back in the car and started in the general direction of camp. It was late afternoon but there was plenty of light left for hunting.

We hadn't traveled a mile when Mickey stopped the car suddenly.

"Five bulls," he said, studying the deep tracks. "And not too far ahead of us."

It was even more still than in the early afternoon. Not a leaf stirred. *If the air stays dead like this a little longer, we'll have a good chance,* I thought as Mickey ran through the gears and careened into ever-opening country.

When we got out we took just a camera and my .375 with a solid for the first shot. There was no problem following the tracks; you could run and never lose them. For once some bulls had chosen to cross fairly open territory while we were in it.

Just let me see the whole bull this time.

A great excitement had built in me as we dogtrotted along the tracks. Just the same, I never quite believed we'd catch them till I saw Mickey's binoculars go up. Then, hearts thumping, we stole from bush to bush, gaining rapidly. For they were just drifting along, plucking a leaf here and there.

We made it to one more bush. Now at last we could see them, great gray shapes drifting among the trees, huge dewlaps swinging from their chins as they walked, tails busy against the flies. The sheer size of the beasts was breathtaking. Now at last I knew how Claude and Mickey could identify eland cows instantly.

The cows are big but the bulls are massive.

"Take the second from the left," Mickey whispered.

This bull stepped into the clear, just then about 150 yards away, and stopped broadside for a moment to glance in the direction of its trail. It was an easy shot. I walloped the bull low through both shoulders with the solid and was so sure of the shot I handed the rifle to Cap as we took off after them.

Some 200 yards along I saw my bull stagger and fall and a tracker peel away toward it.

Then we were crossing the car track to camp and a little beyond it the remaining bulls paused once more. Cap fired very fast at the bull Mickey selected and it fell within 50 yards.

Wowee! I actually hollered out the word.

Presently we were admiring Cap's magnificent bull. "Look at the size of him!" he kept repeating. I counted 12 white stripes on its side, the number typical of the Central African giant eland, largest of the tribe. It was indeed a stupendous animal.

"About 1,600 pounds," Mickey guessed. "But a really old bull will crowd a ton."

Later I put a tape measure on mine, found it stood about 5 feet 10 inches at the shoulder and was 10 feet long from nose to tail tip. This bull's horns were about an inch shorter than Roger's and also in the record book.

"I am going to open a fresh bottle of whisky when we get to camp and toast a wonderful hunter," Cap said, thumping Mickey's back.

"Hell, we can do that right now!" I'd almost forgotten the remains of a bottle of bourbon in my safari bag, saved for just this occasion. We stood around taking snorts.

Then, as the sun began to sink, we got out our knives and helped with the skinning. When we climbed into the car for the last time, after loading the head of Cap's trophy, we were really filthy. And tired. Moreover we'd finished the whisky.

None of this mattered.

"I've never felt better in my life than this very moment," Cap Grier announced. "But the best is yet to come."

"You mean telling them?"

"Damn right! After what they made us swallow, we're going to clobber them. Two honest one-shot kills for openers."

"At longer ranges."

"Check! More game stalked *and* photographed."

"And we helped skin the trophies."

"Hell yes! Those guys couldn't skin an orange."

We sat there grinning. Mickey drove the car sweetly in the cool twilight. We knew the others would be as pleased about our bulls as we were. But we discussed our tactics. This was to be a celebration that needed a little planning.

—Peter Barrett

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A WHISTLE-STOP SCHOOL WITH BIG-TIME TALENT

[*Continued from page* 37]

that night," Robinson recalls, "and I said to myself 'Man, you got to be the world's biggest dope. You are going to kill every lineman you got just to prove a point and Old Tank Younger has already proved one for you. That boy has got to be a back.' "

Which is how that yellowed newspaper clipping had its genesis. Switched to the backfield, Tank Younger scored 60 touchdowns in three seasons and Eddie Kotal (who went down to see him play four times) knew the school song by heart before Younger graduated.

In June of 1948. Kotal, Younger, Doctor Jones and Robinson began to rewrite athletic and social history on a lonely road between Grambling and Ruston. They rode around in Doctor Jones' old car and they talked salary terms and when they finally returned to the campus several hours later, they had begun to bury an incredibly shortsighted professional football myth. For the first time the pros were going to offer a kid from an all-Negro college a chance to play football for a living.

Kotal remembers leaving Grambling with Eddie Robinson's parting remark still fresh in his mind. "Just give him the ball in practice," Robinson had said. "You make sure they get to see him run and then stop worrying because nobody is going to cut that boy off your squad."

They gave Tank Younger the ball and he became an all-pro. Then they took it away from him and played him on defense and he was an all-pro there as well. By that time other scouts from other teams were on their way South to put their organizations into the 20th century. Nobody had to wait for the new day dawning after that. Grambling had set the thing in motion.

And when CBS and NBC poured thousands of dollars and millions of decibels into advertising what they called "Super Sunday—the Super Bowl Showdown," Dr. Ralph Waldo Emerson Jones, a small gray-haired man of 62 with rimless glasses, flew out to Los Angeles last January to see it.

In the first half, he saw Junius Buchanan (Grambling '64), a magnificent 6-7, 285-pound tackle, play brilliant football as Kansas City stunned people all over the country by clinging within striking distance of heavily favored Green Bay. In the second half, he saw Willie Davis (Grambling '58) come thundering in from his defensive end position to raise great bruises on Len Dawson, the KC quarterback. And at intermission, he saw the world's fastest-stepping college musical aggregation, the Grambling Tiger Marching Band, steal the half-time show away from a cast of hundreds without straining a single grace note.

"It was," Doctor Jones said afterwards, "a very nice afternoon for all of us."

It had taken a long time for Grambling to get there. In 1936, Doctor Jones became the college's second president. He took over a school with 120 students, six frame buildings and a mountain of debts.

Under Doctor Jones the school has grown to a dazzling collection of colonial brick building on a 380-acre campus with 4,000 full-time students (roughly one-third male) and a 70,000-volume library. It is fully state supported, offers several different degrees and supplies more than half the teachers for Louisiana's still heavily segregated school systems.

But in the beginning, Doctor Jones not only taught and administered, he also coached football, basketball and baseball. In 1941, with great reluctance, he gave up coaching football and basketball. He kept baseball, however, and Tommie Agee, the American League's rookie of the year in 1966 with the Chicago White Sox, is a Ralph Waldo Emerson Jones player. So 1941 becomes a very large year in Grambling history. It was the year in which Doctor Jones hired a young man named Eddie Robinson.

As a kid, Eddie Robinson had played segregated high-school football in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and spent a brief period haunting the local gym because "I figured all I needed was a little training and I could be a regular Joe Louis and go out and conquer the world." His widowed mother insisted that he go to college and since Leland, a now defunct Baptist school, was handy in nearby Baker, Louisiana, geography suddenly brought him into contact with the man who gave him a direction.

Leland did not have a very good football team. For three years, Eddie Robinson was its 170-pound tailback and nobody was much impressed. But when classes recessed at the conclusion of Robinson's junior year, a man named Rubin Turner hit town. Eddie Robinson had just been elected football captain and he had taken a job on the ice wagon for three dollars a week that summer to raise the money for his fall school clothes.

"Turner hit that town like a hurricane," Eddie Robinson says. "He was a preacher. But he wasn't just any preacher. Man, he was *the* preacher. When he got to preachin' there just wasn't anyone could touch him. He could outpreach you and outdance you and outtalk you and outjoke you and, if he had to, he could outfight you.

"One day I came home from work and my mother said that Mr. Turner was the new football coach at Leland and that he wanted me to take a trip with him that summer looking for football players.

"I told her that I needed my job and that I wasn't going to go off on some crazy trip but she just looked me in the eye and she told me that yes I was because Reverend Turner knew what was right for me and he was such a nice man and she had already packed my bag. And right there I learned a little something about recruiting which I never forgot. If you want a boy badly enough and if you think he is right for your school, then just you never mind about that boy. You go out and sell his momma and if you convince that fine lady, well, you aren't going to lose many prospects."

So Eddie Robinson piled his stuff into Reverend Turner's old Chevy and they set off on an 800-mile trip through cities and over dirt roads and past one-store towns like New Iberia, Delhi and Tallulah. In Eddie Robinson's words, "that old boy just kept selling Leland College to all those parents and little by little he was putting together a football team."

In between stops he preached to Eddie Robinson about the role of the pencil and the notebook in football, something which Negro college football, for the most part, had sadly neglected.

Then one day, on a muddy road near a small town named Jennings, Rubin Turner stopped the car, turned to Eddie Robinson and said:

"Son, up 'til now we've been living with the alumni and gettin' a little help from those good people. But we don't have any more money now and we don't have any alumni in this town and I am going to have to hold a little prayer meeting tonight. You," he said, "are going to lead the prayers."

At first, Robinson flatly refused but then at first (still sulking about the new school clothes this trip would cost him) he had also refused to address potential football candidates. "But after three days," Robinson remembers, "he had me makin' those damned stump speeches all by myself and I got so good I began to believe them." So Rubin Turner held his

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE KLANSMAN

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prayer meeting and he spoke about the good Christian upbringing at Leland College and the next thing he knew, Eddie Robinson was right up there in front leading the prayers.

Rubin Turner got his football team and with Eddie Robinson throwing the passes from his tailback position, Leland won its conference championship. The rest of 1940 was the best of possible years for Eddie Robinson and the glow carried on through the spring of '41. He married Doris Lamott, his childhood sweetheart. Then he graduated and all of a sudden he realized what year it was and where he was and that nobody in Louisiana was rushing out to hire Negro college graduates. He went to work in a Baton Rouge feed mill, loading 150-pound sacks. Reverend Turner's lessons on the value of the pencil in football didn't mean much to him then. The Robinsons did not have the price of too many pencils.

But Doris Lamott's aunt was a student at Grambling and when she learned that Doctor Jones was thinking of giving up his duties as football coach, she marched into his office and told him about her nephew.

"I knew the boy," Doctor Jones says.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"He had shown great self-control when a boy named Riley Smith dropped a touchdown pass he had thrown against us the year before." ("The reason I didn't holler at Riley Smith," Eddie Robinson will tell you, "is because I was mad enough to kill him if I got started.")

Doctor Jones went down to Webb's Barbershop on 13th Street in Baton Rouge where Eddie Robinson used to spend his free hours. He asked a lot of questions about him and then he called Robinson and hired him.

Except for the Robinsons, who immediately began to eat better, the rest of the state took little note of the change. Robinson was eager and young and bursting to put Rubin Turner's theories to the test. The results were, to say the least, discouraging. Grambling did not win a single game that season and in the faculty dining room one noon, Eddie Robinson heard one of his co-teachers ask Doctor Jones:

"President Jones, when are you going to fire that man? No man can coach football with a pencil."

"I'm not going to fire him," Doctor Jones said. "He will be so good one of these days that he will probably be here longer than either of us."

The following year, Robinson won every game. (Ironically, this has been his only undefeated season despite the fact that his teams have won 162 games, lost only 63 and tied 11.) Then the war came along and Grambling dropped intercollegiate football. But Robinson had that pencil in the back of his mind and when the school put in a high-school unit, he had the boys playing intramural ball. (Many of them would ultimately move to the college varsity later.) He also had the girls playing touch football. And he spent long nights through those years, diagramming and refining and diagramming all over again.

His first postwar team was 5-5. Then Tank Younger became a back and Robinson was 9-1 the following year. Meanwhile Doctor Jones, scraping in every direction to get the funds Grambling required, still managed to find the money to send Robinson off to the major national coaching clinics.

"It was embarrassing," Eddie recalls. "We'd have to introduce ourselves and I'd say I was from Grambling and they'd all laugh and call it Gambling or Grumbling or something like that and I'd say to myself 'go ahead and laugh, damn you. Give me a couple of years and we'll see who's laughing.' "

At the University of Iowa in 1947, Eddie Robinson, who was finishing up some credits for his masters in the off-season, walked into a national coaching clinic where Frank Carideo, the old Notre Damer, was speaking about the Michigan single wing. After 10 minutes, Robinson raised his hand and said: "No, you don't do it that way."

"Who are you?" Eddie Anderson, who was then the Iowa football coach, asked.

"I'm, well, I coach Grambling College."

"Oh," Doctor Anderson said. "Really? Well, perhaps you would like to tell us how the formation is run."

Slowly at first and then with a great firmness as his embarrassment died, Eddie Robinson explained it step-by-step. Afterward Anderson approached him and asked him where Grambling was and what type of football they played. He asked for some films. With great trepidation, Eddie Robinson asked Doris to mail him some game films immediately.

"I had to show them to the coaches in that class," Robinson remembers, "and they were supposed to criticize them. I was a Negro coach and I felt they were waiting to tear me apart. I knew the quality of our films was poor alongside of what they were used to seeing. And then, as I was threading the projector, I said to myself 'maybe I'm in too deep. Maybe I talk too much. Maybe they are going to laugh.' And then I flipped the switch and there was good old Paul Younger running back a kick and the interference was chopping the other people down and Doctor Anderson yelled:

"Stop the film. Stop it right there. Gentlemen, you have just seen a classic demonstration of how a man is supposed to run with a football."

That was when Robinson realized that he must be doing a pretty good job. But not good enough. Rubin Turner's theories had paid off with Tank Younger and, while Grambling won and kept on

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winning, the pros were not signing up Grambling players. Something was lacking and the coach decided he had better find out what it was.

"College coaches won't like this," he says candidly, "but the pros do it all the best. That's what they're paid to do." So Robinson started trying to get some pros to help him out.

The first pro to join Grambling's corps of volunteer consultants was Dub Jones. He had been one of the best pass receivers in football history. Since Jones lived in nearby Ruston, Eddie Robinson had followed his career with great interest. Jones has a lumber business and one day in 1953, Robinson drove over to Ruston, and asked him if he would help with spring practice at Grambling.

Jones is white and a native Louisianan. He realized that Robinson's request was quite unusual. But he didn't hesitate. He was delighted to help coach the Negro team.

The big Browns end came over to practice and mostly he planned to work with the receivers. The results were immediate. More important, every time he showed a boy something, he would look up and there would be Eddie Robinson at his elbow saying, "When you get a minute, Dub, let's talk." By the time Jones left to rejoin the Browns, Robinson had absorbed most of the Cleveland system.

"Eddie Robinson," Dub Jones said in a New York hotel last year, "works harder than the average coach. First, he has to do more coaching. Most of the kids he gets do not have the grounding in fundamentals because Negro youngsters playing high-school ball in the South do not get the quality coaching the white kids do. But he gets them big. He gambles on their size. He works with them and he makes them go. Football is an emotional game. The boy with the most desire makes it. The Negro boy has that desire and he has the hunger. Given the chance, he'll make good.

"And Eddie . . . well, Eddie Robinson could coach anywhere . . . at any school . . . and with any kind of kid."

Dub Jones was the first but not the only pro to have his brain pumped by Eddie Robinson. Many of the others have been Grambling graduates. Their coach reminds them that they have a debt to pay and they are glad to pay it. Many pro players from Grambling finish up their degrees after their pro careers have already started, so they are on campus studying during spring practice.

Robinson gets them out on the field. There you can hear Junius Buchanan explaining, "On the rush, you know, you just don't blow the man over. You learn to read the play. What you do is sort of immobilize him on the first blow and then you have time to hold up a second and see what's happening."

You can hear Willie Davis on the trap play: "If you don't feel pressure coming at you, it's a trap. So then you turn and trap the trapper and drive him back onto that hole and bust that play."

Of course, it's not all coaching. No matter how many pros Robinson had helping him, he still wouldn't turn out winning teams if he didn't have winning material. And to get winning material, you have to recruit. Eddie Robinson is a top recruiter. The lessons he learned from Rubin Turner stayed with him.

A good example is Ernie Ladd, a Grambling all-pro now with the Houston Oilers. He was a young giant as a high-school senior in Orange, Texas. His uncle, Garland Boyette, was at Grambling. He and Ladd would play on Robinson's 1960 team, the showpiece of all Grambling football teams, a fantastic collection of talent which won nine of 10 games and which produced 11 professional football players. But when Boyette told Robinson about Ladd, every school in Grambling's Southwestern Athletic Conference was already after him.

Robinson sent Dr. C. D. Henry of the phys ed department down to bring Ladd in for a visit. Ladd was a growing boy and breakfast cost Doctor Henry $9.85. He called Robinson collect.

"Listen, I have never seen an eater like this kid in my life. I have 37 cents left and a tank full of gas. What do I do if he wants lunch?"

"Why, you just bring him on in," Eddie said, "even if you have to bring him in hungry." Then he skipped over to the school dining hall and had a little talk with the staff.

When Ernie Ladd arrived, Robinson took him in for lunch. As Ladd moved through the school cafeteria, his tray grew higher and higher. It was an Everest of mashed potatoes, an Eiffel Tower of meat. At the bread station, the girl behind the counter counted out five slices of bread. Then she looked at Robinson who was shaking his head behind Ladd. She hesitated, then put half-a-loaf into Ladd's free hand.

"Coach," Ernie Ladd smiled, "you sure feed good here." He spent four years knocking down other football players for Robinson.

One of Robinson's great victories in recruiting came in the spirited battle for a fullback from southern Louisiana. He had to outtalk and outmaneuver a Big Ten school and Southern U.

"I didn't worry too much about that old boy from the Big Ten," Robinson explains, "because he was living up at the hotel and driving that big car. The man from Southern was more difficult. I had to outwait him and get invited to supper.

"Well, finally it got to be suppertime

and the boy's mother said she didn't have much and I'd have to take potluck but I said, 'listen, that's country cooking if I ever smelled it and I am just really a country boy and you lead me to it.' Then she brought in the graham-cracker pie and I just had to tell her it was better than anything my wife makes but I hoped she'd keep that our little secret.

" 'Southern is a fine school,' I told her after dessert, 'and I'm sure that your boy will do all right even if he is in a big city while at Grambling he'd probably be bored because all there is to do is to study all week and go to church on Sunday.' "

Eddie Robinson got his fullback.

So it's recruiting and coaching and tough, hungry kids whose parents are very, very poor. For the most part, they are kids without big reputations. They come to Robinson with large hands and feet and "then we fill in the rest right there in our dining hall. I have never coached a rich boy. But if he's big and mean and poor, I want him." That's the essence of Robinson's coaching system and of Grambling's football success.

But there is only one way to find out what Grambling football is all about and why it has produced so many top pros. You have to go down there and see it and once you have seen it played, it is something you do not forget.

On this particular weekend, Grambling will play Bishop College in New Orleans' Sugar Cup Classic. On Thursday, Robinson sends his team through the final contact drill and the hitting is positively brutal. Robinson has three part-time assistants. ("An improvement," he explains. "My first year, the whole coaching staff was me and old Jess Applegate, the night watchman.") He is everywhere, racing furiously from one end of the practice field to the other, wearing sweat clothes and an old army field jacket. Several scouts have dropped by to watch practice and Doctor Jones, sitting in his car at the edge of the field says:

"Some coaches get irritated by the scouts. That's ridiculous. This is a chance for these boys. Our job is to place them in life according to their skills and this is part of it. Pro sports are just another avenue of making a living. There are few enough of such avenues for some."

That night there will be a skull session in the big classroom underneath the stadium and in between practice and the evening's work, the visitor goes down to the town of Grambling to learn something about its association with the school.

Its Main Street is a two-block north-south drag, containing Mike's Cafe, Hawthorne's Novelty and Record Shop and Dan's Dairy Bar. In the evening, the men gather at Gallo's Barbershop to discuss the football team or the fall rains and what they will mean to the men who cut pulpwood in Hodge or Jonesboro.

Over at Calvin Wilkerson's College Shop, a clothing store with the accent on campus fashions, the proprietor explains why Grambling football has a special place for a lot of people.

"We take great pride in the college. When the boys go out and make a name for themselves we feel we're a part of it because it couldn't happen to us on our own. Some of our people are day laborers who cut pulpwood and when the rains come in the fall, their take-home pay could be as little as $15 a week. It costs $1.50 to see Grambling play and that can buy an awful lot when you only start with $15. But they go any way. This town is empty when Grambling plays—home or away."

That night the Grambling football team sprawls around the large classroom and listens to a scouting report. Midway through it, Robinson interrupts the scout. "Now you all have young minds so I know you are all going to remember this without writing it down. But I am old and tired so I am going to take this notebook and I am going to write down, 'red formation run . . . brown formation . . . pass.' " Around him 50 pencils have suddenly come to life.

"But, Elie," Robinson says to a player, "Elie, when they run all over you on Saturday because you didn't listen here and you are stretched out on the ground and the captain looks down at you and patiently asks what do they like to do from the red formation, then when you move your bloody lips, what will you answer?"

"Run," Elie says meekly.

"Well, dog, you hit it right on the nose. Maybe we can play this game after all."

The game is played at City Park Stadium in New Orleans and it has rained the entire night before. It will be a tough, dirty afternoon. Still, the game attracts a happy, partisan crowd. It begins to file in early . . . co-eds with traditional chrysanthemums flit from seat to seat to socialize while the 110-piece Grambling band marches down the sidelines in gold and black uniforms.

Bishop arrives first. It is not a small team and it moves briskly through its exercises. The visitor wonders if he may not have been deluded somewhat about the enormous size Grambling is supposed to have year after year.

Suddenly, the Grambling band breaks into "Hold that Tiger." It is not a Dixieland beat. It is a let's-all-go-out-to-the-

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Crusades stomp. The girls in the grandstand jump to their feet and wave black and gold pompons. The Grambling football team lines up quietly in the runway. Then it moves forward through the far goal posts. From tackle to tackle it averages 241 pounds. It spills onto the field and a popeyed visitor on the bench swears that the earth moves.

"It's muddy out here," Robinson says solicitously, "let me get you a pair of football shoes."

"Size nine," the visitor mumbles.

"I don't know," the coach says, "the last time I looked all we had left were a couple of pairs of 17 triple E and some 16's. Maybe I could dig up a 14 somewhere."

During the first half, Eddie Robinson does more person to person coaching in two periods than most head coaches at major colleges do in a decade. When a player fumbles, he takes him aside and shows him how to carry the ball. When a man blows a pass pattern, Robinson draws it for him in the mud. While he teaches, Grambling plays in spurts and runs up a 14-0 lead on sheer size. The players clatter down the runway to the locker room with heads down.

It is here that Eddie Robinson is at his absolute best. He speaks quietly with Fred Hobdy, the basketball coach, who mans the press-box telephone for him. Then he steps forward and looks around him. He wears a single-breasted gray suit and a soft-brim hat, which he pushes toward the back of his head.

"Now we do not have to score 100 points today," he begins. "We are not by nature greedy. But we must score enough to win and we haven't done this yet. Now, please . . . please . . . if you help me then maybe . . . just maybe . . . I can help you. But somebody is not doing his job. Somebody hasn't paid attention to the scouting reports. What are we doing wrong?"

It doesn't take long to find out. Suddenly everyone is rushing forward to confess for the Good of the Party. Tackles blame themselves for missed blocks. Linebackers repent for being lured away from screen passes. Quarterbacks are especially hard on themselves.

"What do we do," Robinson says, closing the confessional booth, "when their middle linebacker goes for the motion?"

"Run," the quarterbacks chorus.

"Good," Robinson says, "and what do we run?"

"We run the inside counter."

Then they go back out and the middle linebacker from Bishop College goes for the motion and they run the inside counter for 63 yards and six points and "Hold that Tiger." At the finish, they win, 43-13.

Late the following night a visitor packs his bags in the visitors' wing of Grambling's modern student union building while Eddie Robinson sits on the bed.

You do not get the clichés from him you will get at other more prominent schools. It is obvious that there is more to this for him than the job (which pays about $14,000) or the neat house he lives in hard by the campus. He will tell you that he and Doctor Jones have sat in on something like 100 salary discussions with the pros because "if it were a white boy from a big school, he'd have his lawyer. We owe it to these kids to get them the best deal we can."

"Well, sometimes," the visitor said, "you must wonder a little about yourself. I mean you started something down here and it spread to a lot of other schools just like this one but there must have been a time somewhere when you thought of what it might be like to coach in a major, integrated college."

"If you're human," Eddie Robinson said after a long pause, "you do wonder. There isn't a Negro coach in this country today who doesn't wonder. You get to asking yourself how you would react on a Saturday if there were 80,000 people up in those seats instead of 20,000. You have to daydream a little. You look at Woody [Hayes] and Bear [Bryant] and you have to ask yourself 'what do you think?' And deep down you like to think, yes, you could have done it."

But sing no sad songs for Eddie Robinson who is doing what he wants to do and doing it exceptionally well. The scouts will be back this year to see Richie Lee, his 6-5, 275-pound tackle; and Bob Atkins, his 6-6, 215-pound safety and, most of all, a junior named James Harris, who at 6-2, 208 pounds, will be the first Negro quarterback to make it big in the pros, according to Robinson.

The thing has come full cycle now. At the Superbowl, Doctor Jones and Collie J. Nicholson, the school's publicist, were saying they were extremely anxious to get some white athletes into Grambling.

"We have to get them," Collie Nicholson said emphatically.

"Have to?" a man asked.

"If we don't get them, we could lose some of our federal funds."

Now that, baby, that's a cycle.

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DRINK WITHOUT FEAR . . . OF ANYBODY

[*Continued from page* 39]

only a step ahead of Mussolini's bullyboys and came to America. Fortunately, in his homeland he had already scored one or two minor triumphs in alcohol research on the physiological level, and he pursued this heretofore neglected field of study in this country. A few years after his arrival he was appointed head of the Yale Plan Clinic. "It was," he says, "a little like being born again, to come from a culture where drinking is not a problem to America, where the use of alcohol is so involved with taboos and the confusion of means and ends." Deriving from this background, Lolli was able to tackle the puzzles surrounding alcoholism and its treatment with no assumptions, with hardly a single inherited prejudice. In Italy the incidence of alcoholism was so low that it was not even considered a social problem. In the United States, one of America's great universities had just started a program to study the reasons Americans were drinking themselves silly. Why were they?

Far from seeing alcoholism as a disease which every drinker is helpless to resist, Doctor Lolli slowly concluded from thousands of cases that there was no ready-made explanation. Psychiatrists have probed the depths of the psyche to try to account for the urge to drink, and Lolli can double-dome with the best of these. He can explain the origins of excessive drinking as an unconscious search for personal warmth and tenderness, which goes back to childhood. But he decided early in the game that it was better to deal with the adult drinker as he is, with a minimum of headshrinking.

Lolli's no-nonsense approach enabled him to achieve a treatment breakthrough in his Yale Clinic days. The doctors of that era looked with utter distaste upon social workers. In their minds, these young women were synonymous with nosy females and galloping socialism. Lolli, instead, goggled at their potentialities. He recalls the time. "Social work in Europe was then in embryo. Here in America you had hundreds, thousands of these highly trained, dedicated women. They could go into the home, they could deal with the alcoholic on a level which the doctor could not possibly reach. I decided to use them."

Immediately he was engulfed by protests and solemn warnings. It was the period when latent homosexuality was considered a likely explanation for the plight of the male alcoholics. Lolli conceded that most of these men had had trouble in their relationships with women. But was that their fault? Maybe the women in their lives were neurotic. Here was a chance to give them a relationship with adequate women. Maybe that was what they needed. "In many cases it worked beautifully," Lolli says. "When the alcoholic achieved a genuine relationship with a social worker, where there was warmth and communication, there was almost always great improvement."

While Doctor Lolli was learning to deal with alcoholics on a highly individualistic basis, he found himself involved in a flanking struggle. Much as he lamented the man who let liquor destroy his life, he found himself unable to condemn the liquor—as many Americans, haunted by our recent teetotaling past, are inclined to do. In this respect his Italian background was invaluable. He refused to prescribe abstinence as the blanket remedy for *every* drinking problem. He insisted that the fault lay not in the booze but in the brains of those who drank it. Even then, the difficulty, far from being a compulsion out of the depths of the unconscious, might be something as simple as a witless cultivation of what Lolli calls "bad drinking habits."

Here is where Lolli has made some of his most notable scientific contributions. In bolstering his argument that alcohol used properly is a blessing, not a curse, he has struck hard at unreasoned beliefs about drinking.

He points out that the vast proportion of alcohol consumed in the United States is not drunk by alcoholics. The man who keeps the liquor business going is the moderate drinker who has two or three snorts a day. He may occasionally get looped at a party, or when life hands him an arbitrary sock in the snoot, but these are exceptions. Lolli likes to tell the story of Harris, a case he studied. Harris was an ordinarily well-adjusted man who went through school in the middle rank of his class, enjoyed girls and did some beer drinking with the boys. In college he had a love affair which resulted in a forced marriage. If he had been reluctant, his wife was not. She loved him deeply, and they settled down as part of the upper-middle class, and eventually to raising three children. As he advanced in the business world, Harris acquired a habit of having a drink after work to relieve the exhaustion of a hard day. But he would never drive a car after even a single drink.

At the age of 40 Harris suffered a mild physical crisis, an attack of trigeminal neuralgia, which is an extremely painful nerve malady localized in the face. To dull the pain, Harris began taking two or three drinks before bed with his doctor's hearty approval. The ailment soon passed, but one result of it was a closer attachment between husband and wife. They began to have cocktails together more regularly, and the warmth of these occasions did much to eliminate the lingering resentment Harris had still felt toward the forced marriage. As he grew older, he had occasional bouts of insomnia, which he usually managed to defeat with a drink or two. On holidays and at family festivities he sometimes drank more than usual. But he never had the least difficulty in controlling his drinking. So it went, until at the age of 80 Harris died from a heart condition.

Lolli does not claim that alcohol worked any drastic magic in Harris's life. But he does argue that it enabled him to bear the stresses of existence with far more physical and mental tolerance. Doctor Lolli has made a number of studies which back up his claim that alcohol is the best tranquilizer. By adding a glass of

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wine to the diet of a group of seriously obese patients, he showed that they were much more likely to stick to their calorie counting with the aid of a little alcohol. All the people in the group had failed to lose weight under standard dietary treatment. Wine with dinner enabled them individually to lose an average .53 percent of initial body weight per week over a period of many months. Collectively they also reported a definite decrease in fatigue, anxiety and the emotional hunger pangs fat people usually experience on a rugged diet. An additional glass of wine for each, taken before bed, considerably diminished insomnia and the incidence of nightly refrigerator raids.

Lolli is even more enthusiastic about the value of alcohol in relaxing what he calls the "taboo on tenderness," a condition he regards as prevailing in the countries of northern Europe and America. It includes the I-can-take-care-of-myself individualism which dominates so much of American life and is responsible for the not uncommon sense of loneliness. Particularly in the area of sexual relations, alcohol in moderate amounts enables adults to release repressed feelings of warmth and playfulness.

Alcohol also inspires a kind of camaraderie, on which Doctor Lolli places a high value. He tells about a truck driver named Bill who was sent to him by a doctor friend in Brooklyn. Every Sunday Bill had three friends over for cards and highballs. Occasionally they got high, and after one especially bad bout, Bill's wife decided he was an alcoholic. As usual, Lolli conducted a very careful personal investigation of Bill's problem, and finally made one suggestion: switch the Sunday beverage to beer. "It worked beautifully," Lolli says. "The wife, of course, wanted to eliminate the Sunday get-togethers completely. But this would have been a very destructive course. Perhaps the wisest remark on the situation came from Bill's grown son. He told me, 'If it wasn't for the drinks and cards on Sunday, my father would never have been able to keep driving that truck every weekday of his life for the last 30 years.' "

But alcohol isn't only for pleasurable relaxation. Some men do better at their jobs if they drink at work (not, to be sure, if they are drivers). The relationship between efficiency and alcohol fascinates Lolli. Chronic fatigue or acute anxiety can make a man extremely inefficient. Too many drinks may do the same, of course. But somewhere there's a point at which alcohol balances out weariness and worry. Lolli argues that people who use one or two drinks to diminish fatigue at the end of the day or to guarantee a night's sleep are using alcohol to increase their efficiency.

He cites the case of the brilliant head of a top-drawer prep school. Shortly after the man took charge of the school, he found himself so nervous before the daily morning assembly that he had to still his knocking knees by tossing down two ounces of whisky. The drinks became a ritual, until the day he read that anyone who absolutely had to have a drink at regular intervals was an alcoholic. The headmaster came galloping to Lolli, pleading for help. Lolli looked over the man's drinking pattern. Except for this daily morning jolt, he barely touched the stuff. "I told him," Lolli says, "that as long as he did not need to increase the dose, I saw absolutely nothing wrong with his taking a drink before assembly. To the best of my knowledge he has continued taking one for the last 25 years."

Without the drink the headmaster would have floundered through his conduct of the assembly, making himself an idiot in the eyes of faculty and students. Alcohol, therefore, increased his efficiency by lowering his anxiety.

But Lolli is quick to indicate areas where this approach does not work. One of his patients was a waiter named John. As a schoolboy, John had flunked fifth-grade arithmetic, and he still remembered vividly a sadistic teacher who told him he would never be able to add two and two. Now, in his work, John had to add stacks of figures every day. Yet in the back of his mind he could hear the shrill denunciation of his old teacher. Finally, to quiet this voice of doom, John began to help himself at the bar between courses. For a while things worked out well. But the pressure of his job and his fear of making mistakes prompted him to drink more and more. The extra alcohol did not increase his efficiency at totting up dinner checks. After a few big errors, John was unceremoniously fired. He took to serious drinking and became an alcoholic. John had crossed the line between a useful consumption of alcohol and drowning his troubles. With his personality problem, it would have been better for him not to drink at all.

While Lolli strives to maximize the blessings of alcohol, he is the last man in the world to minimize its dangers. But he is convinced these dangers can be overcome by what he calls "safe drinking habits." To acquire these, a person must first gain a basic understanding of how alcohol works in the human system and what the properties of various drinks are. The body begins "burning" alcohol almost from the minute it is swallowed. (People do not, of course, drink undiluted alcohol. The most fiery rums may consist of three-quarters alcohol, but the more common 90-proof whiskies are only 45 percent alcohol by volume. Some beers have as little as three percent alcohol, and wines range from about eight to 20 percent.) How fast a body disposes of alcohol depends on its weight. Doctor Lolli and other researchers have determined that a man can burn up approximately 1/24 of a fluid ounce of undiluted alcohol per hour for each 22 pounds of body weight. A 154-pound man will burn in one hour approximately .65 ounce of 90-proof whisky. A 300-pound man of the same age and state of health could get rid of almost twice as much. This explains why behemoths can drink smaller types under the bar. But lest the fat boys rejoice, Lolli insists that the poundage must be close to an individual's *normal* weight for his height. If 300 pounds are packed in a four-foot-eight butterball, the signals are off. Serious overweight impairs the liver, which consumes most of the alcohol.

If you want to figure out your own burning rate, Doctor Lolli has a simple formula valid for all alcoholic beverages: $\frac{W}{5 \times P} = V$. "W" is the weight of the individual in pounds. Divide "W" by five times "P," the percent—not proof—of alcohol by volume in a given liquor. The result is "V," is the amount in ounces of the liquor that the individual can burn in an hour.

For a 150-pound man, two cocktails containing a total of three ounces of whisky, or 11 ounces of ordinary wine or four bottles of beer, produce .06 percent concentration of alcohol in the blood, and it will take four hours for this alcohol to leave the body (if the beverages are taken on an empty stomach). In

most states where blood tests are used, .05 percent indicates a person is driving "under the influence," but many experts, including committees of the National Safety Council and the American Medical Association, argue that leeway should be allowed to 0.15 percent. These authorities say that the behavior of the individual and the circumstances leading to his arrest should be considered before convicting a man of driving while drunk. Lolli agrees with this sliding scale, which allows consideration of the highly individual way each person reacts to alcohol.

In Doctor Lolli's view, knowing the mathematical facts about alcohol in relation to the body is only the first step to safe drinking habits. A man's state of mind and the condition of his body when he drinks are at least as important. Two ounces of alcohol taken on an empty stomach at the end of a fatiguing day can disable some people to the point where they are a menace on the highways. The drinking rate is another factor. A key Lolli word is "slow." Consuming alcoholic beverages at a deliberate pace gives the body a chance to keep a balance between intake and disposal. Gulping two or three drinks in 10 or 15 minutes, on the other hand, floods the blood with alcohol.

Another favorite Lolli word is "food." His Center for Psychodietetics has launched a number of international studies analyzing the relationship between alcoholism and drinking and eating habits. At one extreme there are the segregated drinkers prominent in northern Europe, North America and Russia. These people usually drink without eating, and their alcoholic preference is distilled spirits: whisky, gin, vodka. At the other extreme are the integrated drinkers of Italy, Spain, the south of France and Greece. They almost always combine wine with food. Out of the studies of these drinkers came another Lolli precept. He decided it was no accident that the integrated countries have the lowest rates of alcoholism. Hence he declares: no matter what you drink, eat with your liquor—or before it or after.

But the cardinal principle in Lolli's rules for safe drinking is keeping a diary. He maintains there is a definite pattern to each individual's eating and drinking habits, and a man should become aware of it if he wants to know how he can safely use alcohol. Getting his patients to write down their day-to-day living routine over a period of time, with the changes in it, has helped Lolli solve many kinds of drinking problems.

For instance, ad man Bert became concerned because two Martinis at lunch were making him inefficient and even a little out of control in the office during the afternoon. A study of Bert's diary soon revealed that as a result of moving his home from the city to the suburbs he was now getting up an hour earlier and bolting down a fast breakfast of orange juice and coffee. In his city days he had eaten a bigger breakfast at a later hour. Now his empty suburban stomach, plus increased fatigue, made him much more vulnerable to the two Martinis. Lolli told Bert to add another half hour to his morning schedule and eat a decent breakfast; Bert's drinking problem promptly disappeared. (Incidentally, Lolli has made a study of the effect of the Martini on the brain. He has concluded that this drink is the champion for instant concentration of alcohol, and that therefore it is "excellent" for lowering anxiety when efficiency is not a primary concern.)

Bert's experience illustrates a rather simple use of the diary. To get full value from it (the diary need be kept for only a week or two), Lolli recommends writing down not only the exact times of eating and drinking and the amounts, but also the feelings and actions immediately following. If, for example, a man detects a personality change (such as a plunge into depression) after two or three drinks, he can regard it as a danger signal. Something—a bitchy wife, failure on the job—is bugging him, and the liquor lowers the barriers of the repression behind which he's been hiding his resentment. Even if he has three drinks, then merely decides to skip lunch to "hold the glow," he is being confronted with another danger signal, especially if he floats back to the office and tries to do a job. Yet Lolli would not regard three Scotches after dinner as dangerous, whether or not one goes to sleep in a moderate glow. The lesson is this: when the diary shows a preference for acohol-based emotions to the demands of reality, watch out.

Again invoking the idea of the sliding scale, Lolli sees drinkers moving between the extremes of total freedom and total compulsion. Ideally it would be great if everyone had total freedom to drink or not to drink. But this perfect state would necessitate total freedom from anxieties, compulsions, unconscious fears and hereditary taints—a situation unlikely to occur. Control, which involves limited freedom, is a far more reachable goal. Going down the scale one comes to the purgatory of the heavy drinker, the man who has periodic bouts of drunkenness, and finally, at the bottom, is the total compulsive, the man who lives on, in and with booze. Lolli feels that in the United States today there are millions of drinkers who are on the edge of becoming alcoholics, yet could be rescued by learning safe drinking habits.

But once a man becomes an alcoholic, Doctor Lolli's prescription is ruthless: total abstinence. Here he concurs with Alcoholics Anonymous, for which he has high praise. "No one," he says, "has yet devised a better method of rescuing the alcoholic from his compulsion." Yet he refuses to concede that alcoholism is a disease. "It is a dis-ease, yes. A lack of ease, a lack of adjustment to life. But the compulsive eater and soda-pop drinker, the pep-pill addict, probably even the heroin addict, suffer from basically the same dis-ease."

In 1953 Lolli, while still at Yale, began spending part of his time at Knickerbocker Hospital in New York, where he ran a pilot program aimed at counseling poor families on eating and drinking problems. After three years on this schedule, he went into private practice. In

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1960 he organized the International Center for Psychodietetics, with Offices in New York and Rome. As yet, the Center does not treat patients: Lolli has confined its activities to research, with its aim a bettering of living through improvement of eating and drinking habits. Working with a staff of only "a few colleagues" (though with the cooperation of many social agencies), Lolli has completed 16 projects, ranging from a book on social drinking to an investigation of the "eating-drinking habits and psychosocial adjustment of jazz musicians in the United States and in Sweden."

He is currently winding up research on the role of alcohol in the behavior problems of teen-agers here and in Italy. He maintains an office in Rome, he says, "because I know Italy well, and because drinking is *not* a problem. By studying similar groups of Italians and Americans I come up with many interesting contrasts." Italian teen-agers, for instance, think anyone who overdrinks is stupid, but admire the adolescent who drives like a berserk fireman. American teen-agers have precisely opposite attitudes.

During the six to eight months a year he spends in New York, Lolli treats a few private patients who he feels will respond to his combination medical-psychological-social approach. He keeps up his practice mainly to replenish the Center's budget, much as the noted Menninger brothers used to spend a few months a year in Hollywood treating movie stars during the 20's and 30's in order to finance their now world-famous Kansas Psychiatric Clinic.

Doctor Lolli has formulated a sort of slogan for the Center—"freedom from hunger leads to hunger for freedom." By freedom from hunger, Lolli means not merely a full belly, but the satisfaction of the whole man. Any culture which achieves this joint nutritional and emotional goal will be creative and dynamic. Because America has achieved freedom from basic hunger, Lolli looks toward its future with great optimism. He thinks we are gradually learning to break through our taboos against warmth and tenderness. He is even convinced that Americans are making progress in learning to control their drinking.

"Between 80 and 90 million people use alcohol regularly without serious damage," he says, and cites his own experience. "I have already drunk more alcohol in my life [he is 61] than any alcoholic I have ever treated." He is especially pleased by the growing use of wine in our culture as an indication that Americans are beginning to think of combining food and alcohol as a normal thing. "This is not to say," he adds, "that beer and distilled spirits do not have a very useful role." Out of our new fondness for wine he sees eventual evolution of a new kind of gastronomic culture which he calls "mixed," combining the best of the segregated and integrated styles of drinking.

But a few alcoholics will probably always be with us, like death and taxes. Why? With a superb European shrug, Doctor Lolli replies, "Because we are a very advanced society and every advanced society has problems. Many people try to use alcohol to solve these problems. The absence of an alcoholic problem is not necessarily a sign of an advanced civilization."

—Thomas J. Fleming

VIET NAM'S FLYING, FIGHTING FREIGHT CARS

[*Continued from page* 31]

bad, as usual, and we had to nose around in and out of the low hanging clouds in the valleys to get to the place. Although I knew about where the DZ was, I had never dropped there before. I had to bank the bird as much as 60 degrees to avoid colliding with the tree-covered hills lurking in the fog and clouds.

"Sir," squawked the loadmaster, "we're bouncing around like a pea in a whistle back here. Can't you smooth it out?"

"Sorry, I can't hack it," I replied. I knew that my turns were effectively doubling the weight of his loads, but it couldn't be helped. Finally, though, we got five tons of ammo to the Green Berets and they waved as we left. It had been rough work for us, but they had it rougher. Dak Sut was overrun two weeks after we delivered the ammo.

Another thing they can't teach you about back in the States is the kind of fields and strips you find in the combat zone. When I first got to Viet Nam, I was strictly "Gee Whiz!" about all of them. Now, Song Be isn't a tough field, but I learned plenty there.

"Tac Emergency!" somebody yelled at squadron operations. "Med Evac at Nui Bara!" (We called it Nui Bara for the mountain above it, the Army called it Song Be for the river nearby, and the Vietnamese called it Phuoc Binh, perhaps because that was its name.)

Nearing the strip, I made a low pass and an overhead approach to check it out for security. All that Bob Horsky, my copilot, and I could see was an abandoned A-1 Skyraider parked forlornly by the side of the strip. Soon we were sitting beside it. The town, a few kilometers to the north, was under attack; choppers were hovering over it and bombers were busy thumping their loads into the jungle around it. But our field was deserted and quiet, so I shut down the engines.

Suddenly the field came alive as the choppers converged on it and landed like so many locusts. The place was already swarming with activity when a C-47 came in with a pilot for the A-1.

I told the boss Army man that I was waiting to pick up 50 or so casualties supposed to be in town, and he warned me to be damned careful because the town was about to go. He detailed one of his choppers to shuttle casualties to me, then took his flock off again with a roar and headed back toward town.

The A-1 and the Gooney Bird had left in the meantime, and the last Huey took off, leaving the place deserted again.

Before long, the choppers came back in, and their colonel shouted, "We're going to pull out. We can't hold the place."

"Where are my casualties?" I asked.

"Still in town, someplace," he replied.

"I'll send some men back to look, but you'd better leave right now."

I said, "Tell your guys to bring them down to Bung Bung (a strip closer to Saigon). I'll wait there."

"Okay. But get out fast!" and suddenly they were gone.

All was quiet in the gathering dusk and I mentally classified the colonel as an alarmist. But Horsky and I had just gotten our engines sputtering to life when an extra pilot along for the ride pounded up the ladder to the cockpit.

"Fer chrissakes, they're shooting at the plane!" he panted. "Let's go!"

People scrambled into the plane from all directions, and when the last one piled in over the cargo ramp, I taxied. Couvillon was shouting in my ear, "Forget the runup! Forget the mag check! Just get outta here!"

I rammed the throttles forward. But as we started to pick up speed, three VC ran out from the jungle onto the strip ahead and started to take aim at us. Then they froze as they saw those whirling meat cleavers bearing down on them. Just as I was about to run over them, they threw themselves off the runway, and seconds later, we staggered off.

So what did I learn at Song Be? Well, for one thing, I learned to respect the judgment of Army guys about the security of fields. I also relearned the old saw that says: When everybody's running around like headless chickens while you remain cool and calm, maybe you don't know what's going on.

Flare missions, which to many were the most vital missions that we flew, were something else that you could only learn by doing.

One night, just after we had started orbiting Saigon on standby, we got a call to "di-di" (hurry) up to a place 10 miles south of Song Be (which had been retaken since the other incident).

"Smokey Red, this is Paris Control, steer 015 for 50 miles. Convoy ambush."

"Rog, we're on our way."

Ducking in and out of rain showers and low scud, we arrived on the scene. It was easy to find: tracers and explosions on both sides of the road, and a truck burning. Armed choppers were also on their way north to help, and when we started dropping flares, the radio operator on the ground said, "Boy, are we glad to see you."

The convoy was stopped between shot-up trucks fore and aft, and the vehicles were strung out along a twist in the road. The ceiling was way below the best altitude for flares, but we kicked them out at minimum settings and kept them going. Those big two-million candlepower flares really light up the countryside as they dangle beneath their parachutes. Soon we were fighting vertigo in the spooky half-light that reflected from the drifting clouds and the smoke from the flares.

The troops in the back of the plane were having their hands full, too. The plane was bouncing around a lot and the 44-pound flares had to be set, lifted from their boxes, slipped into the chute, armed and pushed out.

The choppers arrived and began pouring tracers and rockets into the jungle. But more help was needed, and we called for fighters from nearby Bien Hoa. Soon a pair of A-1's arrived, and for awhile, we had a wild circus of aircraft milling around above the convoy, ducking in and out of the showers and trying to stay below the low ceiling. Although the VC were shooting at us (sighting on our lights), we mutually concluded that the danger of collision was greater than the ground fire so we left our lights on. When the tracers from .50's roared by like express trains, though, it was awfully tempting to run blacked out.

"Can you move your flares over behind that hedgerow 100 meters west of the convoy?" the ground asked. "That's where the heaviest fire's coming from."

"Rog," I replied, and when we had lit up the hedgerow, the fighters swooped in with bombs. This began to snuff out the attack. The fireworks display delighted the sweating troops in the back, who were sneaking looks between their hustling of flares.

"Now can you extend your flares up toward Song Be? We've got a relief column coming out to meet us."

We raced up and down the road, trying to keep a stretch several miles long lit up. We were there almost four hours and dropped more than 200 flares by the time the convoy finally was safe. The guys on the ground said that they would have lost a lot more than they did if we hadn't been there. They made a standing offer of a beer any time we stopped at Song Be.

One of my last missions took me into Tuy Hoa. This picturesque coastal strip always annoyed me because of an old temple there. Sitting on a command hill, but minding its own business, this ancient symbol of peace was surrounded by modern weapons of war. It bothered me.

It was late afternoon of a wet, gloomy day, and my spirits weren't brightened by what met us at the strip.

Standing by six rubberized body bags and a shiny tin-covered coffin was a small honor guard of the Vietnamese Airborne Brigade, led by their captain. There had been a lot of fighting southwest of Tuy Hoa; Bob Horsky had gone down in there, and I asked if that was where these men had died, too.

"Yes, they were killed there," the captain replied. Then, indicating the coffin, "That was my friend. We fought many years side by side in the Airborne."

Trying to make small talk, I said, "I have carried the Airborne into many, many battles since coming to Viet Nam," and I ticked them off: An Khe, Pleiku, Hau Bon, and so on.

He replied that he had been in all of them.

I asked his age: 31 years. How long had he been in combat? 12 years. How many Americans, I wondered, had done a tour like that.

Then he asked, "You must soon be going home?"

I brightened some and said that I was.

He nodded at the coffin that our men were carrying up the cargo ramp. "He too is going home," he said sadly.

We turned to get into the plane. When I reached up for the starter switches, I felt tired. The "Gee Whiz!" was gone.

—Maj. Tom Sherman

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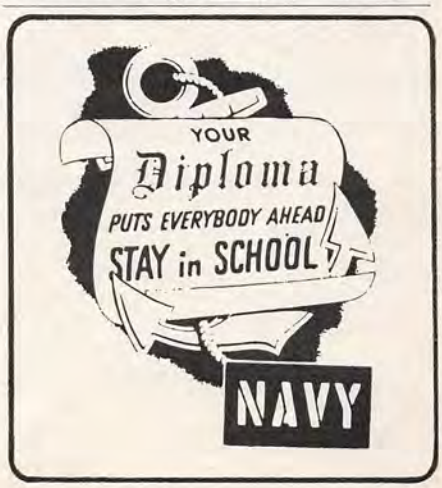

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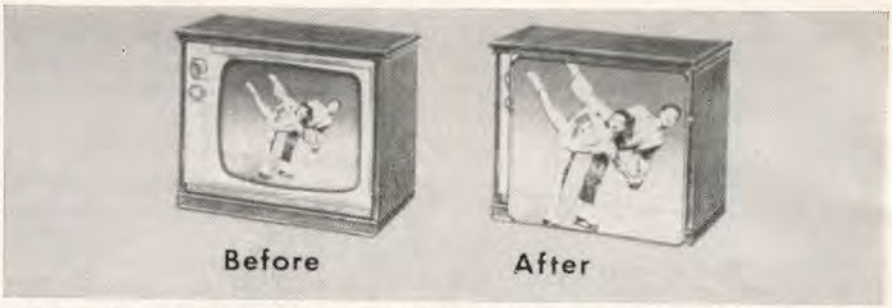

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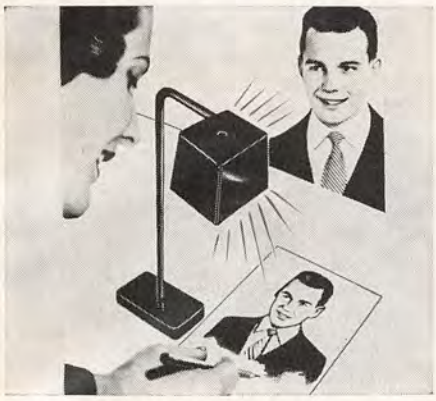

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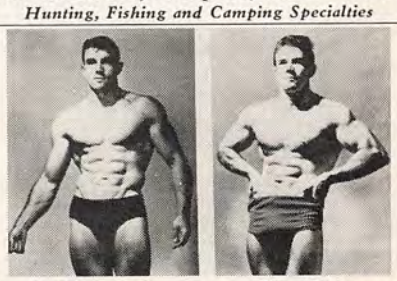

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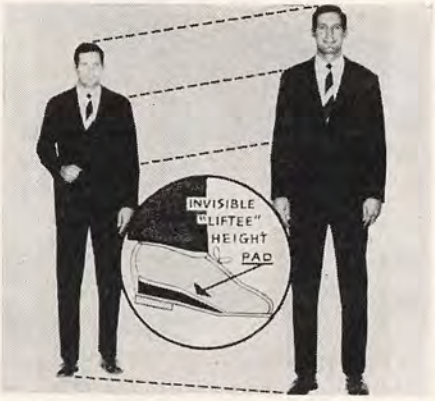

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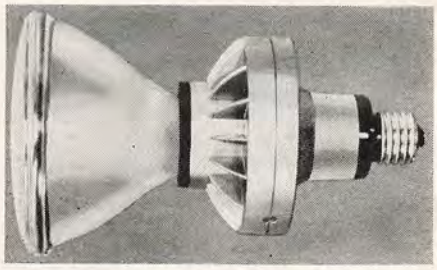

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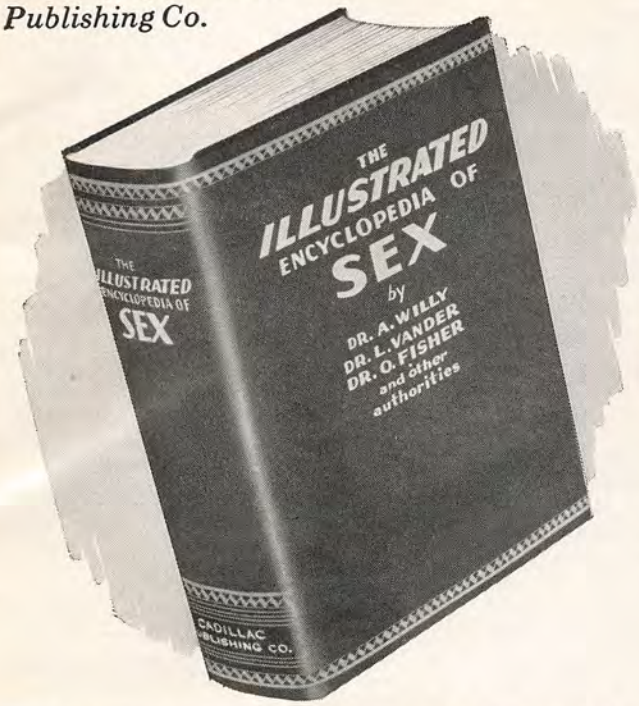

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OLD MASTER OF FREAK-OUT ART

[*Continued from page* 50]

care. For six dollars an hour he would stripe the *Queen Mary*.

He remembers the greatest and most sacrilegious flame job he ever did, on a 300 SL Mercedes, the classic car with the gull wing doors. The owner brought it to him and asked him to cover some paint defects with a traditional design. Von Dutch told him the whole car was one big paint defect, and the guy said then you better cover it all. Von Dutch flamed it. "It took 28 rolls of masking tape, a case of beer, a couple bottles of wine and 19 hours," he recalls with a guffaw. "Purists took one look at it and came apart."

Until he was 10 years old, Von Dutch was Kenneth R. Howard, the name his mother and sign-painter father gave him. He started calling himself Von Dutch, because the Teutonic sound pleased him.

He loved to draw as early as he can remember, and his sister recalls that he would amuse the smaller children by drawing parts of things and having them guess what they were going to be.

His sister also remembers that he used to be adept at slicing cigarets out of her hand with an ax thrown from 50 paces, or with a bullet fired at a comparatively difficult distance. She never worried. "He was my brother," she said recently, "and I guess I figured that my brother would just never cut my hand off. Besides, he was good at things like that."

Von Dutch was good at a lot of things, not so good at others. As a motorcycle racer he was a flop. "Too much of a coward," he says. "I was always worried I was going to fall off." But when it came to repairing a motorcycle or a car, or putting one together from scratch, or painting one, or designing and building a working firearm, very few people could stop him—either in function or design of the finished product. There are examples to prove it.

Von Dutch is the total creative human being. He creates beautiful objects within the limitations of what is available to him. "Anyone can design something to be built at General Motors," he says. His cluttered garage contains only the most essential tools: a lathe which he found in an old barn and completely restored, a drill press, an air compressor for his spray painting, a buffing machine and a few electric hand tools. With such basic equipment Von Dutch can create things like the 18th-century dueling pistol that gun experts say is the most perfect extension of the hand they have ever felt. After he designed it, he worked for seven days and seven nights with fanatic intensity, and built the gun (including the firing mechanism) out of a solid piece of steel and a block of walnut. It was one of the few things he has made in his life that pleased him enough to be signed "Kenneth R. Howard." "When I sign my real name to something," Von Dutch says, "it has to measure up to my father's standards of excellence."

Then he gave the pistol away, which is typical. That is why he isn't rich. He creates essentially for himself, simply because he must create. He does things he wants to do when he wants to do them. He once striped a man's entire home, from front door to toilet seats. He designed the first electric roller skates, a gasoline powered Pogo stick, and a turbine Yo-Yo. If he were exiled to the desert, it is a good bet he would return dragging a sackful of beautiful, functional things he had made using the materials he found around him. And he would give them all away.

In order to pay the rent some time ago, he had to sell a 1937 Indian Scout motorcycle which he had restored to mint condition, but Dutch wasn't particularly upset. "I had learned everything I could from that machine," he said. "I tore it down and rebuilt it from the bottom. Anyway, there's no place left to ride anymore."

Von Dutch has made his living in a number of ways. He has been a sign painter, a gunsmith, a motorcycle and sports-car mechanic, a designer, a maker of tombstone markers. But whatever he has done, he has had a ball doing it. After he quit racing motorcycles and began painting cars, he would take his girl friend to the races on Friday nights with spiders painted on her face, or cracks running through her forehead. He gave her a realistic third eyeball one night. "Seeing her used to make a lot of drunks swear to give up booze," Dutch recalls.

DISCOVER AMERICA

Kenneth Howard and his attractive wife Sheila live in an ordinary neighborhood in Reseda, California, with their two daughters, Lorna and Lisa, a German shepherd named Sheba, a Siamese cat named Chocolate and a goat named Daphne. Von Dutch converted the two-car garage out back into a workshop, where his major effort these days is turning out custom-painted motorcycle fuel tanks, helmets and fenders. He lost count of the tanks after he did 8,000 of them. There was a time in the '50's when it looked like striping, or "Dutching" cars, was going to make an excellent living for Von Dutch. But the fad only lasted three years. "It took that long for the car dealers to figure out that a custom-striped car had lousy resale value," Dutch explains. "The customer would take one look at the paint job and figure the car had been beaten to death by some kid. He was usually right."

When the striping craze ended, Dutch designed sets of stripe decals that sold well. But being a poor businessman he let someone buy out his share of the proceeds for practically nothing. He is philosophical about it. "Better," he says, "to have created something and been gypped out of it then to have never created anything at all."

In his shop, Von Dutch is a perpetual motion machine of free-association creativity. He moves swiftly, surely, from machine to machine, from job to job like an expert short-order cook behind a counter lined two deep with starving people. He sands a tank, fills the dents with compound, and sets it in the sun to dry. Then he is at the lacquer table, pouring and mixing and stirring things together in proportions only he knows. The "candy-apple" colors—so named for the overabundance of pigment that causes them to glow brilliantly—are luscious.

Between motorcycle tanks he may relax with the flute or the clarinet he keeps handy on a shelf. He learned to play all the woodwinds just by carrying them around. "What the heck," he says, "they are only mechanical devices."

In one corner a tank with an American flag on it is taking shape. "This is how I wanted to paint the tanks for some guys who went to an international rally in Britain. Tanks and helmets like American flags with dollar signs on them. That's the way other countries think of us anyway. I'm bugged about dollar signs in general. People keep telling me, 'think of all the money you could have made.' People in this country are determined to make you into a status seeker whether you want to be or not. No one seems to understand that the only things you can really possess are those which you create."

Two youngsters in T-shirts enter the shop and stand around trying to figure out how they can get Dutch to agree to put a certain design on the cycle tank they brought with them. Dutch ignores them at first. He has pulled apart a complicated German Mauser pistol and has the springs, cams and pins scattered all over the place. "Either bring me a color sample or just tell me what you want and leave it here," Dutch finally announces without looking up from the Mauser. The kids shrug and leave the tank. Whatever he does with it will be great. They know that. They stop to look at an ancient motorcycle with a Volkswagen engine in it. Another Von Dutch project.

Then someone brings in a rusty little cannon for Von Dutch to fix, and everything stops. Von Dutch can't resist firearms of any sort, but cannons are his special weakness. He handles the little cannon gently, then he has it apart and is grinding off the first layer of rust. Then he shuts the machine off and turns around with the small barrel cradled in his permanently paint-stained hands. "You know," he says, "since I was a kid I have been dreaming of building a full-sized cannon. For 20 years I have been looking for a piece of brass big enough for the barrel. A friend of mine has a cannon. He hauls it out to the desert and fires soft-drink cans filled with concrete out of it. Can you imagine that? Wouldn't that be a ball?"

People are screaming for the unfinished tanks lined up on the back table, pretty soon the rent will be due again, and there are other problems, but right now the most important thing to Kenneth R. (Von Dutch) Howard is a cannon, and if someone walked in this very minute with a piece of brass big enough for the barrel, he would drop everything for as long as it took to finish that cannon and fire the first soft-drink can into the desert sunset. Because Von Dutch is having a ball.

—**Roger Vaughan**

a man called Lucy

[*Continued from page 33*]

his grave without revealing the names of his sources to anyone—neither to the Swiss, the Russians nor the other Allied powers. The few strategists who know of this remarkable affair have been asking themselves since the end of the war: without the intervention of the men who made up the Lucy Ring, would Hitler have failed to take Moscow? Or Stalingrad? Might he not have won the war? No one, in fact, was better placed than they to have a decisive influence on the outcome of battles or on the eventual fate of whole armies. For these men, a mere handful of Germans, high-ranking officers, attached to army headquarters, were members of the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht (OKW).

Their motive for what undeniably constituted a major act of treason was a potent one. These patriotic German soldiers abhorred Nazism and hated the Fuehrer.

Their names are known to very few. To make them public would, even today, bring the opprobrium of the new Germany upon their families, even, perhaps, expose them to serious reprisals. There must be many people in West Germany who believe that these men who hampered the operations of the Wehrmacht—out of hatred for Nazism—stabbed the German combatants in the back, causing incalculable losses of both men and materials. This is why we shall reveal only the initials of these enemies of Hitler, confirming only the identity of their leader—Rudolf Roessler—because he devoted his entire life to the struggle against the Nazi mystique.

NOTHING PREDISPOSED Rudolf Roessler to conspiracy—or to treason, as some would have it—any more than it did his 10 companions. Helmuth S., Hermann F., Rudolf G., Fritz T. and Georg T. were to become generals. O. became a colonel and K. a major. The last three, S., A. and O., reached the rank of captain.

Rudolf Roessler first met his 10 companions at the front during the First World War and they became close friends. Although he had not chosen, like the others, to become a career officer, Rudolf Roessler came from the same background, the same social class. His was one of those conventional, middle-class German families, hostile to any spirit of adventure; to them, order means bread and disorder famine. The Roesslers came from Kaufbeuren, a former imperial free city, medieval in atmosphere, but then one of Bavaria's industrial centers, situated on the Wertach, with a population of 23,000. The father, a local dignitary and a senior civil servant in the Ministry of Waters and Forests, brought his children up in the Protestant faith.

Rudolf Roessler was a small, thin, quiet man, but his eyes were bright, intelligent and his expression mobile. He wore thin-rimmed glasses. Violence horrified him, and after leaving the army after World War I, he became a pacifist while still retaining his conservative opinions. The rise of Nazism, which he carefully observed and analyzed, terrified him. Germany was asleep, enveloped in a false sense of security.

He joined the Augsburg *Post Zeitung* as a journalist and became the scourge of Nazism. Meeting his old army friends more frequently than ever before, he tried to convince them of the dangers that lay ahead. But as career officers, they were unwilling to accept his dark assessment of the political situation.

Gradually, however, as Adolf Hitler's personal influence grew and it was apparent that Germany was falling under the sway of his hypnotic power, Roessler's friends admitted that their civilian compatriot was correct in his fears. By September, 1930, the small band felt certain that, exasperated by the weaknesses of the Weimar Republic and with nothing in their bellies, the German people were willing to embark on an era of madness. They would make the worst possible choice, Nazism, the negation of German culture. They would give their support to men who had no coherent or rational philosophy and who would act as merciless butchers.

On July 14, 1933, the Nazi party—then in full power in Germany—issued a decree: "The National Socialist Party of German Workers is the only legal party in Germany. Whoever tries to preserve or found any other political party will be condemned to a maximum sentence of three years hard labor or from six months to three years in prison. . . ." Roessler knew then that his days in Germany were over, that he could no longer live in his homeland. He did not hesitate. With his wife Olga and only 10 marks in his pocket—the most one was allowed to take out of Germany at the time—he boarded the train for Switzerland.

When all the officers of the army high command were compelled shortly afterwards to take the oath of allegiance to the Fuehrer in the great hall of the Reichswehr Ministry in Berlin, Roessler's friends raised their arms and did so. But at the same time, silently, they each made another promise: to do everything in their power to defeat Hitler and Nazism. Germany was entering its dark night of madness. Yet a delicate thread linked the 10 officers to the free world. At the end of this thread was their friend, Roessler. Six hundred miles away, he waited, ready to be of use.

From 1934 on, Rudolf and Olga Roessler lived in a small flat in Wesemlin, a suburb of Lucerne, two and a half miles from the city center. Every morning, punctually at 7:30, Roessler would arrive at a small publishing house situated among the winding streets of the old town. The Vita Nova Verlag, of which he was the manager until his death in 1958, was founded by a group of his Swiss friends.

Day after day, with obstinate patience, Roessler devoted himself to his task. In article after article, pamphlet after pamphlet, he laid bare the ravages that Nazism was inflicting on Germany.

The "ammunition" for his writings came, of course, from Berlin. Almost every day, he received a letter from one of his German friends, in which confidential intelligence was concealed in apparently innocent gossip. Sometimes, too, one of the 10 would come and visit Roessler in Lucerne.

Thanks to them, Roessler "announced" in his pamphlets a month in advance the Wehrmacht's intended occupation on March 7, 1936, of the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland. He exposed the events leading up to the fall of General von Fritsch and the seizure of Austria. But above all he published political analyses in which he revealed the true nature of the new, aggressive, prosperous Germany that so impressed the Western democracies.

Swiss readers were astonished by the revelations of the inexhaustible anti-Fascist who signed himself "R.A. Hermes." Why Hermes? Hermes was the son of Zeus and the messenger of the gods.

On May 30, 1939, two Germans in civilian dress got off the train at Lucerne: Generals Fritz T. and Rudolf G. They had come from the Reich. Rudolf Roessler took the precaution of receiving them at his home at Wesemlin; the Vita Nova Verlag might be watched by German spies.

Rudolf G. began: "War will break out in a matter of weeks, three months at the latest."

"Are you sure?" asked Roessler.

"Positive. The Fuehrer had never entirely trusted the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht. He wants the job of drawing up the Wehrmacht's plans of attack to be confined to a small commission. We have just been asked to join it."

Rudolf G. continued, emphatically:

"Nazi Germany must not win this war."

"Has she any chance of winning it?" Roessler asked.

"Who knows? In four years, the Wehrmacht has expanded from seven to 51 divisions. The Luftwaffe has 21 squadrons and 270,000 highly trained men. Not enough, of course, to take on all of Europe." He then revealed Hitler's intention to try and break the conflict up into manageable pieces, beginning with Poland. This would give him time to continue the military buildup before attacking the West.

"The break has come," murmured Roessler.

"We shall win," Rudolf G. went on excitedly. "We shall bleed this Germany that we have disowned to its death, so that our Germany may be reborn."

Roessler regarded the two generals in silence. At last, he said:

"You understand where this will lead you. Once we have begun there'll be no turning back. You realize this?"

It was Rudolf G. who replied:

"Of course. Don't forget, we've always considered you our conscience. Now we need you more than ever before."

General Fritz T. had been able to get a small trunk through customs at Basel. The trunk contained radiotelegraphic equipment: a shortwave transmitter-receiver, one of the latest models issued only to the Wehrmacht. He turned the equipment over to Roessler, with the codes and lists of wavelengths that would be used. Roessler's friends had laid their plans meticulously. Eight of them, simply by virtue of their posts, were at the very source of intelligence concerning the Wehrmacht's movements. Each transmission of news concerning the army would be preceded by the word *Werther*—simply because the first two letters of the title of Goethe's work are also those of Wehrmacht. The other two conspirators, high-ranking officers in the Luftwaffe, would communicate any intelligence concerning the air force, but it would pass through the same channel as the other. This news would be announced by a different signal, *Olga*—the name of Roessler's wife.

Fritz T. did everything possible to reduce the chances of discovery. He insisted that his transmission should never last longer than a half hour except in extraordinary circumstances. The longer dispatches were to be broken up and spread over several days if necessary. In the event of an unexpected silence on Roessler's part, *Werther* and *Olga* would know that something had happened and would not try to contact him. It would be up to Roessler to reestablish contact, which he would do by sending out his signal, RAHS, for several days in succession at midnight. His friends in Berlin were then to reestablish contact.

One problem remained: how and to whom was the mass of intelligence that would soon begin to flow be given? This was up to Roessler. For a long time he considered his options. Make the rounds of the Allied embassies, his wares under his arm? He would be dismissed as an *agent provocateur*. There was only one answer: the Swiss authorities. A few days after his coconspirators' return to Berlin, Roessler made it his business to meet Maj. Hans Hausamann of Swiss intelligence.

Hausamann was a subordinate of Brigadier Roger Masson who operated the Swiss intelligence corps. Masson had given Hausamann his own, almost autonomous, operation—called the Bureau Ha—plus a staff and private headquarters in the Villa Stutz, at Kastanienbaum about five miles south of Lucerne. If an up-to-date analysis of the political situation in Germany was required, the Bureau Ha supplied it. If observation of German diplomats in Switzerland or protection of Swiss diplomats in Germany was needed, the Bureau was called in.

Hausamann heard Roessler's story and agreed to accept whatever information was passed to him from Berlin. Both Masson and Hausamann were a bit concerned, however, when Roessler insisted that they never question him as to the identity of his informants. But Roessler was adamant on this point, and in the end they relented.

The Berlin-Lucerne intelligence service worked very well indeed. Suddenly on the night of Wednesday, August 23, 1939, the transmitter-receiver given to Roessler by Fritz T. began to crackle. On September 2, 1939, war was declared. *Werther* and *Olga* began their work of destroying the regime that had been intended to last for a thousand years.

Switzerland: a population of under five million and an area of 15,944 square miles, one quarter of it uninhabitable rock and ice. A calm, reserved, hard-working people, rearing the finest cows in the world and producing probably its best Gruyère cheese and finest watches. But their most precious asset was their neutrality—not just any kind of neutrality.

The *Journal de Genève* for Wednesday, August 30, 1939, claimed that the "voluntary" neutrality of Belgium and the "independent" neutrality of Holland were not juridically the same thing as the Confederation's "total" neutrality, Switzerland being *more* neutral than the other neutral countries.

Switzerland believed that she had secretly done everything possible to keep herself outside the bonfire that Hitler was preparing for Europe.

When he took charge of Switzerland's defense, Gen. Henri Guisan commanded a terribly vulnerable army, which, he is said to have remarked, could not have held out longer than a week against attack. It had 600 rounds of ammunition per man, 44 antiaircraft guns, 835 antitank guns, 121 reconnaissance planes and 86 fighters, most of them obsolete. He resolved to change all that. He would entrench the Swiss army in fortresses, dug out of the Alps, and block the mountain passes and tunnels. Stocks of food and ammunition would be organized. He was determined to build up an army that could stave off an aggressor for two years. This would act, if not as a guarantee, at least as a front, to his country's often quoted "total" neutrality.

Secretly, Henri Guisan carried his plans much further. He was well aware that a German émigré of exceptional value had settled in Lucerne and had offered his services to Maj. Hans Hausamann's Bureau Ha, in which he took a particular interest. Guisan felt that before long such a collaboration might present very serious problems of conscience. But he decided, at least temporarily, to ignore them and stifle his scruples. For him, too, it was absolutely vital that Nazi Germany should lose the war.

MOST ESPIONAGE CASES are based upon a single, often quite crucial, but nonetheless isolated event of short duration. The masterstroke of Richard Sorge, for example, was the acquisition of intelligence proving that Japan would not attack the Soviet Union. It enabled Stalin to leave Siberia virtually undefended and to throw his best divisions against Hitler without fear of attack from the east. The enormous value of Rudolf Roessler and his 10 collaborators of the Lucy Ring, or Viking Line, as the Swiss named them, was based on a body of intelligence just as sensational as that of Richard Sorge, but which lasted for almost the full length of the war.

The quantity of intelligence communicated by these German resisters to the Swiss—quite apart from the information they

supplied later to others, in even larger quantities—amounts to the equivalent of about 40 average-length books.

Almost every day, Roessler arrived at the Villa Stutz, at Kastanienbaum, with a pile of documents in his briefcase. The first news received by Roessler concerned the Nazi terror in Poland. Thereafter, he reported on Hitler's attack plans for Luxembourg, Belgium and Holland. Well before the Wehrmacht could put their plans against Scandinavia into practice, Denmark and Norway had been alerted by the Swiss. Nonetheless, both countries were "surprised." On the evening of April 8, 1940, the King of Denmark went to the Royal Theater, despite his knowledge that a German troopship had been torpedoed by a Polish submarine south of Norway and that a fleet of the Kriegsmarine was making for its ports.

On March 30, 1940, and again on April 3, 1940, the Dutch military attaché in Berlin was warned by the Swiss military attaché of the fate awaiting Denmark. But the Danish government failed to act, even though the information was confirmed by two sources.

On March 25, 1940, on the basis of information from the Bureau Ha, the Norwegian government was also alerted to the threat of invasion through its legation in Berne. This information too was ignored.

These episodes were typical of the curious attitude of the European high commands and the democratic governments of the period. Unaccustomed to the participation of intelligence services in the conduct of battles, they reacted with instinctive mistrust. Neither Belgium, Holland nor France was to escape disaster. Like Denmark and Norway they were given ample warning but refused to listen.

Astonished, but in no way discouraged by the indecision of the Danish and Norwegian leaders who had played so well into Hitler's hands, Rudolf Roessler persevered, as a flood of alarming intelligence reached him. He had long known that Belgium, the Netherlands and France were next on the list for attack. So, on March 10, 1940, the French high command was in possession of the full details of the plan.

On May 1, Roessler received a brief message from *Werther:*

"Attack 10 May in the Sedan Gap. Fifty divisions massed along the Belgium and Dutch frontiers."

On the same May 1, 1940, the French military attaché in Berne, telegraphed at once to Paris:

"German attack will probably take place 10 May. It will be directed against Sedan."

On May 10, at dawn, the Wehrmacht attacked. And still no one was prepared to defend the point where it made its main thrust—at the exact location indicated by *Werther*—and on May 13, Sedan fell. Three days later, German tanks were rolling, 62 miles to the west of Sedan, across open countryside, with no opposition in sight. On May 24, the Allies were encircled, "the gigantic curve" was complete The three armies, the Belgian, British and French, endured a terrific bombardment, within a small triangle of ground. The only hope of escape, for some, was by sea, from Dunkirk.

Strategists may argue at leisure about the development of this campaign of 1939-40, comparing figures and hypothetical tactics. But they will find no valid explanation for this tragic fact: the French and British high commands made no use of the extraordinary intelligence that had been communicated to them, always well in advance, to turn events to their advantage.

As a result, these high commands were in large part responsible for the defeat of 1940. They cannot seek to evade their share of the responsibility, nor will they ever be able to exculpate themselves fully from the accusations that can be leveled against them for their failure at that time. Largely through their fault, Europe fell under German occupation and millions of human beings were sacrificed to the madness of the Nazis.

At Lucerne, the collapse of the Allies stupefied Roessler. Astonishment was followed by bitterness. From his home at Wesemlin, where his transmitter-receiver was hidden, he alerted his friends: they were to stop sending documents and limit themselves to weekly interchanges. It was pointless for *Werther* and *Olga* to expose themselves to danger when no one took the slightest notice of their warnings.

But the Swiss were eager that Roessler and the Viking Line continue its work. Gen. Henri Guisan, as commander in chief of the Swiss Army, told Masson and Hausamann that this flow of secret information was vital to their well-being, should Hitler decide to invade Switzerland. Advance warning would allow Guisan to organize a desperate resistance.

At Guisan's insistence, Masson and Hausamann asked Roessler to come to the Villa Stutz for a talk. Hausamann managed to find the right words for the occasion:

"Switzerland is in danger," he told Roessler, "and the Nazis are drunk with victory, but the war is not yet over. Great Britain will not surrender. We must continue our work. It is your duty to do so. The Confederation opened its frontiers to you when misfortune struck your country. You, in turn, should help them in the trials that lie ahead."

Only too happy to serve, Roessler immediately alerted his friends in Berlin. They would not give up. The struggle would be begun again.

3

From June, 1940, onward, Roessler had been giving top priority to any intelligence received from Berlin that might be of value to Switzerland. In mid-July, 1940, a tense situation existed on the western frontier. Masson's own agents had discovered six German divisions, two of mountain troops, encamped near the border and ready to attack. They also mentioned border patrols, the laying of telephone cable and German espionage activity around Swiss installations in the area. Were these preparations for a surprise attack? Roessler asked Berlin. On July 18, less than 24 hours after his request, he received a full reply. There was nothing to fear for the moment.

On August 3, 1940, Roessler relayed a vitally important message to the Swiss center at Lucerne. On July 31, Hitler had informed his High Command of his irrevocable decision to attack Russia.

"I am convinced that Britain's determination to continue the struggle is based upon the expected support of the USSR," Hitler had said. "If we crush Russia, Britain's last hope will fade with her. And Germany will become the mistress of Europe, including the Balkans. Russia must be liquidated. The attack will take place in the spring of 1941.

"We shall launch two offensives at once—one in the south, in the direction of Kiev and the Dnieper, the other in the north, through the Baltic States, toward Moscow. There the two armies will link up."

This information was a great consolation to the Swiss, for if war broke out between Germany and Russia, the Reich would have no troops left to invade the Confederation. But, at the same time, the information was a source of embarrassment. Not knowing how to handle it, the Swiss were prepared to keep it to themselves.

"But one day, you will have to decide to communicate this news to the Russians," Roessler told Hausamann. "You know very well that we are bound to receive more and more of this sort of intelligence. I must remember that my objective, and that of the men I represent, remains the death of Nazism. We are ready to help whoever will do most to achieve that end, whatever their nationality."

"Germany and Russia are not at war yet," Major Hausamann said. "And nothing indicates that the Russians have turned against Hitler and his Nazis. In any case, we shall never communicate with them."

"Am I to understand that *I* shall be allowed to warn them?"

Hausamann was clever enough not to reply.

From that August of 1940, while continuing to supply the Swiss with intelligence on the movements of German troops within the Reich, and analyzing it, Roessler was studying ways of warning the Russians. Time was running short. An avalanche of data, pouring out of the OKW headquarters in Berlin, revealed in ever greater detail that preparations for the invasion of the Soviet Union were proceeding steadily.

Hitler decided upon "Operation Barbarossa" and read it out to his generals on December 18, 1940. The preliminaries of the operation were to be completed by May 15, 1941. This perfect plan was to remain unaltered. To preserve the maximum possible secrecy, Hitler ordered that only nine copies be made of it. One was distributed to each of the armed forces: the Wehrmacht, the Luftwaffe and the Kriegsmarine. The other six were to remain at OKW headquarters.

A week later, just after Christmas, Roessler received the longest message so far, in eight installments spread over a period

of 48 hours that took 12 hours to decipher. It was a real bombshell—nothing less than a complete copy of "Operation Barbarossa." Confronted with this document, Roessler was troubled, imagining the difficulties his friends must encounter daily. Even if they were able to see important plans in the normal course of their work, it was also necessary to get hold of them, secretly. They were obviously taking ever greater risks. And he did not know what to do with the results.

Finally Roessler recalled the name of a German living in Switzerland—a certain Christian Schneider—whom he knew to have communist sympathies and who might have just the proper contacts to assure him a pipeline to Moscow. He invited his fellow countryman to lunch. During the meal in a Lucerne restaurant, he asked Schneider point-blank:

"Do you know how I could talk to the Russians? I have vital intelligence in my hands that could be of the greatest use to the Soviet Union. If they want to pay for it, they can do so later, as I shall have much more. I am quite willing to collaborate—though I don't care for the word—for nothing."

Schneider pondered for a time.

"If you don't make them pay you," he said at last, "they'll take you for an *agent provocateur*. I know them. Is it really important intelligence?"

Roessler resolved to be frank.

"The Germans intend to invade Russia."

"Are you sure of your source?" Schneider asked incredulously.

"Absolutely." He told Schneider he had friends in Germany who could hardly be better placed. Then he laid down his one condition—the Russians must never try to discover their identity.

Schneider rose and murmured doubtfully:

"That would certainly be the most difficult thing for Moscow to accept."

Two weeks later, Schneider called at the Vita Nova Verlag in Lucerne. The anonymity clause had not helped matters. The Russians still knew nothing about the matter. But in Geneva there was a Soviet intelligence cell, for which Schneider worked. Without mentioning him by name, he had spoken of Roessler to the group's leader, who did not seem very impressed. He was willing to pass the intelligence along, but could not answer for the reactions of the MGB—the Center, as it was known familiarly to Soviet spies—the Ministry of State Security in Moscow that directed the activities of all the "delegations" abroad. For security reasons, Roessler would never meet Schneider's group leader, nor even know his name.

Between Geneva and Lucerne there would be two "go-betweens," two people who would pass on Roessler's information. If the Swiss—or the Germans—arrested them, neither the cell in Geneva, nor Roessler, should suffer. For these intermediaries always carried a capsule containing cyanide, which they would swallow if the situation grew serious enough.

The first go-between would be Schneider himself and the second would be a friend of his, Rachel Duebendorfer. If anything happened to him, she would take his place as first intermediary.

"Is everything clear, then?" Schneider asked. "You give me your intelligence, I pass it on to Rachel, who takes it to Geneva. Two more things. If Moscow accepts your cooperation, you will be paid. And, you must change your name. We all have aliases. I'm 'Taylor,' Rachel Duebendorfer is 'Sissi.' You will be known as 'Lucy.' "

Thus, in the spring of 1941, Rudolf Roessler, a liberal, Protestant German, from a respectable, conservative, upper-middle-class Bavarian background, a man who, despite his emigration, had retained the class consciousness of his caste, became, out of hatred of Nazism, a Soviet secret agent. He did so with the blessing of the Bureau Ha and Masson, who agreed on condition that he continue to work for Switzerland and supply intelligence that would be useful to the western Allies.

THE HEAD OF RUSSIA'S spy network in Switzerland—the man whose identity Roessler would never discover—was Alexander Rado. Rado was a master-spy, a colonel of the Red Army born in Hungary but trained in a very special school, Sekhjodnya, the training center of the Soviet espionage service, just outside Moscow. Prior to that, Rado had worked for the Comintern, fomenting revolutions throughout Europe—in his own country, in Czechoslovakia, Poland and in Germany. In 1936, the MGB appointed him resident director in Switzerland. His "front" was excellent—head of a respected cartographical firm, the Géo-Presse, specializing in the manufacture of globes and other maps required by the press and the general public.

The general secretary of the Swiss Communist Party, Léon Nicole, and his son, Pierre, had helped Rado in the recruitment of his go-betweens. Most of them, like Christian Schneider and Rachel Duebendorfer, worked for the International Labor Office. The Nicoles had introduced Rado to three agents in Geneva: Margareta Bolli, an unmarried woman, and Edmond and Olga Hamel. Margareta Bolli and Edmond Hamel became the network's wireless operators.

Another member of Rado's cell was an Englishman named Alexander Foote. Foote's life had been a chaotic one. In December, 1936, during the Spanish Civil War, he found himself near Madrid in the British battalion of the International Brigade. Fleeing Spain in 1938, he returned to Britain where communist friends offered to educate him as a Soviet secret agent. The idea appealed greatly to Foote's adventurous nature and after a course of instruction, he was posted to Alexander Rado's spy cell in Switzerland, also as a wireless operator.

Rado would communicate all urgent intelligence to him—Hamel and Bolli would deal with more routine dispatches. Foote was not to remain in Geneva, but would go to Lausanne, to avoid being rounded up by the Swiss authorities. His signal would be NDA and his call-sign FRX.

Foote found a flat, at 20 chemin de Longeraie, on the top floor of a large building. Any visitors would have to pass through two heavy, well-locked doors to get into the flat itself, thus providing Foote an entrance resembling a submarine's flooding chamber. He was delighted with this ideal strategic arrangement. If intruders broke into his retreat, he would have ample time while they forced the second door, to sabotage his transmitter-receiver set and to destroy his files and codes.

Foote's dramatic talents were such that he was accepted at face value by the entire colony of retired British army officers and civil servants living in Lausanne, at Ouchy. They saw nothing unusual in the fact that a capricious bachelor should show an obvious reluctance to invite them to his home or that the rhythm of his life should be unique: he rose late, did little during the day and wrote, it seemed, well into the night.

Every two weeks Foote went to Geneva to meet Alexander Rado in his offices at the Géo-Presse. The MGB had fixed the times for his transmissions: twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

So, in the first week of January, 1941, Foote launched his appeals:

NDA. FRX . . . NDA. FRX . . . NDA. FRX . . .

Moscow did not reply. Foote did not even know if he was being heard, but he persevered. Suddenly, on Wednesday, March 12, 1941, at 1:30 a.m., Foote received a very clear reply: NDA. OK. QSR5 . . . NDA. OK. QSR5. . . .

A volley of series of five letters and five figures, concealing the agreed code, followed. The message was an important one. Following a series of reverses, most of the Soviet spy networks in Germany had been wiped out, and the MGB was suspicious of the little information that continued to arrive from the survivors. It was vital for the Soviet Union that the Rado network should begin operations.

On the night of March 15, 1941, Alexander Foote had hardly a moment's sleep. Rado had given him the extraordinary revelations of Lucy—Rudolf Roessler. The message—to be radioed to Moscow—was nothing less than Hitler's complete plans for the invasion of Russia.

On March 19, the Center's sharp reply came as a disappointment to Rado. How could this resident director imagine that Moscow would accept information from someone of whom they knew no more than a code name, and who, moreover, required, as a condition of his cooperation, complete secrecy concerning his sources? The dispatches communicated by this Lucy would be sensational—if true. They were so detailed that they could almost have come from the OKW itself. Lucy should not be trusted. He was probably an *agent provocateur*.

During those first few months of 1941, Roessler must have been sorely tempted to give up completely. It may well be that his obstinacy and determination played a principal part in making this resistance story so remarkable. His journalistic sense of being at the center of world events sustained him in those early days of disillusionment and impotence when both the Allies and the Russians refused him credence.

On March 27—despite the rebuff he had been handed a week earlier—Roessler passed another communiqué to Schneider for forwarding to Rado: Hitler had decided to delay Operation Barbarossa for another four weeks. It originally had been set

for May 15, 1941. If the Russians listened this time, they would have ample time to prepare themselves.

"This is a serious strategic error on Hitler's part," he told the Bureau Ha, in his analysis of the situation. "A month's delay could ultimately prevent the Wehrmacht from achieving its objective, for it will be moving at the height of the terrible Russian winter. This error should favor the free world."

From that day, Thursday, March 27, onward, Roessler was in daily contact with his sources in Berlin. Each time, Roessler informed Christian Schneider, then the Swiss. The Swiss never seemed to mind this order of precedence; what mattered to them was that they be kept informed. In Rado's organization, on the other hand, there was increasing consternation over what they were to do with Lucy's information.

On Saturday March 29, despite the orders from the Center to ignore this dangerous source, Rado asked Foote to warn Moscow that evening that the mysterious "Operation Barbarossa" had been postponed for four weeks. The MGB's answer on Wednesday, April 2, was a short, sharp condemnation:

"Stop listening to this nonsense."

Alexander Rado did not insist further. He told Schneider on their next meeting:

"We cannot go on dealing with your German friend so long as he persists in concealing the sources of his information."

"He will never reveal them."

"How do you know that he isn't trying to use us?"

"You are making a serious mistake, comrade. It's madness, treason. The Nazis are about to invade the Soviet Union. And if they win the war because Moscow didn't know all there was to know of their plans, then you will be partly responsible."

"The Center has given instructions that they wish to hear nothing more of your Lucy."

Schneider walked out, slamming the door of the Géo-Presse offices. The next day, he took the train for Lucerne to meet Roessler and to explain Rado's attitude.

"Unfortunately, my dear Schneider, events will prove that we were right to persevere. Moscow will listen to us then," Roessler said.

Throughout May, 1941, the Russians heard no more from Lucy. But he was far from idle. Day after day he had communicated to Christian Schneider, then to the Swiss, the movements of the Wehrmacht toward the Soviet frontiers.

Rado, for his part, read and reread the intelligence from Lucy. His conspiratorial instincts told him that Lucy's dispatches rang true. Perhaps the Moscow Center was wrong after all.

On June 11, Schneider came to see Rado again. He placed a piece of paper on Rado's desk and said nothing. Rado could hardly believe his eyes when he read it:

"General attack on territories occupied by Russians dawn of Sunday 22 June: 3:15 a.m." When Schneider had satisfied himself that Rado had taken in the message, he turned on his heels and went out without a word. All night Rado suffered the agony of indecision. On the morning of Thursday, June 12, unable to bear it any longer, he telephoned Foote—something he had never done before. Sounding deeply upset, he asked the Englishman to come at once to Geneva. On a bench overlooking Lake Leman, Rado handed Foote the message.

"What are you going to do?" Foote asked.

After a long silence, Rado murmured: "What can I do? You know how skeptical the Center was about Lucy's information. Perhaps the information isn't true."

Foote made no secret of his annoyance. "If I were you I'd send the information all the same. It would then be up to the Center to accept responsibility."

Rado relented. "Send it at the next normal transmitting time, the day after tomorrow," he told Foote. "I'll give you a dossier I've got in my safe—all the information sent in by Lucy for the past month. Never mind if they don't like it. At least we'll have done our duty."

So on June 14, then on 16, 17 and 18, 1941, Alexander Foote kept at his transmitter. The only answer he got was, "Understood. Over." When he had finished burning all the papers and all his code jottings, Foote collapsed onto his bed, exhausted. This time, the Russians showed no suspicions of Lucy's information.

HIDDEN IN THE DENSE Polish fir forests, under the oaks, beeches and ashes of the Carpathians and amid the cane apples and laurels of Bessarabia, 146 German divisions lay, ready to attack. In Berlin, Joachim von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, was already composing the coded message to send to his ambassador in Moscow. It was one of the Fuehrer's most cynical declarations of war:

"Information received in the past few days by the government of the Reich leaves no doubt as to the aggressive nature of Soviet troop movements. Moreover, intelligence from a British source has confirmed the existence of negotiations conducted by the British ambassador, Sir Stafford Cripps, to establish close military cooperation between Great Britain and the Soviet Union."

On June 22, on a front of more than 600 miles, a wave of fire swept across Russian territory. The war in the East had begun.

On June 23, the Russians offered the despised Lucy more money than had ever been paid a secret agent. Alexander Foote had tuned his transmitter-receiver to the wavelength usually used by the Moscow Center (although it was not his customary day for transmitting) and was surprised to hear his own call letters.

"NDA . . . The Center has decided that from now on dispatches will be divided into three categories. MSG will designate routine communications, RDO urgent messages and VYRDO will preface messages of the greatest importance. From today all intelligence communicated by Lucy will be classified as VYRDO and be relayed immediately. The Center will be on the alert for communications 24 hours a day. NDA alone will transmit Lucy's communications." Lucy was to be paid a regular salary of *7,000 Swiss francs a month* (about $1,600), not including additional payments for exceptional intelligence.

Money did nothing to change Roessler's habits. He continued to rise at 6:30 every morning, eat his frugal breakfast of coffee and toast and, at 7:30, leave home to catch the trolley, which took him to the center of Lucerne. At 8 he opened the Vita Nova bookshop in the Fluhmattstrasse. His mornings were devoted to correspondence and to the day-to-day affairs of the publishing business. At noon he went home to lunch. His wardrobe was limited, and he wore his clothes until they were threadbare—a dark ready-made suit, a long, black overcoat for winter, an outsize trench coat for other seasons and a soft, felt hat that he wore pulled down to his ears.

Roessler did not smoke, as he suffered from frequent and exhausting asthma attacks. He appeared to have only one weakness: coffee; he drank coffee incessantly, at home, at the office and at the Villa Stutz at Kastanienbaum—and well into the night.

Roessler devoted his afternoons to his work for the Swiss secret service, correlating and evaluating all the intelligence they supplied him with for the use of Brigadier Masson. The Brigadier always took Roessler's reports with him when he attended the meetings of the Swiss High Command. After dinner, the German émigré again became an active agent, engaged in the radiotelegraphy that linked him to his friends in the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht. He often worked until 3 o'clock in the morning, decoding and writing up the dispatches from *Werther* and *Olga*.

He gave up going to the theater and movies, fearing that he might miss a transmission. He took no time off—no holidays, not even a weekend. The Russians paid him well and he accepted their money. Christian Schneider had insisted that, if he did not, Moscow might again grow suspicious. But Roessler cared for nothing but the defeat of Nazism.

In spite of Lucy's data, the Russian army collapsed under the German attack, and the enormous advantage, which the Russians possessed, of knowing the enemy's plans in advance was at first of little use. The intelligence had come too late, and the Russians needed time to recover from the first unexpected blows, before they could benefit fully from their good fortune. This took three months, during which the Germans began to suspect that some deadly parasite had invaded their system and was sapping its strength.

In fact, on July 2, 10 days after the beginning of the war in the East, Lucy confirmed to the MGB that the German plan of attack had Moscow as its immediate objective. This was what

the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht designated "Plan I."

On July 27, 1941, Lucy asked Rado to warn the Center at once that the OKW, sensing that the Russians were building up their Moscow defenses, had suddenly switched to "Plan II." This involved two main thrusts, from the north and south, in a pincer movement.

These were obviously two vital pieces of intelligence. On August 10, 1941, the headquarters of the 16th Russian army fell intact into the hands of German panzergrenadiers, east of Smolensk. The military security officers blew open the door of a rusty safe and were stunned to discover, among a mass of paper work, exact copies in Russian of the OKW's two plans of campaign, as well as a copy of the sudden decision to adopt the second of the two.

A few days before this discovery, the German military security officers had found another packet of their own secret plans in an office abandoned by the general commanding the 1st Cossack army, at Lomzha. For the Germans, these two dramatic discoveries meant only one thing: the enemy seemed to be remarkably well informed. Perhaps they even had spies within the Wehrmacht itself. After a series of similar and equally disturbing incidents, German military security decided to hand over the investigation to the Abwehr, the Wehrmacht's official organization for espionage and counterespionage. But since its head, Admiral Canaris, was already suspected of betraying the cause of the Fuehrer, the SD, then directed by Reinhard Heydrich, was also informed.

Heydrich at once recognized the whole affair's vital importance. Like Hitler, he had always detested the German officer corps. He was convinced that among that band of officers, in whose hands the salvation of Germany rested, there was a traitor, or perhaps several, who were acting as Soviet informers. The exceptional nature of the discoveries made by Military Security on the Eastern Front confirmed his suspicions. He would have to discover who the traitors were at once.

Heydrich would have liked to have taken over the job personally but hadn't the time; he was too preoccupied with party intrigues. So he decided to entrust the inquiry to his brilliant assistant, young SS-Brigadefuehrer Walter Schellenberg.

Schellenberg was a Nazi "intellectual," who talked brilliantly of music, literature and painting. He claimed to despise politics —yet at 32 he was the youngest of the Nazi leaders, the man whom Himmler affectionately called his "dauphin." Of all Hitler's generals, Schellenberg was the most widely traveled. But he never left his headquarters in the Berkaerstrasse, in Berlin-Schmargendorf, without good reason. It was from there that he ran the "F" bureaus of the SD, that is, all its espionage networks throughout the world.

As soon as Heydrich gave him the job of unmasking the traitors who were passing information to the Russians, Schellenberg conceived a scheme that was entirely typical of its instigator.

Toward the end of October, 1941, he drew up his plan of action. He would not attempt to go through the entire officer corps with a fine-tooth comb to find the traitors—at least, not immediately. There were no fewer than 3,000 generals and 320,000 officers of other ranks in the Wehrmacht. Instead, he would concentrate his attention on the weak spot that sooner or later gave most subversive networks away: radio communications.

Meanwhile, Rudolf Roessler's companions had no notion that the most formidable espionage organization in the Reich was about to begin its attempts to localize the intelligence leak. They had little reason to fear, for they took every possible precaution. As soon as a piece of intelligence of sufficient importance reached them, they coded it and awaited a suitable time at night, when the traffic was at its most intense, to transmit it. No listening station could distinguish this single transmission among the thousands of coded radiotelegrams crowding the atmosphere.

The only urgent requests for intelligence to come from Moscow concerned German units on the Eastern Front—their manpower, their armament, their destinations. Roessler transmitted these requests to Berlin and the replies came back, usually within 48 hours. At the beginning of autumn, 1941, he was even to pass on to the Russians two surprising items of scientific information. The Germans were putting the final touches to a new weapon, which had been called the V-1. They had also begun the construction of a 10-ton rocket. The western Allies had refused to listen to the mass of information that had been offered them with such generosity. But the effects of the Lucy Ring's intervention in the East had been overwhelming. If the West had only listened, Roessler speculated, Hitler could undoubtedly have been beaten in 1940.

The Swiss, at least those with whom he dealt, the leading anti-Germans in the Confederation—the Bureau Ha, Brigadier Roger Masson and, ultimately, General Guisan himself—allowed him to continue his collaboration with Moscow and thus acted as silent accomplices. With the entry into the war of the United States, they felt considerably surer of their ground.

Intelligence reaching them through Roessler showed the Swiss how badly things were going inside the Reich: some grave defeats on the Russian front and a series of disgraces that had struck at the entire leadership of the OKW had revived the hopes of the many conspirators who flourished within the Wehrmacht High Command. Hitler, in fact, had dismissed 35 generals between December, 1941, and January, 1942.

The abortive attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, was merely the culmination of a line of earlier plots—all hatched by the same men, beginning in 1938. Those who, in 1944, ended up shot, or hung up on butchers' hooks in Ploetzensee prison, or strangled with piano cord at Flossenburg, or driven to suicide had previously tried no fewer than 15 times to eliminate the Fuehrer.

That conspiracy was destined to fail because it included too many people, and the entire army knew who they were. The Gestapo knew. Even Hitler himself knew. For when he finally lost his temper after the July 20 plot and decided to retaliate, 7,000 people were arrested, 5,000 of whom were summarily executed.

Rudolf Roessler's 10 friends kept well away from this vast, shifting mass of plotters, in order to preserve intact their own far more destructive work. Indeed, though unaware of it, these plotters were helping Roessler's friends, for whom they provided a convenient distraction. This explains why the 10 men were so invulnerable within the Oberkommando. Alarmed by the evident leaks that were taking place within this permanent nest of intrigue, the SD and the Gestapo made innumerable inquiries into its organization, unfailingly discovering the currently suspect elements—but never for a moment suspecting the "technicians," who were well known for their lack of interest in conspiracies. Thus *Werther* and *Olga* always slipped through the nets that had been cast for them.

5

April, 1942—the mud season on the Eastern Front, a brief time of respite for the troops, from the Crimea to the Baltic. On each side of the front, columns of new men and materials were arriving from the rear to reinforce the combatants. In Lucerne, Geneva and Lausanne, Roessler, Rado and Foote were working at full speed—because *Werther* and *Olga* were doing so too.

Foote knew, at that time, that the listening station of the SD, near Dresden, was rapidly tracking down the location of his transmitter. In mid-April, Schellenberg received a lengthy report from his technicians. They had succeeded in recording a long series of mysterious dispatches—all coming from the same hand, whose "touch" they were now able to recognize. They were, however, still trying to decode them. One important fact had been discovered. The transmitter that sent out these messages almost every night, always at the same time, was situated on a very definite geographical line, passing near Madrid, Saragossa, Toulouse, Lyon, Geneva and Nuremberg. The strength of the broadcast indicated that the transmitter was probably not more than 600 miles away. Systematically Schellenberg's men had searched all the German territory crossed by this line. Though they were aware that the operator using this clandestine post frequently changed wavelengths, moving between 20 and 50 meters, they managed to draw up a table of his favorite frequencies.

In Berlin, Rudolf Roessler's friends were near despair because at this historical moment the gods of war were strongly favoring the Nazis. Everything seemed lost. They had taken maximum risks to send Roessler intelligence for the use of the Russians—plans of attack, details of the composition of the armies, of equipment and supplies—always well in advance. But all that had not been enough. The abhorred Nazi power

stretched from the Atlantic to the boundaries of central Asia, from the Arctic to the Nile and the swastika was hoisted over the entire Mediterranean.

The 10 conspirators would have been even more despondent if they had known of the intense jubilation then being felt by Walter Schellenberg. He had several reasons for rejoicing. First, Reinhard Heydrich, the only obstacle to his unbounded ambition, was dead. Jan Kubis and Josef Gabeik, two noncommissioned officers of the Free Czech Army, parachuted into Czechoslovakia by the RAF, had hurled a bomb under Heydrich's Mercedes in Prague on May 29, 1942. He died on June 4 from infections in the wounds he had received. But the SD was not long without a leader. On June 6, Heinrich Himmler, the head of the entire SS and number three in the Nazi hierarchy, summoned all the party departmental chiefs to the palace of the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. Standing before the body of Heydrich, laid out in state, Himmler pointed to the young SS-Brigadefuehrer:

"I place Schellenberg at the head of the Sicherheitsdienst. The man lying there regarded him as worthy of the post and trained him for it. I too consider him to be capable of assuming the tasks that await him. Above all, he is incorruptible. His youth and the fact that he is not a long-standing member of the National Socialist Party should not prevent you too from adopting him.

"He is the youngest among us and for that reason has a right to my special support. I say this clearly, and in his presence, because it was your murdered chief's desire that nothing should stand in the way of this nomination. And I consider Schellenberg to be too intelligent to allow himself to become intoxicated by what I have just said. On the contrary, I hope it will encourage him to carry out all the more carefully and attentively the tasks that will be assigned him."

Schellenberg was also overjoyed at the progress in the inquiry entrusted to him by his late chief. It was going remarkably well. Before long, he might even be able to present Himmler with a valuable token of his thanks.

German listening stations had confirmed that a clandestine transmitter was definitely on the Madrid-Nuremberg line. With the help of a powerful mobile station in Strasbourg, a triangulation indicated that the transmitter was in Switzerland. It was still impossible to say whether it was in Geneva or Lausanne, but it was certainly somewhere on the shore of Lake Leman. This was a discovery of some importance for Schellenberg.

The Germans realized how admirably this operator protected himself. Not only did he constantly change the wavelengths on which he transmitted his messages, but just as frequently shifted his codes. An incredible amount of work would have to be done by the SD decoders.

Schellenberg had a vague feeling that something was wrong with his analysis of the situation. If an espionage cell in the Wehrmacht existed, why had the Russians concealed its radio operator in Switzerland? If German conspirators possessed a transmitter to send their intelligence to their man in Switzerland, why did they not send it directly to Moscow? It struck Schellenberg that there could only be one answer to the torrent of questions nagging him: the Swiss had something to do with this affair. They might even be accomplices.

For a long time Schellenberg had been building up a remarkable espionage organization, which at the right moment could play a considerable part in overthrowing the Swiss Confederation, a matter Hitler had in mind for the future. And now this affair had revealed an unsuspected side to that country. Something had to be done. He must find out what was going on in the heads of the Swiss leaders.

Before Schellenberg embarked on his personal mission, the ground had been well prepared. In fact, the coverage of Switzerland by the German espionage services was more concentrated and more active than in any other country in the world. The German infiltration of Switzerland was entrusted to two organizations: the Abwehr, the Wehrmacht's espionage, counterespionage and sabotage service, under Admiral Canaris; and the SD of Himmler and Schellenberg. Together, the two organizations had established branches in Stuttgart, 75 miles to the north of the Confederation, which would deal specifically with Switzerland.

The office of the SD in Stuttgart had 20,000 files on Swiss citizens who could be "used." It trained 300 agents every six months, who were then sent into Switzerland to recruit their accomplices.

To cross Swiss borders, the Germans used two techniques. A few hundred yards away from the chosen crossing point, they would create a diversion, firing shots as if in pursuit of someone. This would draw the attention of the customs officers and frontier guards and leave the field clear for the spies. Passersby who hid them were paid 1,000 francs ($225) per agent.

The second method was safer, but more expensive: 1,500 francs ($350). The crossing took place in the Basel railway station. The German customs officers would take the spies, disguised as railway workers, across the lines and hand them over to their Swiss accomplices. Basel station, an international junction between Switzerland, Germany and France, was swarming with more spies throughout the war than perhaps any other single place in the world. Colonel Jaquillard, head of Swiss counterespionage, was to count with amazement 350 known German spies on the nights of May 14 and 15, 1940, alone. They were sitting quietly, on the German side of the border, awaiting the best time to slip into Switzerland.

Throughout the war, the SD never ceased its effort to win the Swiss over to Nazism. Its Bureau F in Berne, concealed in the German legation and directed by the consul general, served as a cell for recruitment and subversion. It included a group of well-trained specialists, who benefitted from their diplomatic immunity.

By the middle of 1942, the number of Germans living in Switzerland had assumed almost the proportions of a state within a state. Brigadier Masson did not underestimate the gravity of this situation. He often exceeded his annual budget of 50 million Swiss francs (about $12 million), without causing too much opposition, but the means at his disposal in terms of men and money were hardly adequate to withstand the Nazi tide. He congratulated himself on having persuaded the local police forces, as early as 1938, to keep a special register of foreign residents in every locality. For each name in this register there was an arrest warrant, made out in advance. At the slightest sign of suspicion, his agents struck. Between 1939 and 1942, they had followed up no fewer than a thousand leads. Of course not all of these turned up German spies, and occasionally an innocent person was incriminated.

By the middle of 1942, however, Masson's service had become so efficient that the best spies began to fall into its nets.

In the meantime, Alexander Foote was having great difficulty in communicating the great quantity of Lucy dispatches to the Center. He spent five hours nightly in coding alone, and his difficulties were increased by the frequent shifts in coding ordered by Moscow. Then, from 1 a.m. onward, the silence of his room was broken only by the remorseless tapping of his transmitter. With the windows carefully sealed to prevent any light leakage, he worked steadily until dawn, the air becoming murky from the smoke of his innumerable cigarets.

Rudolf Roessler had communicated his dedication to Rado's entire network. Foote was no longer able to cope with the sheer quantity of Lucy's messages, and Margareta Bolli and Edmond Hamel were assigned the transmission of VYRDO dispatches, or messages of top priority.

The Red army began to elude the Wehrmacht. It learned to evade all the pincer movements that had worked so successfully before. It continued to attack and defend from a frontal position, but suddenly adopted tactics involving great mobility, drawing the German troops into terrain unsuited to the broad formations required by armored divisions. Now the Red army seized the initiative. Now they set the times and places of battles. Moreover, it was the Russians who introduced a new weapon into the conflict—psychological warfare, a barrage of information and threats. The 2nd Hungarian army was its first victim. In the middle of the night, voices amplified by powerful loudspeakers just within the Russian lines announced:

"Hungarians! We know that tomorrow, at dawn, you will cross the Oskol. But we shall not be there to meet you. We shall meet when and where *we* wish. You will then be sorry you ever came to Russia. You will curse your leaders for having given in to Field Marshal Keitel and agreeing to send you here."

The 23rd tank division, which had only just arrived on the Eastern Front from France, was greeted:

"Soldiers of the 23rd. Welcome to the Soviet Union! Your fine Paris days are over now. What awaits you in our country will far surpass anything your comrades, who were frostbitten, may have told you. But you will see for yourself before long!"

The 24th tank division also received a midnight warning: "Panzergrenadiers of the 24th, we shall not be south of Voro-

nezh the day after tomorrow as your leaders have assured you. You needn't try to encircle us—we won't be there. Save your bread, your ammunition and your gasoline, for we are going to besiege you. The luckiest will be those who have kept a bullet to blow their own brains out."

Here was Lucy's intelligence at its most effective. While, of course, it could never be traced back to its source, its devastating results appear in a great many of the German soldiers' accounts of the campaign. These fighting men got the disastrous impression that the enemy had access to the plans of their chiefs. They were paralyzed by a feeling that the Red terror would engulf them in the middle of the barren steppes. The Russians' first attempt at putting Lucy's vital intelligence to work as ammunition for their psychological warfare was an unqualified success.

Its impact on the ordinary soldiers was particularly devastating, and many suffered complete mental breakdowns. The officers of the Wehrmacht tended to ridicule these psychological attacks, but, in a sense, were even more intensely affected, since they realized that the Russians must possess other, much more valuable intelligence that they did *not* broadcast over their loudspeakers, but which would enable them to subvert completely the usual tactics of the OKW at the front. None of them, however, dared suppose that the source of these terrifying revelations was in Berlin itself.

These mid-months of 1942 also marked a new stage for Roger Masson and the Bureau Ha in their relations with Roessler. Roessler continued to fulfill the conditions agreed between them, making no attempt to conceal from the Swiss the intelligence he passed on to the Russians. But Masson and the Bureau Ha now realized that Roessler would play an overwhelming role in the victory of the Russians in the East. If, by some misfortune the Germans discovered that it was Switzerland who had made this possible, the neutrality of the Confederation would be in jeopardy. The very existence of Switzerland as an independent state might be in danger.

From then on, few men were to be as closely guarded as Roessler. Night and day, the Vita Nova Verlag, in the Fluhmattstrasse, in Lucerne, and his home at Wesemlin were watched by shadowy, scrupulously discreet figures. If Roessler was aware of them, he did not reveal it—and he expressed no gratitude for his protection. This irritated the Swiss. They watched over him, but, at the same time, they began to try to discover more about his activities devoted to the Russians.

One particularly warm night, at the end of the summer of 1942, the radio operator at Geneva airport was feeling bored. After wandering aimlessly around his office, he sat down at his instruments and began to play idly with the knobs. Suddenly, he intercepted a broadcast on a wavelength that was not used by the Swiss armed forces. Failing to decipher the message, the operator informed BUPO, the Swiss counterespionage service. He had carefully noted the wavelength and the time of broadcast. The clandestine transmitter definitely lay quite near the airport, probably in Geneva itself. Moreover, its transmission strength meant that the set was using the local electricity supply, not batteries.

The following night, three vans, equipped with radio-detection gear called gonios, waited near the airport and picked up the same transmission. It was coming from the southeast. Setting out slowly from three different points, and guided by the sound, they gradually converged on a point in the center of Geneva. When the tapping stopped, at almost the same time as it had the previous night, the vans had already crossed the bridges over the Rhône. The next night they got even closer to the clandestine transmitter.

On the fourth day of the search, they intercepted a new transmitter, in the same area. Then they lost touch with the broadcasts altogether. A week later, the gonio vans were stationed in the route de Florissant, at the gates of the Parc Alfred Bertrand, when the tapping recommenced. This time, it was so strong that the technicians were certain the operator was somewhere in that street.

A single gonio, manned by BUPO agents, did the final work of tracking him down. To pinpoint the house, they used a trick invented by the Germans. The electric current of each house was cut in turn, just long enough for an agent to walk from one to the next. If the broadcast continued, then the secret operator was not in the house in front of which they were passing. In this way they eventually focused on number 192, route de Florissant.

The same method located the second transmitter at 8 bis, rue Henri Mussard. It was now child's play for Masson's department to match names to the street numbers. Both were on the lists of suspect persons, because both belonged to the Swiss Communist Party: Edmond Hamel and Margareta Bolli.

A Swiss coding expert dutifully set to work to break the cryptic dispatches recorded since the discovery of these transmissions. It seemed obvious that Hamel and Bolli must be Roessler's radiotelegraph operators. The couple were carefully watched and the results confirmed the theory. Both Hamel and Bolli often visited a certain Alexander Rado, who also received in his Géo-Presse offices one Christian Schneider, a close friend of Rudolf Roessler. Of course, these discoveries came as a great relief to Masson and the Bureau Ha: if the need arose, they at last had a way of blocking the work of this frighteningly effective agent. They could destroy Roessler as easily as defend him.

During this period, scarcely 10 hours elapsed between the making of a decision by the OKW and its reception by Moscow. On one occasion, the interval was even reduced to six hours. Roessler had correctly calculated that speed in the transmission of intelligence was vital. This alone would enable the Kremlin to develop a strategy which, in the course of a decisive battle, could turn the war in their favor. Consequently, he called on the 10 agents of *Werther* and *Ogla* in Berlin to drive themselves even harder to satisfy his insatiable appetite for information.

Roger Masson decided to make it his business to ensure the protection of Roessler and his ring from discovery by Nazi agents. It was of the utmost importance that Hitler should learn nothing of the part played by the Confederation in this affair. Switzerland's destiny depended on it.

In Berlin, Walter Schellenberg had coldly analyzed the development of the summer's events on the Eastern Front. He alone among the leading Nazis understood the vital role of the resistance network he was trying to unmask. Only one person could help Schellenberg prove his theory that conspirators in the OKW headquarters in Berlin were also involved in the affair—Masson. This was why he had to meet him. He did not, of course, hope to find an ally. Rather, he intended to strangle Switzerland in a tight net of obligations. And he did not lack the proper bait. Only when he felt that Masson had been securely hooked, would he reveal his true intentions. If the Swiss really were unaware of this affair —which was still conceivable—then Schellenberg would quite simply ask for their help in destroying these enemies of Nazism.

However, Schellenberg lacked one thing. He would have liked to have entered this power struggle with an ace up his sleeve. Unwittingly, Masson was to present him with just such a card.

Among the dispatches concerning Switzerland that reached Schellenberg twice a week from the office of the SD in Stuttgart, he found a piece of information which, although apparently innocent enough, immediately set him scheming. A young Swiss officer, Lieutenant Möergeli, had just arrived in Stuttgart: a new clerk in the chancellery of the Swiss consulate. It was his first post. Having him watched would be ridiculously easy. For it was well known that employees of embassies and consulates were often used to carry out "information" missions.

An hour later, Schellenberg telephoned SS-Sturmbannführer Hügel, the head of the Stuttgart office, and ordered him to mount a *Herausforderung*, or provocation, intended for young Möergeli. He was to be arrested as a spy and given the full treatment. A tribunal was to hand down the maximum penalty for espionage. Möergeli's consul and the Swiss authorities would certainly intervene, which was just what Schellenberg wanted. In this way he would force Roger Masson to come to Germany.

The ruse worked perfectly for, as Schellenberg had suspected, Möergeli had been carrying out a minor secret assignment: he supplied certain information concerning the Wehrmacht's movements in areas adjoining the Swiss frontier. One evening in a brasserie in Stuttgart, Möergeli made the acquaintance of a German civilian, who confided that he was a staunch anti-Nazi. Möergeli was impudent enough to say he shared his views, thus falling for a trick of infantile simplicity. He was arrested

on the spot and condemned to death. The terrified consul immediately informed Berne, which passed the message on to Masson in Lucerne, asking him if he could intervene. Masson had immediately agreed. On September 8, 1942, Schellenberg and Masson would meet at last.

Masson had laid down one condition to his accepting the meeting. It would have to take place in a town on the German-Swiss border—Laufenburg would do. Schellenberg agreed but secretly determined that it would be far easier to beat an opponent on home ground. In order to justify changing the meeting place to somewhere farther inside Germany, Schellenberg needed a serious delay. Moreover, the delay should last long enough for a Gestapo agent to intensify Masson's sense of insecurity at being suddenly plunged into hostile surroundings—to "condition" Masson a little before actually confronting him. So Schellenberg invented an auto accident.

When at 8:15 a.m. of a clear, late-summer Thursday, Brigadier Masson, wearing civilian clothes and sucking on an old pipe, crossed the international bridge over the Rhine, linking the Swiss and Germany halves of the ancient city of Laufenburg, he was distressed to discover that arrangements had been drastically altered. Instead of being immediately conducted to the Gasthof Laufen, where he was to have been met by Schellenberg, Masson found himself being led by a silent German customs officer straight to the guard post at the German side of the bridge, where he was confronted by a stranger in a green trench coat who looked very much like the Gestapo.

Though Masson cautiously declined to identify himself, the Gestapo officer did not hesitate to let Masson know he was aware of his destination:

"You were expecting General Schellenberg, I believe? The general won't be coming to Laufenburg. He's had a car accident. Oh, nothing serious. Nothing to worry about."

Masson was far from reassured to learn that Schellenberg's aide, a Major Eggen, would "come to collect him within a couple of hours."

Masson grew increasingly anxious. What was happening? This car accident could so easily compromise everything. There he was, the head of Swiss Intelligence, trapped in Germany, in the hands of the worst elements of the Nazi regime.

At 10:30, a relaxed, affable Eggen arrived. Yes, on the road from Berlin to Laufenburg, General Schellenberg's Mercedes had indeed crashed into a ditch. They were saved by a miracle. The general sent his apologies for the delay. They had been forced to come by train. But the meeting could still take place, though not at Laufenburg. They would go to Waldshut, nine miles up the Rhine, to the Bahnhof Hotel.

Nine winding, twisting miles along the banks of the river. Masson had reason to feel apprehensive. Should he believe Eggen? After all, Schellenberg could easily have come to Laufenburg—with Eggen or by train. Why had he chosen Waldshut? Masson was deeply disturbed, recognizing that he was quite possibly caught in one of Schellenberg's Machiavellian traps. Masson had, of course, already realized that there was some significance in the disproportion between Lieutenant Möergeli's error and his threatened punishment. Clearly, the SD had provoked the whole episode.

The car driven by Eggen entered Waldshut—an old tourist town of 10,000 inhabitants, built on a hill overlooking the Rhine. The Bahnhof Hotel was a gray, gloomy, three-story building. Major Eggen led Masson into its small, dark oak-paneled lounge.

Shortly afterward a man pushed open the door. He was tall and slim, wearing a superbly cut gray tweed suit. His thick, brown hair was combed straight back and parted on the left. He had a wide, sensual mouth, gentle, deep-set eyes and an attractive smile. Masson immediately recognized Walter Schellenberg. He was exactly like the photographs that Masson's office had supplied him before his departure. The German's voice, too, was gentle, though lightly ironical.

"I imagine you think that this hotel is filled with cameras and microphones, Monsieur Masson. After all, it's what you'd expect in wartime. I suggest then, that we go outside. We can sit on whichever bench you choose along the embankment by the Rhine."

The two men walked through the winding streets to the embankment. Here they sat beneath alders that overhung the river. On the other side, in the distance, lay Switzerland, veiled by light mist.

Schellenberg attacked at once. "I must warn you immediately, Monsieur Masson, that I came here only after a great deal of hesitation. I have proof that your intelligence service is in the pay of the Americans."

Schellenberg held out a paper. Masson recognized it as a copy of a cable sent by the American military attaché in Berne to Washington in 1940.

In June of that year, Masson had called a meeting of foreign military attachés. Rumor had it that Switzerland was about to be invaded. Panic was sweeping through northern Switzerland, emptying its towns and villages; every room, every bed along the banks of Lake Geneva was taken. The American military attaché asked if it was true that there were 25 German divisions stationed between Basel and Lake Constance. Masson had just received secret reports on the subject. Between Basel and Karlsruhe there were no more than four divisions: the 554th, the 555th, the 556th and the 557th, and under cover in the Black Forest, south of Ulm and Rastatt, were five more, fully equipped—a total force far from adequate for invasion. Careful to observe the strictest neutrality, Masson replied, quite simply, that "there was some troop concentration" to the north of Switzerland.

Impressed by the importance of this information and anxious to emphasize his own part in the affair, the young American immediately cabled Washington: "Extraordinary meeting with Masson. He confirmed to me that there are twenty-five German divisions near the Swiss frontier. He added that they are ready to attack."

He then sent the cable by courier to the experts for coding. The courier was a German agent. On his way to the embassy, he copied the text of the message and dispatched it to Berlin. It was this copy that, two years later, Schellenberg now showed Masson.

The brigadier returned it to the general.

"This does not prove that Washington finances my services, and you know it, Brigadefuehrer. Perhaps you wanted to demonstrate the efficiency of your espionage service?"

Schellenberg immediately parried.

"What do you want from me, Monsieur Masson."

The conversation was proceeding exactly as Masson had anticipated. It would inevitably lead up to an offer of a deal.

"You know that, too. I asked for this meeting with the agreement of my superior, General Guisan. I am advised to inform you, as the general's official representative, that our position is frequently misunderstood in Germany, and that we are determined to defend ourselves against any aggressor. I have also come to ask you to abandon the espionage system you are now building up against us."

Masson paused for a moment, then, carefully choosing his words, went on:

"I would also like you to know that I am no fool. I admit I have been forced to come here to ask for the pardon and safe return of Lieutenant Möergeli."

Schellenberg showed no hesitation:

"Agreed."

The brevity of the reply and Schellenberg's apparent nonchalance surprised Masson. Now, what would he want in exchange?

"Have you no other request, Monsieur Masson?"

Masson was disconcerted. What *did* Schellenberg want? At any rate, he resolved to take him up on his offer. In 1941, two Swiss Nazis, Ernst Leonhardt and Franz Bürri, had settled in Vienna and set up an agency, the International Press Agentur. They had since conducted an all-out campaign against the Confederation, attacking Guisan and the principles of Swiss neutrality. Masson requested the suppression of the agency and was again astonished when Schellenberg immediately agreed.

Then, rising, he confronted Masson:

"I speak for the Reich when I say that we should not like the relations between our two countries to be disturbed in any way. Switzerland is a neutral country and should remain so. A world at war needs somewhere where it can breathe freely. That place could be Switzerland. Within a month, you will have Möergeli back, and the agency run by Burri and Leonhardt will be shut down."

Round one of the secret struggle between Germany and Switzerland seemed to have gone entirely to Masson's advantage. Without argument and without in the least committing himself, he had obtained everything he wanted. And Schellenberg had asked for nothing.

In fact, Schellenberg's amazing reasonableness on the oc-

casion of that first meeting was only one more example of his diabolical cunning, and he was deeply satisfied with its outcome. Should that meeting at Waldshut, and the others that were to follow, one day become known, the head of Swiss Intelligence alone would be held responsible. If the Allies learned of these meetings, Switzerland would be suspected of a tendency to *reapprochement* that was contrary to her own intentions and interests.

More important, Schellenberg had seized the initiative to put Masson very much off balance, and then taken advantage of the situation to disconcert him even further by making one concession after another. Now Masson could hardly refuse him additional interviews. He must be enticed further into the net and suffocated by progressively greater obilgations before Schellenberg could ask the crucial question—the answer to which held the key to the very survival of the Third Reich. Did Masson know who was betraying the Wehrmacht?

7

Schellenberg's plan had one very serious defect—it needed time. And time was Germany's most precious commodity, for things were happening with disturbing swiftness on the Eastern Front. This convinced him that the Russians were still receiving vital intelligence in abundance. His listening post at Dresden had reported that clandestine broadcasts coming from Switzerland were continuing uninterrupted.

On October 16, at a private home in the Swiss village of Ermatingen on Lake Constance, Masson and Schellenberg met again. A secluded place had to be found for the meeting, for it was essential that Schellenberg pass unnoticed. Swiss public opinion was now violently anti-German. Schellenberg was to stay until Sunday evening, October 18. Despite the warm, sunny autumn weather, he would not leave the house. No risks would be taken and no expense spared to make things as pleasant for him as possible. Masson hoped for a great deal from this second meeting.

During the long weekend that followed, Schellenberg surpassed himself. He was at his most calculatedly charming, amusing his hosts with juggling, card tricks and sleight-of-hand, and regaling them with the edited version of his life story. Indeed, to hear Schellenberg talk, it seemed that the only thing that really mattered to him was Irene, his second wife since 1940, who was of Polish descent, and his five children from a first marriage. Overwhelmed with work as he was, Schellenberg counted it a great pleasure to be able to escape for a few days to come to Switzerland among friends.

Had Schellenberg come to Switzerland simply to rest? He had not mentioned his previous meeting with Masson. Yet he had kept his word—the International Press Agentur had suddenly stopped the flood into Switzerland of its inflammatory publications; and Möergeli had been freed.

Schellenberg then launched into an extended description of life in wartime Germany and all the miseries it entailed. Masson was interested, but also infuriated by this small talk. For Schellenberg had said nothing about the real problem, nor thrown any light on why he had come to Switzerland. When the night of October 18 arrived, and Schellenberg still had not revealed his intentions, Masson realized he must broach a subject that had long been bothering him. In the most casual manner possible Masson mentioned the existence of a document that could be terribly compromising for Switzerland.

It was an informal military agreement between France and Switzerland—signed long before the outbreak of war—which might be interpreted as a continuing military alliance between the two countries. The agreement had been secret, but a copy of it had fallen into German hands. Masson had sought in vain for a means of disarming this mine that jeopardized his country's freedom. Now, with the enigmatic Schellenberg so mysteriously accommodating, Masson resolved to ask him what he planned to do with the military convention: "You claim to be a friend of Switzerland. Then show it. What do you hope to do with that old treaty now?"

Schellenberg showed no trace of surprise. He knew all about this "interesting" military convention; it lay in his "Switzerland" file. He could well understand the Swiss general's uneasiness about it. So to convince Masson that he was indeed a friend of Switzerland, he would promise to destroy the papers on his return to Berlin.

And again he gave Masson no sign of what he wanted in exchange.

When Schellenberg arrived back in Berlin, the war was raging on all fronts and no one could predict its outcome. The Americans had just involved themselves in an uncertain battle at Guadalcanal in the Pacific. Violent, but uncertain battles were being waged in the industrial districts of Stalingrad. For his part, Schellenberg knew that more than ever before Switzerland had to act with the greatest prudence and dare not antagonize Germany. Moreover, he was convinced that he fully understood the way the Swiss reasoned. Switzerland, he believed, was a timid country, so apprehensive that whenever it thought fit to concede something to one side, it always felt obliged to follow it at once by a concession to the other.

It was true that certain Swiss industrialists were unwilling to deliver arms to the Wehrmacht. But the Swiss banks, preserving their customary discretion, placed their numbered safes at the disposal of anonymous customers, which was extremely useful when one wanted to hide stolen wealth.

Switzerland also showed an irritating tolerance toward French and British spies and a no less marked hostility toward German secret agents. But it did allow the Reich 300 million Swiss francs per year, as trade between the two countries slightly favored the Confederation, which was something of a consolation.

But what really convinced him that the Swiss were anxious to remain on the Germans' good side was the utter callousness—in complete contradiction to Switzerland's professed humanitarianism—that the Federal Council displayed toward Jews who asked for asylum. Ever since 1939 the Confederation had been playing an incredibly dangerous game. Colonel Victor Henry, the Swiss Commissioner for internment, rendered innumerable services to members of the French resistance, but remained absolutely intransigent toward Jewish refugees—a fact Schellenberg could not help feeling was another example of their usual balancing act, and would be used to counter the suspected treason he was investigating.

In talks with the British secret service in 1945, after the Nazi surrender, Schellenberg made the following statement that startlingly illuminates one of the most disturbing episodes in Switzerland's conduct during the war:

"In exchange for their participation in your victory, the Swiss, or at least some of the Swiss leaders, sacrificed thousands of human lives to Hitler's madness. Not, of course, Swiss lives, but those of the desperate men and women who came and asked for asylum—Jews. Perhaps 100,000. . . . They were turned away, thrown back into the hands of my countrymen, who sent them off to concentration camps."

Coming from an SS general, this statement is somewhat surprising. But it must not be forgotten that in 1945 Schellenberg, too, tried to buy his life in exchange for his disclosures to the British.

After January, 1942, the numbers of Jews who appeared every day at the Swiss frontier and who were sent back, after being caught trying to crowd their way through the police posts, increased markedly. Between January and April, 1942, 82 had succeeded in being admitted. At the end of July there were 850 in all, of whom 335 were Dutch.

Then came the massive deportations organized by the Germans throughout Europe, and the danger became acute for all Jews. They rushed toward Switzerland, but were turned back. Two methods were used to expel the unwanted refugees. One, they could be smuggled back across the frontier, where they had a one in 10 chance of escaping recapture, but at least had some chance of survival. The second method was nothing less than simple condemnation. The refugee was handed over to the police of the country from which he had come. This method, used more frequently, gave rise to some very embarrassing scenes. To escape this fate, many refugees preferred to kill themselves at the frontiers.

From October, 1942, onward Schellenberg never ceased to keep account of Switzerland's behavior toward the refugees. In the "debit" column he wrote the number of refugees accepted by Switzerland; in the "credit" column those it had turned away and who had been caught by his SS colleagues. The Swiss Federal authorities, of course, simply reversed the headings, placing under "credit" those saved from the Nazis.

Between September, 1939, and October, 1942, 4,700 refugees had been granted asylum by the Confederation. On December 31, 1942, there were 9,100. At the end of the war, adding together civilian refugees, the military internees and the German and Allied deserters, Switzerland reached a total of 100,000. But approximately an equal number of refugees were turned away at the frontiers—given the alternative either of suicide or arrest by the SS.

Another fact confirmed Schellenberg in his hypothesis: the surprising silence of the Swiss authorities concerning their knowledge of the atrocities in the concentration camps. Paradoxical as it may seem, until 1944, when the fate of Germany had been finally sealed, the Swiss appeared to know nothing of the genocide being practiced by the Nazis. However, Walter Schellenberg knew that this was not so.

During the weeks that followed Schellenberg's visit, Masson grew more apprehensive about the larger significance of these curious encounters and shared his forebodings with his superior. Guisan had received detailed reports of the two meetings Masson had had with Schellenberg; he had written them up himself, so that no one else would know of their contents.

This Schellenberg was, he warned, entirely too elusive. His cautious, catlike manner of approach revealed that he set great store by whatever he hoped to find in Switzerland. He had tried to entangle Masson in an inextricable net of obligations—he had obviously decided to ask for what he wanted only when he felt that Masson could refuse him nothing. There was still time to get out, and Masson told General Guisan quite categorically that he ought to do so. But, while recommending the greatest caution, Guisan insisted on the importance of preserving so valuable a contact.

On December 25, 1942, General Guisan celebrated Christmas with the 2nd light infantry regiment in the public square at Aarberg. Neither he nor his compatriots knew of the plans that Walter Schellenberg was meanwhile presenting to Heinrich Himmler for approval.

Schellenberg could not have failed to notice the profound change that had come over his superior in the past months. Himmler's shoulders seemed to droop and his eyes, hidden behind thick lenses, protruded more than ever. His upper lip twitched intermittently. Nervously, he turned and twisted the famous green pencil which he used to annotate all the reports that passed through his pudgy fingers—and with which he so often signed orders for the extermination of Jews.

"Are you sure the plan will be a success, Schellenberg?"

"I'll take responsibility for it."

A week later, Himmler entered the Fuehrer's headquarters. Goering, Goebbels, Rosenberg and Bormann, whom he detested, were all there. He requested that the OKW swiftly draw up a plan to invade Switzerland.

Hitler observed Himmler intently. What, he undoubtedly wondered, lay behind this idea? Why Switzerland? The 6th Army was dying in Russia and it was even possible that the entire Wehrmacht in the East would collapse. Hitler had too much on his mind to concern himself with a pigmy like Switzerland. However, Himmler must have his reasons for proposing invasion, and the Fuehrer gave the desired approval.

The next morning, the order arrived at Zossen, the permanent headquarters of the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht. For two weeks nothing was done about it; then, when a command direct from the Fuehrer arrived, people immediately set to work.

On Saturday, January 30, at 9 a.m., Rudolf Roessler arrived at the Villa Stutz. He seemed preoccupied. The night before *Werther* had informed him that the OKW was preparing plans for an invasion of Switzerland under General Dietl, a specialist in winter and mountain operations. The same report specified that Dietl's force, consisting of armored units, paratroops and *Gebirgsjägers,* or Alpine troops, was training near Munich. This was certainly a bombshell for Masson and Guisan. Yet, curiously enough, Roessler felt there was something wrong with this information; it failed to jibe with what he was certain must be the concerns of the Nazi leaders at that time. He confided his doubts to Christian Schneider.

Six hundred miles away, in Berlin, Walter Schellenberg waited anxiously for the results of the trap he and Himmler had set. He expected the Swiss to lie low, at least for a while. But if they were involved in this extraordinary affair, as he believed they were, they would come out of hiding soon enough. Throughout the Confederation his spies redoubled their efforts, ordered to observe all Swiss movements particularly closely. At the slightest sign of any unusual activity on the other side of the Rhine, Schellenberg would have his proof that one or several spies were to be found within the OKW, and that they were passing information to the Swiss, who in turn informed the Allies.

That Saturday morning, when Roessler reported the preparation of Dietl's invasion plan, Guisan and Masson did not for a moment doubt the source of the information. The latest intelligence concerning the movements of German troops in Austria and Bavaria had arrived the day before. Their agents in Germany had been quite categorical: the total number of land forces available to the Germans were three armored divisions and six divisions of mountain troops; no more than a third of the Luftwaffe was available for all of western Europe. The rest of the Wehrmacht was engaged on the Russian front. Then was this sizable army of Dietl's a bluff?

For a long time, General Guisan and Masson weighed their chances, trying to foresee a possible trap. To ask the Federal Council to declare a general mobilization would be an admission of fear. No, the only safe and wise solution was to wait. If it was another of Schellenberg's maneuvers, the SS general would appear on the scene soon enough.

It was a judicious decision, as it turned out. In the weeks that followed that anxious January 30, 1943, no further reports reached Lucerne of the preparation of any army under Dietl. And at the end of February, Schellenberg's assistant, SS-Sturmbannfuehrer Eggen, reappeared. His chief would like to come to Switzerland. Masson had asked for a great deal from him and he had refused him nothing; now it was Schellenberg's turn to make a request; he would like to meet General Guisan.

Masson had some difficulty in locating Guisan, who was still touring his troops. On Tuesday, March 2, they met in Berne. Would he agree to see Schellenberg? This must be the great day. Surely, he would at last show his hand. Guisan agreed. Masson set the meeting for the following day, March 3, at 8 p.m. at the Hôtel Bären, at Biglen.

Brigadier Masson arrived first, followed by General Guisan. Schellenberg and his aide, Eggen, came later. Very much at ease, Schellenberg apologized for being late, and then said:

"Hitler is afraid that the Italians know of this visit. If they found out that I had been in Switzerland, they might think that it was leading up to an abandonment of the common struggle at a time when Rommel is making a final, hopeless attempt to defend Tunisia. If the Italians discover my presence here, they might—in the Fuehrer's opinion—conclude that after the loss of North Africa we were going to abandon the Italian peninsula and make the Alps our line of defense. The Alps would then become the southern boundary of the new Fortress Europa, which I would have to force upon you."

Schellenberg paused, attentive to the effect of his threat. Neither Guisan nor Masson said a word, but simply exchanged a furtive look. They were both stunned by Schellenberg's latest maneuver.

The hotel dinner was an exceptionally good one. The landlord, recognizing the commander-in-chief of the Swiss army, excelled himself. Throughout the meal, Schellenberg was amusing, witty and full of gossip.

"Each month," he told them, "Hitler meets all his SS generals for dinner. In the course of the last one, the Fuehrer raised his glass of mineral water and, pointing at me, laughed, saying, 'Let us drink to our young Swissified general.' "

At the end of the meal, Guisan, Masson and Schellenberg retired into one of the lounges. Suddenly Schellenberg grew serious and turned to Masson.

"You have asked me for a certain number of favors. I believe I have always given you what you asked." Then he confronted Guisan.

"General, you must now do something for me."

Concealing their anxiety, Guisan and Masson waited.

"I have been sent by the Fuehrer to make a request. He believes that our recent reverses in Tunisia will be followed by an invasion of Italy. Once again the war will be fought out in Europe. Because of its geographical position, your country could be of great importance for the Allies. The Fuehrer fears that Switzerland may not in *all* circumstances, defend its neutrality. He would like your assurance that in no case would you allow our enemies' troops to cross your frontiers."

"I find such a suggestion highly offensive," Guisan interrupted. "Our army will fulfill its mission in *all* circumstances.

It will fight whoever violates our territory. Switzerland will remain neutral."

"Could you give me written assurance?"

Guisan replied that he could give no such guarantee without the permission of the Federal Council. Nevertheless, he could reassure Schellenberg and Hitler. A week before he had been interviewed by a Swedish woman journalist who had asked the same questions. Guisan had given her identical replies and would be willing to sign a copy of the article, if that would be enough.

Schellenberg agreed. He said he was sure that this would allay the fears of the strategists in the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht. Guisan, too, seemed satisfied. Only Masson remained apprehensive. Schellenberg could not possibly have created such a buildup for so little. Hitler's request was trifling. The nearest Allied troops, the Americans and British, were still 600 miles away in North Africa. As for the Russians, they were 1,500 miles away.

They sat up late that evening laughing and joking. Then Schellenberg and Eggen returned to Berne to the rooms they had booked at the Hôtel Bellevue. This was certainly a curious decision on his part—to choose to stay in one of the biggest hotels in Switzerland, when Schellenberg did not want the Allies or the Italians to know that he was there.

Masson then allowed an incident to occur that shattered the secrecy of this "historic" meeting at Biglen. In other circumstances, his guard would not have dropped, but Schellenberg's strange behavior obsessed him. Just as they were about to leave the hotel, the landlord innocently passed around his distinguished visitors' book. Flattered by the presence of General Guisan, he persuaded him to sign. Masson did the same. And Eggen. Shortly afterward Eggen realized that these signatures could someday be compromising and returned to tear out the page.

The landlord was furious and called in the military police. They, in turn, called in the Federal police. Discreet inquiries were made. In this way Herr Kobelt, head of the Military Department, learned, on March 24, that the commander-in-chief of the Swiss army had dined with a leading Nazi, a few miles from the Swiss capital, in the middle of a world war. This event did nothing to improve the already cool relations that had existed between Guisan and Switzerland's civil authorities since the opening of hostilities.

Masson had been decidedly careless. But he was to make a second, much more serious mistake at that sinister March 3 meeting. Anxious above all for the safety of his country, he asked Schellenberg, just before the latter departed for Berne, whether it was true that General Dietl was training an army in the Munich region with a view to attacking Switzerland. Masson failed to notice the gleam of triumph in Schellenberg's eye. He had wanted proof, and Masson had presented it!

Just as he thought, the fact that the head of Swiss Intelligence possessed this piece of information proved the existence of a "leak" in the highest echelons of the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht, in the very shadow of the Fuehrer himself, and that vital intelligence was finding its way to Switzerland. Masson's knowledge of the plan indicated that there must be one or more traitors at work in the army headquarters. Schellenberg's next task would be to find out who they were.

Concealing his delight, Schellenberg promised Masson to do everything in his power to dissuade Hitler from attacking Switzerland. However, he asked to meet him once again.

8

From the middle of January to Wednesday, March 3, 1943, Schellenberg had been living on his nerves, tensely awaiting proof that the Confederation was directly linked to an informer within the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht. Fear that his trap had not worked was begining to grip him until that Wednesday evening at Biglen. Brigadier Masson had at last decided to put his head in the noose. Still, it was not long before Schellenberg's pleasure at his victory began to pall. It was one thing to know there was a leak: it was quite another to locate it.

A quiet meeting was arranged by Masson and Schellenberg for March 12 in Zürich, at the Hôtel Baur au lac,. This time there was no direct witness to what passed between the two secret service chiefs. Nevertheless, there is no reason to doubt the version of the meeting Schellenberg gave to the British after the war.

Two facts reveal that the relaxed atmosphere that Schellenberg had tried to promote between the Reich and Switzerland had vanished. Schellenberg arrived after an unbroken journey from Berlin, looking tired and anxious. He seemed to suspect enemies everywhere and was deeply apprehensive about the meeting. He feared that Masson, realizing that he had made a serious blunder a few days before at Biglen, might have him seized or even executed. Schellenberg himself would have done as much in Masson's position. So he took the greatest possible precautions. He was followed by a host of agents supplied from the espionage centers of the SD in Switzerland. They escorted him at a distance, fingers on their triggers, throughout his walk with Masson along the left bank of the Limmat. At the first sign of violence from the Swiss, Masson would have been killed on the spot.

No one knows what the two men said to each other on that Friday in Zürich. All that is known is that Masson's expression suddenly altered. His usually mobile features seemed to have frozen; the sharp brightness of his blue eyes, often so warm and lively, dulled. Those who knew him were aware that this transformation always occurred when things were not going his way. There was no doubt that Schellenberg had asked him for something that Masson had had to refuse.

At his trial at Nuremberg, in 1949, where he was sentenced to no more than four years' imprisonment, Schellenberg was content simply to say of this meeting: "It was my intention to arrange a kind of regular exchange of information. However, the idea was abandoned, as Masson was unable to agree to it."

Schellenberg had earlier proved more communicative in London. During those three years when the British "treated" him after Schellenberg had been handed over to the British in 1945, he had given abundant information concerning his relations with the Swiss to the British Intelligence Service agents.

Faithfully describing his series of meetings with Masson, he was to dwell particularly on the one in Zürich. He told of warning Masson that the Fuehrer still persisted in his determination to invade Switzerland. However—he said—he had not yet given up hope of persuading Hitler to abandon his plan.

Schellenberg then broached the real problem—the problem that had never, in all their previous meetings, been mentioned —revealing himself at last as a master blackmailer.

This was Schellenberg's trump card. He was deeply concerned about the safety of the Fuehrer, he said. He felt torn between his personal feelings and his sense of duty. For he knew that there were generals within the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht who formed a constant nest of intrigue and who would even go so far as to plot against Hitler's life. Moreover, he was well aware that Masson was using these same men for his own intelligence service. Schellenberg would have to have their names at once—Masson would have to reveal them.

Masson would never present Schellenberg with such a prize—for one very good reason. Those names—the identities of those German resisters who had refused to bend before Hitler, who were to have such a dramatic effect on the fate of Nazi Germany and who were steadily draining it of life—those names were entirely unknown to Roger Masson.

Schellenberg was not the kind of man to be disheartened by Masson's refusal. Failure had no meaning for him. If one plan miscarried, he would immediately set about elaborating another. Tirelessly, he continued his assault on Switzerland, willing, as ever, to grant requests. On the surface nothing had changed. On March 23, 11 days after the Zürich meeting, Masson was able to inform Guisan that the OKW had dropped its plans to invade Switzerland and that he had learned this through his extremely "valuable" contact, Walter Schellenberg. Their relations would seem, therefore, to have been as strong as ever.

In fact, things were very different. The second indication that the mask had been taken off was the change of tactics adopted by Schellenberg. This time he did not dupe Masson. For Masson had realized that what Schellenberg had been unable to get by charm, he now wanted by force. And if Masson had not taken certain precautions, Schellenberg might well have ultimately gotten his hands on Rudolf Roessler and probably on *Werther* and *Olga*, as well.

On Schellenberg's orders, almost every German agent in

Switzerland was brought into the chase. They were to concentrate entirely on Geneva and Lausanne, which, Schellenberg now knew, were the key cities. He intended to home in on his target by utilizing its one weak spot—its radio communications.

For more than a month, goniometry had been used simultaneously from the German, Italian and French frontiers. At least one transmitter, it had been discovered, sent occasional dispatches to Moscow from Geneva, while at Lausanne another —probably the main transmitter—sent out long, regular broadcasts.

Rudolf Roessler sensed a change in the atmosphere. The shadowy figures whose job it was to protect him swiftly multiplied. He could no longer be unaware of them as he traveled from Wesemlin to the Vita Nova Verlag or visited the Villa Stutz at Kastanienbaum. However, he went on with his work, as imperturable as ever. In the east, the Russians had embarked on a series of victories; it was not the time for Lucy to relax. Moscow was constantly asking for information.

Lucy had kept the Kremlin completely up-to-date on the plans of the OKW. New heavy tanks, called "Tigers," had been sent to the front, enough to equip 17 panzer divisions. The Fuehrer was depending on them. Five hundred thousand men would be thrown into the battle—"the flower of the German armies" as William L. Shirer described them in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. Field Marshal Guenther Hans von Kluge had personally worked out the overall plan of what was to become the second large-scale German defeat in Russia—the offensive that Hitler had named "Operation Citadel."

It was also at this time that the new tactics adopted by Schellenberg in his dealings with Switzerland began to pay off. At Geneva, his agents, who had set up a provisional base near the Gare de Cornavin in a hotel run by a Swiss Nazi, had completed lists of left-wing suspects and were now compiling dossiers on them. There was one name on the Geneva list that would have shocked Alexander Rado had he known it: Margareta Bolli.

In Lausanne, the Nazis had been even more successful. They had succeeded in placing two double-agents in Rado's network—again on Schellenberg's own initiative. In order to be absolutely sure of success, Schellenberg had decided to use the best Soviet agents captured by the SD in Europe. These Russians had agreed to work for the Germans in exchange for life and security.

This was why Georg and Johanna Wilmer, known in the espionage world as "Lorenz" and "Laura," suddenly turned up in Switzerland. The Wilmers were well known to the Center, which had been using them since 1926. They had lived and worked in Japan until 1935, when they were sent for a brief training period to the Soviet spy school at Sekhjodnya. It was there that they met and became friendly with Alexander Rado. When the MGB decided to dispatch 300 of its best agents into and around Germany in 1936, the Wilmers were among them.

At the outbreak of the war in Europe in 1939, the Center lost all trace of "Lorenz" and "Laura." They had been caught by the SD and sent to the Ploetzensee, the huge prison in Berlin. The Wilmers knew that the Germans were always willing to use specialists—so they were saved by their knowledge of spy techniques.

Schellenberg soon discovered Georg Wilmer's Achilles' heel. He liked money. For some time, Georg and Johanna worked in the archives of the SD, helping the Germans to capture a large number of their former colleagues. Then they were sent on their mission to Switzerland. Schellenberg allowed the couple to roam freely around Geneva. Within two weeks, they had met Rado. The reunion had appeared to be a congenial one, but in fact Rado had found their explanations unconvincing.

Rado's first decision was to double his precautions to preserve the secret of where he lived. He even went so far as to rent a luxury flat in Berne, where he sent his wife, Helene, and their two sons. For he, like Roessler and Masson, had noticed that there was a lot going on in Switzerland at that time, especially in Geneva.

His second decision was motivated solely by egotism. He had somewhat resented the independence the Center accorded Alexander Foote. This Englishman, who should really be working as a wireless operator under his direction, had been promoted—undoubtedly owing to the value of the information communicated to him by Lucy. The MGB, he felt, had almost begun to regard Foote as his equal. He was still suspicious of the Wilmers—so he would send them to Foote. If anything went wrong, he would serve as scapegoat.

So when Rado next met the couple he advised them to go to Lausanne and get in touch with him again when they had found lodgings. He would then introduce them to one of his top agents, who communicated regularly with the Center and would be able to use them. In any case, they were not to come back to Geneva: he did not feel safe there at the moment and did not wish to endanger them, too.

So Georg and Johanna Wilmer went to Lausanne, where they rented a luxurious villa overlooking the city. There they made a great show of spending Schellenberg's money, which quickly impressed their neighbors. Their lines were cast; it would not be long before the big fish began to bite.

This surpassed all Schellenberg's hopes. Until then nothing had led him to suppose that the Russians operated a network in Switzerland—and what a network. How could it have escaped his agents for so long? He would not now be surprised to learn that the Swiss used this channel to communicate their information to Moscow. For he knew Masson too well to imagine that he did not know of its existence.

9

Alexander Foote did not hide his dislike of the Wilmers. He could not imagine how they were able to rent such a magnificent house. Although he waxed eloquent on his prewar days, "Lorenz" kept strangely silent about his activities since 1939.

Anxious to receive Foote in a manner fitting the importance Rado had attributed to him, the Wilmers spared no expense—excellent food and wine, followed by the best cigars. Over coffee, Wilmer talked at length and emphatically of the importance of his contacts. They continued to supply him regularly with information—from France, where he had friends in the Maquis, and even from Germany, where he knew valuable anti-Nazis. It would be a pity, he added, not to put such information to use.

After these obviously pressing offers of collaboration came a flood of questions—on Foote's activities, on how often he was in radio contact with the Center, on his changes of codes and wavelengths. Wilmer sounded just like a friend talking shop, but Foote sensed beneath the camaraderie a formidable and insidious technique of investigation.

Foote evaded their questions and followed Rado's example that night by making innumerable detours and doublings back to get to his home. Rado, whom he consulted by telephone, was not at all reassuring and simply advised him to inform the Center—something he hardly needed to be told.

However, he had an unpleasant surprise. Moscow refused to share his doubts. The Wilmers were reliable agents who had spent years serving the workers' cause. Their way of life did not matter: excess was a well-known habit of theirs, picked up in the course of mingling with the rich and powerful in the capitalist world.

But later visits to the Wilmers only increased his anxiety. One evening, on his way home, he realized that his trench coat had been searched, probably during dinner. He was in the habit of leaving pieces of paper everywhere—but only those that had nothing to do with his work. Several unimportant papers had disappeared from his pockets.

The next time, his jacket was rifled. Wilmer had insisted he take it off in order to feel more comfortable in the stuffy room. Johanna then took it away to a coat rack in the hall. She found nothing. Foote had concealed his wallet in his underwear. Later, he went through his jacket himself and saw that it had been searched. The fine thread he had sewn across one of his inside pockets as a precaution had been snapped.

His hosts plied him continually with questions about his work, even though he had implied that they were contravening the strict injunction to secrecy imposed by the Center on members of the same network. Each time he left their house he made ever greater detours to get home.

In the end, Alexander Foote became certain that the Wilmers were agents who had gone over to the enemy. The final confirmation of his suspicion occurred on a Sunday early in the autumn of 1943.

It was a warm sunny day. After lunch and coffee, his host had taken him out into the garden in front of the villa. They were talking with their backs to the house. As he told a story, Wilmer had put his arm around the Englishman's shoulder. Suddenly, Foote realized that Wilmer had spun him around. He raised his head with pretended nonchalance—and noticed, out of the corner of his eye, a camera lens pointing at him from a first-floor window.

Foote gave no indication of what he had seen. He invented an urgent meeting that he had forgotten, and said he must leave at once. Johanna Wilmer, who only a few moments before had been behind the camera, was too embarrassed to look Foote directly in the eyes. Georg Wilmer, on the other hand, was studying his face intently, as if trying to make up his mind whether he should suddenly change his tactics. Foote did not give him time, but pushed past him and hurried away.

That evening, he told the Center that no matter what orders they gave him, he would not see the Wilmers again; he was convinced that they were now working for the Germans. Their reply came back the following night:

"If you have convincing proof, break off relations."

Convinced that the Wilmers, or those they were working for, would turn Lausanne upside down to find him, Foote shut himself up in his flat, supplied with food by his cleaning woman. However, he was not to stay there for long. From then on, events came to a rapid head.

Brigadier Masson knew that Walter Schellenberg, or rather his agents, were beginning to get very hot in this game of hide and seek. He could not allow the fate of Switzerland to be exposed to such danger any longer. He was under no illusion. If, as he suspected, the Nazis would soon get their hands on living proof that the Soviet Union had agents in Switzerland, who worked there with impunity, not to say with the complicity of the Federal authorities, a major scandal would erupt. Moreover, if, by means of this living proof, the SD reached Rudolf Roessler and thus implicated the Swiss secret service in a serious espionage affair, nothing could save the country.

There was only one thing to do: cut the ground from under Schellenberg's feet.

At 9 a.m. on October 8, 1943, two black cars filled with men in plain clothes, drew up before the tree-lined drive leading to the Hamels' home. The Hamels understood at once what was happening: the BUPO, or Swiss counterespionage, had arrived. While Edmond received the police, Olga ran upstairs and hung a dustcloth out of the windowsill of her room. Alexander Rado would be arriving soon—he came every day. A cloth in the window was the alarm signal.

The BUPO had no difficulty in finding Hamel's transmitter—it was concealed in the basement under a workbench.

At just that moment, Alexander Rado arrived in the route de Florissant. He had turned into the drive leading to the villa, when he noticed the two cars and the cloth in the window. Without showing the slightest surprise or curiosity, Rado returned to the road.

Rado looked calm, but he was panic-stricken. At the end of September, on the 20th or 21st, he couldn't remember which, fearful for his own safety after the appearance of the Wilmers, he had taken all his papers to the Hamels. These included financial reports, copies of the messages for Moscow, the transmission codes and the list of agents, with their addresses. All this was now in the hands of the BUPO. However, he must try to save Margareta Bolli.

He arrived at her place too late. The counterespionage service had got there first. There were two cars there, too—but no alarm signal—she obviously hadn't had time. However, it wasn't necessary. Margareta Bolli emerged from the building flanked by two detectives, who led her to one of the cars. She did not look up.

Alexander Rado did not return to his apartment. He abandoned the Géo-Presse, dropped everything and took the train for Berne, where he joined his wife, Helene, and their two sons in his secret lodgings. On October 10, he telephoned Foote's flat from a public telephone. He did not expect an answer. Foote, he felt sure, would already have been arrested.

"Hello? Foote?"

The Englishman recognized the voice at once. Rado telephoned him only when something had gone wrong.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Edmond is very ill. The doctors decided he must be taken to the hospital. I must see you. Come over to Berne. I'll meet you in the Botanical Gardens. Don't look for me, I'll find you."

Throughout the journey, Foote puzzled over the call. He had understood perfectly that Hamel had been arrested. He wondered what Rado would decide to do. He must have been terrified to have set such a vague rendezvous. However, Rado found Foote easily enough.

"Don't let's hang around. I'm sure the taxi driver who drove me to the station recognized me. Just as I was walking away, I saw him look at a photograph and drive off at top speed. The police issue photographs of suspects to all the public services. I must disappear. I'm handing everything over to you." Rado seemed terribly apprehensive.

"You don't think they'll arrest me."

"They've got your name. It was in my papers, which were seized at Hamel's. Go on transmitting to the end. I have given your address and telephone number to all the survivors of the network, warning them to be vigilant. These include my two go-betweens with Lucy, Christian Schneider and Rachel Duebendorfer. Good luck!"

October went by. November began. Each day, Rachel Duebendorfer, alias "Sissi," or Christian Schneider, alias "Taylor," passed Roessler's information directly to Foote, now the head of the network. The Center confirmed Rado's decision and accepted Foote as its new resident director, though wondering anxiously how much longer Foote would remain free.

Not much longer. The SD were getting very near his flat in the chemin de Longeraie. Foote did not realize it, but Masson's service knew. Foote remained Roessler's last link with Moscow, which was why Masson was protecting him, leaving him free for as long as possible. But this immunity could not continue without incurring tragic consequences for Switzerland.

Kiev had just been recaptured by the Russians. Lucy contributed much to this victory—as he had done for Kursk, Kharkov, Orel and Smolensk. The Red army's summer campaign seemed to have come to an end. Foote had just sent the Kremlin the latest figures of the Wehrmacht's strength drawn up by the OKW. One hundred seventy-six German divisions remained on the Russian front, grouped into 11 armies, three of which were armored. Forty-five Rumanian, Hungarian and Finnish divisions were still fighting beside them. On the Western Front there were 72 divisions, 18 in the Balkans, 22 in Italy, 11 in Norway and 12 in Germany. The Reich was obviously finished.

On November 18, 1943, Foote received the latest dispatches from Roessler and coded them for transmission. They concerned the newest German weapons: the night fighters of the Luftwaffe, rocket propelled for more rapid takeoff, and the *Volksjäger*, the first jet-propelled aircraft, on which the German engineers were working furiously. Foote transmitted most of these documents to the Center on the nights of November 18 and 19. He added that he would send the rest the following night.

At 1:15 a.m., on November 20, 1943, Foote heard a stampede on the stairs, followed by banging at his door. He transmitted his last word, "Adieu," and broke off his dispatch.

He could not escape, but he would destroy everything. He poured some gasoline into a large bowl, put in his codes and set them alight.

On the landing, his door was beginning to give. It wouldn't be easy—it was very strong. And when it had finally given, they would find another, equally strong, at the end of his hall.

The codes had now been destroyed. He took a hammer and smashed the marvelous mechanism that had enabled him to correspond so long and so effectively with the Center—and which had enabled him to participate, in his own way, in the triumph of Stalingrad and all the other victories of the summer of 1943, that brought about the destruction of Nazism.

When the last obstacle separating him from his assailants had collapsed, Foote was calm. Only a pile of twisted metal remained of what had been a secret radio station. But when he saw his "aggressors" his calm turned into relief. It was not the SD, as he had feared—but BUPO

With these arrests over—arrests that were so vital to Switzerland—Brigadier Masson could relax. At the Bureau Ha, Rudolf Roessler was reassured concerning the fate of his colleagues. However, he was now deprived of all means of communicating with Moscow and did not conceal his displeasure. Still, the Russians would win easily now without his help. He could now be more useful to the West.

The intelligence that he carried daily to the Villa Stutz did not, unfortunately, receive the same welcome from the western Allies as it had from the Russians. These innumerable reports found their way to some bureaucratic dead end in London. Yet Roessler took great care in sorting out the intelligence he received. To the British, he sent any details concerning the V-1 and V-2 rockets. He continued to supply the Swiss with an ever increasing number of analyses of the general war situation.

SCHELLENBERG HAD NOT abandoned his search. His listening post in Dresden had informed him that there were no more transmissions on the wavelengths they had been observing and which until November had been so frequently used. In stopping the transmissions to Moscow, Masson had pulled off a major coup.

But now, Masson decided to end the whole affair for once and for all—for the safety of Switzerland and everyone concerned. On May 9, 1944, Rudolf Roessler was escorted under heavy guard to Bois-Mermet, the prison of Lausanne.

10

A prison was just about the only place in Switzerland that was inaccessible to the SD. Schellenberg knew this—as he also knew that he had no other means left of fulfilling his mission. He had underestimated the Swiss brigadier: Masson had beaten him hands down.

Roger Masson was now completely reassured. The Nazis could no longer get their hands on the least known, but greatest and most effective secret agent of the Second World War. At the same time, he was placed in an embarrassing predicament.

In fact, at the end of May and the beginning of June, 1944, the Swiss government was in a state of terror. German troops were massing in Alsace, accompanied by transport planes. It was said that about 20 divisions had been observed within an area of 125 miles around the Swiss frontier. The Swiss minister in Hungary reported a rumor that had been circulating in Budapest: Switzerland was about to be invaded, as Hungary had been three months before.

On June 5 an apprehensive General Guisan called a meeting of his own high command. Masson wondered whether the whole thing might be an act of revenge engineered by Schellenberg, but kept his suspicions to himself. It was now estimated, unofficially, that the German divisions in the 125-mile area numbered 35. Colonel Barbey, an aide who followed Guisan wherever he went, made the following revealing remarks in his wartime diary:

"5 June—Struck, during this meeting, by the fidelity with which the chief [General Guisan] sticks to his idea of a general mobilization. Struck too by what was not *said: no one, not even Masson, explained why the Viking Line, which until then had been so remarkably productive, could not be of any use in these circumstances. . . ."*

The reason, of course, was obvious. Brigadier Masson could hardly let the whole world know that to save Switzerland he had been forced to imprison the head of this unique intelligence network.

The next day, June 6, 1944, all Switzerland's fears disappeared. The Allies had landed in Normandy. At Bois-Mermet, the detainees spent their days quietly. They had all been brought to the same prison—Roessler, Schneider, Duebendorfer, Foote, Hamel and Bolli—and put in separate, comfortable cells. On September 8, 1944, when they were completely out of danger, they were released.

On his return to Wesemlin, where he found that nothing, not even his transmitter, had been disturbed, Rudolf Roessler wasted no time in sending out a call to his 10 friends in the OKW. He feared for their safety. While in prison he had had all the newspapers at his disposal and had followed closely the details of the July 20 attempt on Hitler's life and the savage reprisals taken against the Wehrmacht High Command. He was deeply apprehensive of what might have happened to *Werther* and *Olga* in all the turmoil. He stayed all night at his set. No answer came. Every day he repeated the attempt.

Finally, on September 15, he received a reply. They were happy to know that he was safe and free. They had come through the July tumult unscathed. Ten times they had slipped through the net of purges, free of suspicion. Better still, when Heinz Guderian was appointed chief of staff of the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht, the day after the assassination attempt, he had fired all his colleagues except one, their friend G. *Werther* could therefore continue its work. The Nazi beast was mortally wounded, but it was not yet dead.

From September 16 onward, Rudolf Roessler began visiting his Swiss colleagues in the Bureau Ha once again. Unfortunately, his extremely valuable dispatches remained unused in a safe, together with the copies of his reports that had bled Germany to death. To whom could they be given? And why? In any case, the fate of Nazism was sealed.

For Switzerland, the war was already over. It had ended on September 5, 1944, when Gen. Jean de Lattre de Tassigny's Allied troops marched along its frontiers on their way to Germany. On that date, the Confederation lifted its blackout regulations. It was already making preparations for its peace celebrations.

After a long stay in a Lausanne hotel, Alexander Foote decided to try and get in touch with his colleagues. With careful searching, he located Rachel Duebendorfer at the end of November. From her, Foote learned that Rado, who had remained in hiding in Berne, had left for Paris in order to renew contact with the Russians, who had already opened an embassy there.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Go and join him."

"Then, before you go, you must see Lucy. He will give you some documents for the Russians."

A meeting—the first meeting between these two men who had worked so closely together—was arranged for December 15, at the Bolognese restaurant in Zürich. Foote arrived first. At exactly midday, he saw a smallish man winding his way among the tables toward them. An unobtrusive man in his 50's, with an emaciated face and feverish eyes blinking behind spectacles. At first sight Roessler appeared a colorless enough figure, but Foote was fascinated by the subtle impression of power he emanated. Roessler nibbled at his food without interest, but he talked a great deal—in a quick, nervous, rather jerky way. He spoke of the war and of Nazism, which he said must be entirely purged from Germany. He handed Foote a bulging briefcase:

"You're leaving for Paris. I want you to do something for me. Here are the latest plans of the Wehrmacht. Give them to the Russians. Tell them to work out a system which will enable me to continue to send them all the intelligence I receive from Germany. My network was not affected by the reprisals that followed July 20. This Germany must be crushed once and for all."

As they were leaving the restaurant, Roessler repeated his request for a means of corresponding with Moscow.

"Do you think it is still worth it?" Foote asked.

"I don't see what you mean," Roessler answered.

"Well," Foote explained, "as things are at the moment, the war can't go on much longer. I have a feeling that the Center no longer needs us. Our work is finished, Lucy, and we've got to realize it. I'll take these documents to Paris, but I think I know what they'll say. They'll say that it's all over."

A sudden transformation seemed to come over Rudolf Roessler. He seemed to have aged. Without a word of good-bye, Roessler turned on his heels and walked off, muttering incredulously to himself:

"All over?"

RUDOLF ROESSLER DID not leave Switzerland after the war. He continued to work in his publishing house in Lucerne, and to live in his modest home at Wesemlin. He still had his transmitter-receiver, but it lay unused and useless, because there was no longer anyone on the other end, neither the Russians nor *Werther* nor *Olga*. As Foote had predicted, the Russians no longer needed him.

Roessler died 13 years later. Few people attended his funeral at Kriens. None of his wartime comrades were there. He went, as spies always do, even the greatest of them, discreetly. A small marble plaque bears the simple statement:

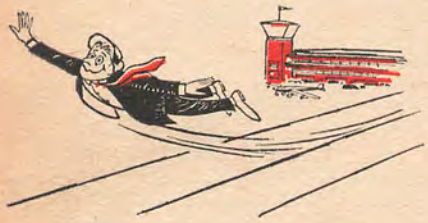
"Rudolf Roessler. 1897-1958."

—**Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet**

THIS FUNNY LIFE

While eating in one of the many small restaurants in Saigon, I spotted a sign, written in English, above the entrance to the kitchen. It read: **It takes time to prepare good food. Yours will be ready in a minute.**

A 1/C R. A. Saari
APO San Francisco, Calif.



Some years ago an acquaintance of mine spent the last day of his employment as a ticket agent with an airline in the cocktail lounge at Washington's National Airport. As a final act before leaving the airport on this busy Friday afternoon, he made the following announcement over the public address system:

"Your attention, please! Your attention, please! This is Kenneth Kelley, now loaded and ready for immediate departure."

Understandably, he broke up the crowd waiting in the lobby.

Joseph A. Hamilton, Jr.
Bethesda, Md.

While serving aboard a destroyer out of Newport, Rhode Island, crew members encountered many a cold, blustery day. One particular winter day they ran into a heavy snowstorm.

Some of the officers were in the midships passage watching the swirling snow when an apprentice seaman, fresh from boot camp, came on deck. "Gee," he exclaimed, looking out over the waves, "I didn't know it snowed at sea."

"Yes," said one of the officers, "but do you know something even more surprising?"

"What, sir?" the apprentice asked eagerly.

The officer said, "It never gets very deep."

Ed Wilson
Draper, Utah

One day a friend of mine was washing his Volkswagen in the street out in front of his house. Because he could not get a hose long enough, he was using a gardener's watering can to rinse off the car after washing it.

After watching him for a while, one of his neighbors yelled out: "No matter how much you water that thing, it's still not going to grow any bigger!"

Andrew Refakes
Chicago, Ill.

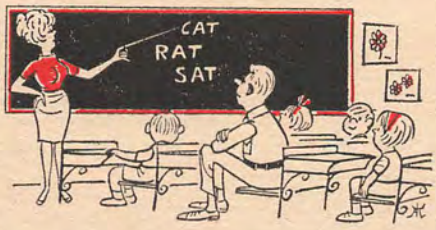
In our government class at North Texas State University, we were discussing the strange workings of Texas law.

"If a woman catches her husband in an act of adultery and kills him, she is charged with murder," said our instructor. "If a man catches his wife in an act of adultery and kills her, the law protects him."

One of the students asked, "What would he be charged with?"

Without thinking, our instructor replied, "Disturbing the peace."

Kirk Rogers
Denton, Texas



A colonel was chatting with a young second lieutenant in the officers' club one evening when a major approached them and said he'd like to speak to the colonel about something.

"Go ahead," said the colonel.

"Not in front of the lieutenant," muttered the major.

"Well," replied the colonel, "spell it!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Being a widow in a new neighborhood, I was eager to get acquainted with my neighbors. So I was grateful for an invitation to a wedding party that was given across the street.

While I chatted with some new friends, I noticed that my little girl was clinging to me, bewildered. I pointed out the bride and groom and explained they would now have a home and children.

My daughter said nothing until the next lull in the adult conversation. Then she cried, "Mother, why didn't *you* ever get married?"

Betty Hall
Houston, Texas

On a recent tour of our nation's Capital we had been shown the Senate and the House and were on our way out of the building when we passed a rest room marked, **Members of Congress Only.**

The clearly audible voice of one disillusioned taxpayer in our group was heard by us all: "That's the only room in this whole damn building where they know exactly what they're doing!"

J. D. Cummings
Washington, D.C.

During a recent vacation trip, my sister was passed by a station wagon containing a young couple and seven kids. On the rear of the station wagon was a personalized license plate which read: BEDLAM.

Fred Propp, Jr.
Repressa, Calif.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

With $171,000 up for grabs at Indy, A.J. Foyt wasn't about to scrimp on spark plugs.

So he used Autolite plugs. Like you buy. About $1 each.

And he won!

With a winner's purse of over $170,000, you can bet A. J. Foyt didn't cut corners on anything. The engine of his Coyote Ford cost over $20,000. The fuel-injection system cost $2,000. And the spark plugs? They're Autolite plugs. Like you buy. About $1 a throw. With so much at stake, how come $1 spark plugs? Because there are no better plugs. Not at any price. That's why Autolite spark plugs were in three out of the first four cars at Indianapolis. Shouldn't this kind of spark plug be in your kind of car?

Autolite Ford

Extra! Foyt and Gurney win at Le Mans! Just 11 days after his victory at Indy, A. J. Foyt teamed up with Dan Gurney in a Ford Mark IV, equipped with Autolite spark plugs, alternator and complete ignition system, and captured the world's most demanding endurance race, the 24 Hours of Le Mans.

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the taste of
a great Kentucky Bourbon.
It's an
Old Forester
kind of day
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